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CHURCH

HYMN BOOK,

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CONSISTING OF NEWLY COMPOSED HYMNS,

WITH AN ADDITION OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

FROM OTHER AUTHORS,

Carefully adapted for the use of Public Worship, and many other occasions.

By PAUL HENKEL,
Minister of the Gospel.

Let all things be done decently and in order. 1 Cor. chapter XIV. verse 40.

****

FIRST EDITION.

****

NEW-MARKET:
Shenandoah County (Virginia.)
PRINTED IN SOLOMON HENKEL'S PRINTING-OFFICE.

****

1816.

DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA, to wit:

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the second day of January, in the fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Solomon Henkel, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit :—

"Church Hymn Book, consisting of newly composed Hymns, with an addition of Hymns and Psalms from other authors, carefully adapted for the use of public worship, and many other occasions; by Paul Henkel, minister of the gospel. "*Let all things be done decently and in order.*" 1 Cor. chapter 14, verse 40.—First edition."

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WILLIAM MARSHALL,
Clerk of the District of Virginia.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER:

I can assure you that it never was my intention to publish a book of this kind, until a few weeks before I began this work. A few years ago, I was requested by my eldest son, Solomon Henkel, (who is by profession a Physician,) to write the little book now in circulation, called the CHRISTIAN CATECHISM, for the information of youth in the knowledge of the Christian Religion; which at first I utterly refused, supposing it would be labour and expense in vain, that a book of that kind would not be patronized.

But my Son, having the benefit of such a book stated unto him by several Ministers

of the Gospel, who also requested him to urge me to the task (with which he complied) being confident that such books would be received by many. I was prevailed on to undertake the task; but I can say with good conscience, it was with great reluctance.

But to both our satisfaction, I was much mistaken in my opinion in the matter; for great numbers of said Catechism were soon disposed off in this and other states, and continually more called for.

My Son having such success in disposing of said Book, and in the same time finding that the few Hymns which said Catechism contained: as Morning and Evening Hymns, &c. were well approved of, he was thereby excited to request me to compose this Book: which at first request I much less intended than composing the above-mentioned Catechism, considering my many distant labours to which I was exposed; serving as an itinerant Minister at the same time, rendered it a matter impossible in my view. But he being also encouraged by several of the

Ministers of the Gospel, of both North and South Carolina, who considered it a necessary performance. I was repeatedly solicited by him, until I undertook the task, and performed as you will see in the following pages :

The plan and order in which I have executed this Book, is such as was proposed to me by my Son. The Hymns and Psalms which are added to complete this system, were carefully selected.

It was judged necessary, that all Hymns of alike contents, should be placed together, for the conveniency of those who use them either in public or private worship. The order in which this Book is adapted for public worship, may be discovered from the arrangement of the Hymns.

The reason why these Hymns are suited to certain portions of the Holy Scripture, is, because such order anciently was and is yet observed in some Christian Churches ; and they who wish still to follow that order, will find a conveniency to do so ; and those who wish not to observe that order, will find nothing therein to im-

pede them in using these Hymns as they may see cause.

Now dear Reader, after having informed you the reason of my publishing this Book, you will not take it amiss of me to admonish you to read it, with an ardent and sincere desire to be edified, and I doubt not but it will be the case. Notwithstanding many defects may be discovered in this performance. Yet I am confident it contains no erroneous or injurious doctrine; but the real order and plan of Salvation expressed in a plain, simple and familiar style.

THE AUTHOR.

New-Market, Shenandoah county, Virginia, Dec. 20th, 1816.

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BEGINNING

OF

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.—L. M.

HERE blessed Jesus, we appear !
Thy sacred word of truth to hear ;
Draw from this world our minds to thee,
And faithful hearers we shall be.

2. How wretched is our state of mind!
Our hearts how stupid, deaf and blind ;
The way of life we do not know,
Ncr have we pow'r therein to go.

3. Thy grace to us, dear Lord afford,
To hear and understand thy word !
Lo, here we wait for grace divine,
Till every heart be truly thine.

4. Without thy grace we hear invain,
In doubts and darkness we remain,
Till thou art pleas'd that light to give,
That light in which our souls may live.

5. We pray thee Lord, to us draw near ;
Our feeble prayer and praises hear—
According to thy promise Lord !
We wait thy spirit with the word.

HYMN II.—L. M.

For the same.

DEAR Jesus here we now attend,
We pray thy blessed spirit send !
By which the way of life is shown,
And all thy sacred truths made known.

2. Prepare our lips to sing thy praise
And fill our minds with heavenly grace;
Our faith increase, our love perfect,
And in the way of truth direct.

3. Cause us to sing with one accord
To thee our holy, holy Lord !
Until we see thy glorious face,
And praise thee with eternal praise.

HYMN III.—C. M.

For the same.

TO thee O Saviour glory be !
This is the day of rest—
On which we join to worship thee,
Thee, O thou ever bless'd !

2. This is the day the Saviour rose
And set us pris'ners free ;
The day which the Apostles chose,
The day of rest to be.

3. On which the christian church should meet
To praise our gracious Lord !
To worship at his mercy's seat,
To hear and learn his word.

4. Lord, here we join thy praise to sing !
Lord, here we join to pray—
To worship thee our Lord and King,
Our life, the truth, the way.

Conclusion of Puhlic Worship.
HYMN IV.—C. M.

WE humbly thank thee gracious Lord,
Thy blessed name we praise ;
We praise thee for thy holy word
And every means of grace.

2. O, may the word which we have heard!
Fill us with holy zeal,
And may our slothful minds be stir'd
To seek and do thy will.

3. With faith and love fill every mind,
With reverence and fear,
Cause us to seek until we find
Thy spirit with us here.

4. Extend to us, thy gracious hands,
Bless us with heavenly grace—
So shall we live to thy commands,
And walk in all thy ways.

5. Grant us thy blessing from above ;
Dear Lord, before we part,
So shall we know that thou art love,
And feel thy grace at heart.

After pronouncing the Blessing.
HYMN V.—L. M.

BLESS us dear Lord, departing hence
Bless us when we attend again.

Support our lives be our defence—
Thy blessing and thy grace remain.
2. Bless us with wisdom, health & peace,
O may thy grace to us be giv'n !
When this, our present life shall cease,
Then let us be the heirs of heav'n.

HYMN VI.—C. M.
For the same.

NOW we depart, we sing and pray,
We trust to heavenly aid ;
The Lord will keep us in his way,
And grant us all we need.
2. The Lord, his blessing will renew
To all who trust his word ;
And they who seek his will to do,
Will find a gracious Lord !

Hymns adapted to the Gospels & Apistles, throughout the ecclesiastical year.

Firt Sunday in Advent.

G : Matth. 21, v. 1 to v. 9.—Psalm 18.

HYMN VII.—L. M.
FOR THE GOSPEL.

COME, O thou prince of glory come !
O dwell with us, here make thy home;
To all the nations shew thy light,
And bring the way of truth to sight.
2. To thee is known all we do need,
Thou art our comforter indeed.
We give our hearts and minds to thee,
O may thy dwelling with us be !

3. But O, thou art already here!
Our minds and senses feel thee near—
We know that thou art good and kind.
Thy grace works sweetly on our mind.
4. O fill our hearts with heavenly love!
Teach us true wisdom from above;
Our hearts and wills to thee incline,
And cause us to be wholy thine.
5. Direct our minds in all thy ways;
Our tongues imploy to shew thy praise—
So shall we serve thee as we ought
In all our actions, words and thought.
6. Grant us thy blessed spirits aid,
By which our feeble minds are stay'd!
Increase our hope, confirm our faith,
And make us faithful unto death.
7. With heav'nly aid our souls revive,
In faith, and truth, and love to thrive,
Till we with holy Angels sing:
Hosannah to the Lord our king.

HYMN VIII.—C. M.

For the same.

COULD we O Saviour worthy be!
Thou Sovereign, Lord and King—
As to receive and welleome thee
Who dost salvation bring.
2. All nations for thy coming wait
And wish to know thee near;
Let Zion open every gate,
Till thou O King, appear!
3. Thy Zion streweth forth her Palms
To ornament thy way;

And we will worship thee with Psalms,
And humbly sing and pray.

4. Our souls are nourish'd by thy grace,
To praise thee is our theme ;
Our hearts are fill'd with thankfullness,
We bless and praise thy name.

5. How great has thy compassion been,
Thou Saviour of mankind—
When all the world lay dead in sin
And no relief could find;

6. Then did'st thou, mighty Saviour come,
To set us pris'ners free !
To ransome us, to take us home,
To be and dwell with thee.

7. We praise thee, O thou mighty one,
Thy mercies we adore ;
To thee, O Saviour, thee alone!
Be praise for ever more.

E : Rom. 13, v. 11, to v. 14.—Psalm 121.

HYMN IX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

WE are by the Apostle taught,
And in his doctrine see,
How carefull every christian ought
In all their lives to be.

2. The Gospel brings the truth to sight,
And spreads a bright display !
And ignorance like, as the night,
Thereby is drove away.

3. This blessed light to us is shown,
O may it shine within,

To make our state by nature known,
And feel the weight of sin.
4. Yet sure Salvation thro' the blood
Of Jesus we obtain!
Tnd thus restor'd unto our God,
And made his own again.
5. Then, O ye christians pray be wise;
Exert your inmost pow'r—
Strive from the sleep of sin to rise,
Awake and sleep no more.
6. The night is past and fully spent,
Let works of darkness cease;
The blessed light that Jesus sent
Creates establish'd peace.

Second Sunday in Advent.

G: Luke 21, v. 25, to v. 36.—Psalm 89.

HYMN X.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

YE nations, who on earth do dwell,
Hear what the Saviour doth fore-tell!
Great signs and wonders there shall be;
Distress and great perplexity.
2. Darkness shall hide the glorious Sun,
And blackness shall obscure the Moon!
Yea, every star will cease to shine,
And all their glitt'ring rays decline.
3. The hearts of men shall fail with fear,
Waiting for things that shall appear:
The seas with great convulsion roar,
The heavens shake with all her pow'r.

4. Then shall the mighty Saviour come
In glory power and wisdom ;
Ye faithful then look up on high,
And see your great redemption nigh.
5. Notice the Saviour's Parable,
Behold the fig-tree shews full well :
When she puts forth her tender bough,
The summer then is near ye know.
6. Thus when these noted signs ye see
With all the Saviour's words agree,
Then may ye fully understand :
The Saviour's kingdom is at hand.
7. Dear Lord, prepare us for the day,
May we be wise to watch and pray !
Prepare us Lord, to stand the test,
And share the blessing with the bless'd.

E : Rom. 15, v. 4, to v. 13.—Psalm 96.

HYMN XI.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

GOD'S faithful promises are sure,
Afford us life and vital pow'r ;
Our aid, our comfort, trust and hope
In all afflictions bears us up.
2. This is the word by which we live,
What consolations will it give !
True peace and joy the humble mind
In these bless'd promises shall find.
3. No greater blessings can be known,
No greater mercies can be shown :
To understand that precious word,
Is to rejoice in Christ the Lord.

4. O! let us then with patience wait,
God's promises are sure and great :
His gifts and graces from above
Will fill our hearts with joy and love.
5. We bless and praise the Saviours name,
By whom this great salvation came ;
With all the nations sing his praise
And thank him for his saving grace.

Third Sunday in Advent.

G : Matth. 11, v. 2, to v. 11.—Psalm 97.

HYMN XII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN John in prison came to hear
How great the works of Jesus were,
Sent his Disciples for to know
Their Saviour Christ, and own him too.
2. When they to Christ enquiring came,
He bid them go to John again
And shew to him where they had been,
And tell the wonders they had seen.
3. The blind are made to see the light,
The dead to feel his pow'r and might ;
The deaf to hear the dumb to talk,
The lepres cleans'd, the lame to walk.
4. The poor they hear the gospel sound,
Which heals the soul of every wound ;
They learn to know the way of peace,
The way to endless happiness.
5. How happy and how bless'd are they
Who know that Jesus is the way,

They bear the cross and are resign'd
To follow Christ with heart and mind.
6. Should we not praise the Lord our king?
Who did salvation to us bring,
Who pities men the fallen race,
And came to make them heirs of grace.

E : 1 Corinth. 4 v. 1, to v. 5.—Psalm 4.

HYMN XIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

AS faithful shepherds of the Lord
Must we accounted be,
Who minister and teach the word
With real sincerity.
2. No more the Lord himself requests
Than to be just and true,
And ever act as for the best
As far as we do know.
3. Though we are oft reproach'd & blam'd
When we do as we ought,
But O! the truth can ne'er be sham'd
Or to dishonour brought.
4. Our thoughts and actions all are known,
To him who judgeth right;
The Lord who knows what e'er is done
Brings all things to the light.
5. O let us then with patience wait!
And watch with humble pray'r,
Till God, whose ways are just and straight,
In righteousness appear.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

G: John 1, v. 19, to v. 28.—Psalm 146.

HYMN XIV.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE Priests and Levites sent to John,
They ask'd of him to know:
Art thou the great Messiah come?
Thy pow'r on earth to show.

2. Art thou Elias, tell us plain,
What office dost thou bear?
We must report to those again:
Those who have sent us here.

3. The Jews supposed John to be
Their Saviour and their Lord!
But John replied I am not he,
I only bear record.

4. As the great Prophet hath declar'd,
I am the voice that cry,
My voice is in the deserts heard:
Your prince of life is nigh.

5. Prepare your gracious Lord to meet!
Submit unto his ways;
And truly humbled at his feet,
Obtain his pard'ning grace.

6. O! could we be like unto John,
Submissive, humble, meek,
To honour none but christ alone
And none but him to seek.

E: Philip 4, v. 4, to v. 7.—Psalm 148.

HYMN XV.—S. M.

For the Epistle.

REJOICE ye in the Lord!
Ye christians one and all,
Rejoice ye in his sacred word,
Obey his blessed call.

2. Be ye possess'd with love,
Affectionate and kind,
Endow'd with graces from above
And the bless'd Saviour's mind.

3. The Lord himself is nigh,
Who careth for your cares,
Your ev'ry wants he will supply
And hear your humble pray'rs.

4. Our pray'rs and our request
He certainly will hear,
Each cross will serve to make us bless'd,
That here on earth we bear.

5. Eternal joy and peace
Shall ever more be giv'n,
When we possess such life and grace
We taste the joys of heav'n.

The nativity of our Lord, or the Birth-Day of CHRIST, *commonly called* Christmas-day.

G: Luke 2, v. 1 to v. 14.—Psalm 45.

HYMN XVI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

LONG did both Kings and Prophets wait
To see the Lord of glory great

Appear, to answer that great end,
To prove the fallen sinners friend.

2. Of him the prophets long foretold,
The fathers wish'd him to behold ;
Him all the nations did desire
And Angels wish'd him to admire.

3. Their prophecies are now fulfill'd,
The glorious mystr'y is reveal'd :
The child is born, the son is giv'n,
The prince of life is come from heav'n.

4. His name is Jesus Christ the Lord,
The great and everlasting word :
He came to execute the plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

5. He is the Lord from heaven come,
Our human nature to assume :
Our sins to bear, his blood to shed,
Yet, bruise and crush the serpents head.

6. He left his glorious throne above,
And comes with pity grace and love :
He comes to call the sons of men,
And turn them to their God again.

7. We praise thee, O thou king of peace !
Who art our life and righteousness ;
Thou virgin son, thou David's star :
No creature can thy love declare.

8. All such are truly dead in sin,
Who feel themselves not mov'd within,
To join with christians here on earth,
To shew and praise the Saviours birth.

9. Let all who dwell with hosts on high !
Eengage his praise to magnify ;
With all the efforts they can raise,
Thus Join to sing the Saviours praise.

HYMN XVII.—L. M.

For the same.

WHILST Shepherds kept their flocks by night,
An Angel cloath'd with pow'r and light,
Did to the Shepherds there appear
Which fill'd their minds with dread & fear.

2. But to their comforts thus he said,
Dear Shepherds be ye not affraid :
I have a message unto you,
Exceeding joyful, great and true.

3. This day is born in David's town,
The mighty prince of great renown ;
The Lord and Saviour of mankind
In Bethlehem ye shall him find.

4. There he is in a manger laid,
And there to human view display'd ;
He, who hath all at his commands,
Is there a babe in swathing bands.

5. There to an ang'lic host appear'd,
And thus their songs of praise were hear'd:
All glory be to God on high !
Who brings to us salvation nigh.

6. O happy news sent down from heav'n !
Since peace to man on earth is giv'n ;
Good will from God to man shall be.
And blessings to eternity.

HYMN XVIII.—L. M.

For the same.

IMMANUEL we sing thy praise,
Thou prince of life, thou spring of grace:
We worship thee with one accord,
Thou virgin son, thou Lord of Lords.

2. We join with heav'nly hosts to be,
Employ'd with those who worship thee;
Since long it hath been our request,
That thou should'st come O wellcome guest.

3. How often since the world was made,
Have many for thy comming pray'd!
The fathers and the Prophets were,
Desirious that thou should'st appear.

4. With ardent zeal for thee did look
That king and shepherd of thy flock,
That man who so well pleased thee,
Who worship'd thee with Psaltery.

5. O may the Lord from Zion come
To break our bands and take us home!
May we relief by him obtain!
That Jacob may rejoice again.

6. Now thou art come, as we have pray'd,
And in a stall and manger laid;
The world by thee, is cloath'd and fed,
Thou hast not where to lay thy head.

7. Thy dwellings are of meanest kind.
Yet all the heavens they are thine;
A human breast affords thee food,
Tho' Angels worship thee their God.

8. The seas they bound at thy commands
And thou art deck'd with swathing bands;

Thou art our God, yet deign'st to be
Expos'd to want and poverty.
9. Thou art the fount of ev'ry bliss,
And yet expos'd to great distress:
All nations help, art thou alone,
Thou seekest help but findest none.
10. We praise thee, O thou ev'r bless'd!
Our praises are to thee address'd;
If Angels join to praise thy name,
Sure we are bound to do the same.

E: Titus 2, v. 11 to v. 14.—Psalm 24.

HYMN XIX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE bless'd and saving grace of God
Doth plainly now appear;
The Gospel truth's are understood,
By all who wish to hear.
2. Such light and knowledge as we need,
That is on us bestow'd,
That which enlightens us indeed,
To know the living God.
3. This grace that hath salvation brought,
It proves the saving means;
And thereby we are likewise taught,
To mortify our sins.
4. Ungodliness and worldly lust
They must be crucified,
And ev'ry base desire must
By christians be denied.
5. A holy godly life to live,
Must be our care and aim,

And for each blessing we receive
To praise the Saviour's name.
6. This saving grace affords us hope,
And knowledge, love and pow'r,
And we with confidence look up
To Jesus ever more.

Second Christmas.

G : Luke 2, v. 15 to v. 20.—Psalm 2.

HYMN XX.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

O Mighty God, thou virgin son!
Jesus, my Lord and King!
Thou art my Saviour, thou alone,
Who dost salvation bring:
2. Not any who on earth do dwell,
Not Kings of might and pow'r;
Nor Angels who do far excel,
Could save us ev'r more.
3. Such as the fallen Angels are,
Such was our wretched case,
Condemn'd to horror and dispair
And infinite disgrace.
4. The covenant that Adam broke,
Has caus'd our wretched state:
And thus we feel the heavy yoke
Of sin and all its weight.
5. But O, thy mercy and thy love!
And grace for us design'd:
Will ever more effectual prove,
To change the carnal mind,

HYMN XXI.—L. M.

For the same.—John 1.

JESUS thou everlasting word !
Almighty God and Sov'reign Lord :
Who art from all eternity ?
All things were made and form'd by thee.
2. Ahou art the Lord of Earth & Heav'n,
By thee eternal life is giv'n :
Thou art the great and shining light
Which brings the way of truth to sight.
3. Jesus, the glorious son of God,
Took on himself our flesh and blood ;
When he was born the Virgin's Son
To make the sons of men his own.
4. That mighty word is come to view,
Which Men nor Angels never knew ;
Till in the flesh it was reveal'd
And all the prophecies fulfill'd.
5. That blessed word to me reveal
My Lord ! and let me taste and feel
That pow'rful word, and light divine,
With life and grace in me to shine.

E : Titus 3, v. 4, to v. 7.—Psalm 8.

HYMN XXII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

WHEN Jesus did from heav'n decend,
He came to be the sinners friend ;
Was mov'd with pity, love and grace
To save the human fallen race.
2. It was the kindness of our God,
A precious gift on us bestow'd—

To let us know that Jesus is,
Our life, our way and righteousness.
3. A doctrine of the greatest worth:
The son of God appear'd on earth,
When he assum'd our flesh and blood
And sacrific'd himself to God.
4. Was it the Angels great delight?
To view that wond'rous glorious sight:
The son of God in flesh array'd
For which both Kings and Prophets pray'd.
5. How highly thankful then ought we
To him, our gracious Saviour be!
Who is our life and righteousness,
Our everlasting joy and peace.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

G: Luke 2, v. 33, to v. 40.—Psalm 40.

HYMN XXIII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

O Thou from all eternity!
Who did'st decend to come and be
An infant brought before the Lord,
As was directed in his word.
2. Thy presence caus'd thy Saint's rejoice:
They with thanksgiving rais'd their voice,
To see the Lord whom they had sought
Into the Holy Temple brought.
3. That which is to the world unknown
To ev'ry seeking soul is shown;
They who do humbly seek their God,
Shall have such grace on them bestow'd

4. God's counsels they are truly great,
Yet such as humbly on him wait ;
To such the Lord will still unfold,
As unto Simeon of old.
5. Their Lord and Saviour they shall find :
They see him with the eye of mind ;
Their hearts with faith and hopes are fill'd,
Thus is their Lord to them reveal'd.
6. But sorrow mingle with their joys,
And otherwise their mind employs :
As was the Virgin Mary's case,
Tho' she embrac'd the king of peace.
7. Her darling son, was Christ indeed,
Who came to crush the Serpants head,
But O, the tooth that pierc'd his heel !
What sorrows it caus'd her to feel.
8. As Simeon there had prophecied,
Her dearest son was crucified ;
The sight thereof it was a dart,
A sword that pierc'd her tender heart.
9. Thus we rejoice and mourn again,
Our joys and hopes are oftimes slain ;
But still our faith and hope increase,
Till we depart this world in peace.

E : Gal. 4, v. 1, to v. 7.—Psalm 41.

HYMN XXIV.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

WE cannot be the heirs of grace
By merits of self-righteousness ;
In all we do we cannot find
That which subdews the carnal mind.

2. Though train'd and tutor'd by the law,
We still remain in fear and awe;
All we can think, or say or do
Cannot create the heart anew.
3. It cannot make a foe a child,
Nor yet to God be reconcil'd;
That poison which remains within,
Will keep the mind enslav'd to sin.
4. But God had laid a better plan
To save the helpless race of man,
It was his only blessed son
Could save, and none but him alone.
5. Thus when the time was all complete,
The time the Lord himself had set;
The Saviour came and shed his blood
And died to make us heirs of God.

The Circumcision of Christ, & Newyears Day.

G: Luke 2, v. 21.—Psalm 78.

HYMN XXV.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

DID'ST thou O Saviour! condecend
To take a human birth?
Thou art our great and dearest friend
That ever was on earth.
2. To make attonements for our guilt,
As justice did demand;
When circumcis'd thy blood was spilt
And shed by human hand.
3. At the first shedding of thy blood
Salvation was began;

When thou, who art the Mighty God
Was't circumcis'd as man.

4. Sweet is the sound of thy bless'd name!
Where e'er it is applied:
Thou art thy-self become the same
What thy name signified.

5. Thy blood became the saving means
For all the human race:
To cleanse them from their countless sins,
And make them heirs of grace.

6. What great, what condecending love!
Did the dear Saviour show,
When he left all the heav'ns above
To save us here below.

HYMN XXVI.—C. M.

For Newyear.

GRANT us O Lord, we humbly pray!
The comming year to spend;
The year which we begin this day,
In thee, our God, to end.

2. Our will, our hearts and minds renew,
As time renews each year—
May all we think, or say, or do,
Be done with holy fear.

3. In mercy Lord, we pray forgive
The evils we have done;
And may we to thy glory live
The year that's now begun.

4. Thro' all the year that now is gone
The Lord prov'd always kind!
The love, which God to us has shown,
Is more than we can mind.

5. How many of our fellow-men !
Last year were call'd away ;
And we permitted to remain
To see the present day.
6. O may the year, that now commence
Thus prove a year of grace ;
And if we should be called hence,
May we depart in peace.

HYMN XXVII.—L. M.

for the same.—Luke 13.—6, 7, 8.

THE Christian Church should well partake
The parable, the Saviour spake,
To shew the Jews their wretched state,
And what would shortly be their fate.
2. Such fig-trees, which in Vineyards grow,
And carefully attended to ;
Ought in due time their fruit to yield,
Like stores of corn from a good field.
3. Such was the Jewish nations case,
Whilst they had all the means of grace !
Like as the fig-tree on good ground,
So did God's grace to them abound.
4. But when their fruits were truly sought
And their works proven which they wrought,
All was corrupted, base and mean ;
Their best devotions were but sin.
5. And as the master gave command,
Let not that barron fig-tree stand ;
His orders were to cut it down,
Why should it cumber so much ground ?

6. This to the Jews was well applied,
Their horrid crimes for vengeance cried;
Then God had threat'ned in his word
To cut them off by fire and sword:
7. But Jesus merits intercedes,
And like as the vinedresser pleads:
O spare them, but another year!
The stroke of justice, Lord forbear.
8. I will reproof and warn'ings give,
And shew them how their souls may live;
But if they still dispise thy grace
Then let strict justice take its place.
9. Our Church it is a Vineyard too,
As all her ordinances shew:
And we are plac'd therein to be
And there to grow like as the tree.
10. But if our duties we neglect,
What better then can we expect?
If we neglect and still refuse:
We perish like the stubborn Jews.

E: Gal. 3, v. 23 to v. 29.—Psalm 119, v. 130, to v 176.

HYMN XXVIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE way of life remain'd conceal'd
To all the human race,
Until the Saviour was reveal'd
Who purchas'd pard'ning grace.
2. The moral law was never giv'n
To be the saving means;
To fit us for the courts of heav'n,
Or cleans us from our sins.

3 The law can never work that love
That forms the mind anew.
But judge, condemn and still reprove
In all we think or do.
4. But when that true and living faith
Is to the heart applied ;
Then as the great Apostle saith:
We shall be justified.
5. All male and female, Jew and Greek,
And ev'ry bond and free!
And all who for salvation seek,
The heirs of grace shall be.
6. Thus made the heirs of grace indeed
In spirit circumcis'd :
With Abram and his faithful seed,
For which we were baptis'd.

On the first Sunday after Newyear.

G: Matth. 3, v. 13, to v. 17.—Psalm 110.

HYMN XXIX.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Jesus unto Jordon came,
And was baptiz'd by John :
There it was prov'd he was the same
Who should for sin attone.
2. He was baptiz'd, but not as they
Who are of sinful race :
He had no sin to wash away,
To make him heir of grace.
3. Repentance sure he needed not,
His life was pure indeed :

And he had neither stain or spot
Of which he need be freed.
4. Why then did he there to attend,
And why was he baptiz'd ?
It was to answer that great end,
For which it was devis'd :
5. This was the ordinance alone
Which was for to ordain :
That great *High Priest* who should attone
For all the guilt of men,

E: 1 Pet. 4, v. 12, to v. 19.—Psalm 34.

HYMN XXX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

WHEN times of troubles are at hand
The best that we can do,
Is to obey the Lord's command
And prove his promise true.
2. As gold is in the furnace tried
And cleans'd from filth and dross ;
Thus we are purg'd and purified
By bearing Jesus' Cross.
3. We can't expect the crown to wear,
Which Christ in heav'n will give,
If we refuse the Cross to bear,
Whilst here on earth we live.
4. We must submit our cause to God,
And yield to do his will ;
He lets us feel his chast'ning rod,
But grants his blessing still.
5. To be reproach'd for Jesus sake,
Proves him to be our Lord ;

His Cross and suff'rings to partake,
Will have a great reward.
6. Then let us look beyond the grave
Where all our suff'rings cease ;
Great, are the *treasures* we shall have
In everlasting peace.

The Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ.
G : Matth, 2, v. 1, to v. 12.—Psalm 149.

HYMN XXXI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

O King of Glory, David's son!
Why has't thou come and left thy throne,
The curse and cross of man to bear.
Brought thee! *O Prince* of Glory here,
2. Thy place of birth was Bethlehem,
The place was held in low esteem ;
A place where none, a king would seek :
None but the humble and the meek.
3. But yet thy glory was made known,
And to the distant nations shown ;
A strange a glorious shining *star*
Brought those who sought thee from a far.
4. The nations who desir'd to see
Thy face, are come to wrorship thee ;
Tho they are heathens, yet they bring
Rich off'rings unto thee their king.
5. But greater treasures than they brought
Such they in thee their saviour sought :
Thy love to know, thy grace to gain
Rewards them fully for their pain.

6. O happy where it is the case !
That sinners seek for saving grace ;
Such treasures they with thee shall find
Which proves their joy and peace of mind.
7. Tho' mighty kings and haughty foes
The progress of thy word oppose:
Thy Light shall shine from sea to shore,
Thy *sun* shall rise and set no more.
8. Thy kingdom and its righteousness
Affords eternal life and peace ;
My offering, I to thee will bring,
Grant me thy treasures, O my king !

For E : Isaiah 60, v. 1, to v. 6.—Psalm 72.

HYMN XXXII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

ARISE and shine thy *light* is come,
O Zion ! now thy Lord appears,
That gracious light dispels the gloom
Of all thy doubts, thy dreads and fears.
2. Though darkness covers all thy land,
And ignorance doth vail thine eyes ;
Yet at the mighty Lord's command
That *light* shall to all nations rise.
3. From sea to sea, from shore to shore
Shall the bless'd Saviour's name be spread:
And such as knew him ne'er before
Shall own him as their *king* and head.
4. Glad off'rings shall all nations bring,
And worship at his gracious throne :
Adore their Lord and Sovereign King,
And make his grace to sinners known.

5. Remotest nations on the earth
Shall hear and feel the Gospel word:
Those of renown and nobler birth
Shall humbly bow to Christ, their Lord.
6. Poor straying souls shall find their God,
And know their sins to be for giv'n,
And sanctified through Jesus' blood:
They shall be made the heirs of heav'n.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

G: Luke 2, v. 24, to v. 52.—Psalm 13.

HYMN XXXIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Jesus in the temple stay'd,
When he was but a youth;
And there his fathers will obey'd:
To hear and teach the truth.
2. He was by his dear mother sought,
Who felt herself forlorn!
She sought *him*, but she found him not,
Which caused her to mourn.
3. She sought him first among the friends
And hop'd him there to see;
But Jesus not always attends
Where he is thought to be.
4. But when, like Mary we pursue
To seek him where he is:
Like Mary we shall find him too,
And know his offices.
5. *He* came to do his fathers will
And make salvation known;

The plan and order to reveal
In which it must be done.
6. Could I like Mary, feel distress'd
When absent from his face;
My soul could never be at rest
Till I could feel his grace.
7. Then, like as Mary I should find
My comforts all renew'd:
Faith, hope, and joy and peace of mind,
And union with my God.

E: Rom. 12, v. 1, to v. 6.—Psalm 50.

HYMN XXXIV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

TO be a holy sacrifice
Is what each christian ought,
As the Apostle testifies:
In action, word and thought.
2. The pow'r and faculties of mind,
And all the soul desires,
Must be to have the *will* resign'd
To all the Lord requires.
3. Each member of the body, should
Thus have their rule and guide,
To act and do the best they could,
Be ever more employ'd:
4. The heart must be within renew'd,
Endow'd with heav'nly grace;
Conform'd unto the living God
And all his righteous ways.
5. The world with all its great esteem,
Real christians won't pursue;

To serve the Lord is all their aim
As well as they can do.
6. The christian humble, low and meek,
Will find establish'd rest ;
They find such treasures as they seek,
Which makes them truly bless'd.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

G : John, 2, v. 1, to v. 11.—Psalm 128.

HYMN XXXV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

TO such is bless'd, their marriage day,
Who humbly to their Saviour pray,
To be with them, and to attend :
To be their guest, their Lord and friend.
2. God, who ordain'd our marriage state,
Provides for us in ev'ry fate,
To him is known all we do need,
Our wants he will supply indeed.
3. Should he appear to hide his face,
Yet the rich bounties of his grace
Are ever present, ever near,
Tho' they do not always appear.
4. The truth of this we may be taught :
The miracles that Jesus wrought
In Cana-town of Galilee,
Sufficient proof thereof may be.
5. His counsels and his deep decrees
No eye of human creature sees ;
His wond'rous *ways* are best reveal'd,
Where his dear promise is fulfill'd.

6. O let us then by faith endure !
Till all our trials shall be o'er,
Then by experience we shall know
What Jesus for his friends will do.

E ; Rom 12. v. 7 to v. 16.—Psalm 119, v. 1, to v. 24.

HYMN XXXVI.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

O Precious gift from God above !
To be possess'd with christian *love* ;
The greatest joy the soul can find :
That is to have the Saviour's mind.

2. Such christians are to all a friend,
To others *need's* they will attend ;
They live not for themselves alone,
But feel for those who grieve and mourn.

3. Their hearts with kind affections flows,
And they are kind to friends and foes ;
They help in ev'ry time of need,
And prove to all a friend indeed.

4. They teach, admonish and advise,
Without deception or disguise :
They are sincere in all they do,
In all their dealings, just and true.

5. They have the cause of God at heart,
They strive to act the christian part ;
And every office they do bear
They execute with holy fear.

6. O, blessed souls in such a state !
Who, their bless'd Saviour immitate ;
How bless'd and happy will they be
With Christ to all eternity.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
G: Matth. 8, v. 1 to v. 13.—Psalm 38.
HYMN XXXVII.—L. M.
FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE leper in his painful case
Trusts to the Saviours pow'r and grace;
He soon was made to feel, and know
What Jesus by his word could do.
2. The pain and anguish he did feel,
Which none on all the earth could heal;
Was soon remov'd, and done away:
Soon as to Jesus he did pray.
3. When my whole state of mind I view,
I find I am a Leper too;
A Leper of the vilest kind,
And no relief or cure I find.
4. I am defil'd in ev'ry part,
And pain and anguish fills my heart:
My very soul is fill'd with sin
And I must cry, unclean, unclean.
5. But as my Saviour passes by,
Then like the Leper I will cry:
Lord! thou can'st cure me if thou wilt!
O! cleanse my soul from sin and guilt.
6. My great Phycision Christ shall be
To cleanse my soul, and set me free,
And I shall, know his love and pow'r,
And praise and thank him ever more.

E: Rom. 12, v. 17, to v. 21.—Psalm 98.
HYMN XXXVIII.—C. M.
For the Epistle.

TO be at peace with ev'ry man
Each faithful soul desires,

For which they do the best they can,
Like as Saint Paul requir's.
2. Their aim is not revenge to seek,
Nor yet in malice live:
But like their Saviour humble meek,
And freely will forgive.
3. To wrath and spite they give no place
But keep their Lord in view;
They pray for his renewing grace
To bear his Image too.
4. Their charity to all extends,
They feel for other's grief,
They pitty foes as well as friends,
And pray for their relief.
5. They help in ev'ry time of need;
And with a liberal hand;
The naked cloath, the hungry feed,
As Jesus gave command.
6. O may the Lord impress my mind
With love and christian faith,
To be affectionate and kind
As the Apostle saith.

The fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

G: Matth. 8. v. 23, to v. 27.—Psalm 107.

HYMN XXXIX.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN the distress'd Disciples were
On raging billows toss'd,
Their mind were fill'd with dread and fear
They gave themselves for lost.

2. But O, how soon the *seas* obey'd !
When Jesus spake on board ;
How soon her blasts and storms were laid
At his commanding word.
3. When troubles like the swelling waves
Oppress our feeble mind,
Yet when we cry, O Saviour save !
Deliv'rence we shall find.
4. Should we be drove by wind and tide !
And beaten from the cape ;
The Lord will ever more provide
A way for our escape.
5. Our faith however, weak it is !
We shall not quite dispair ;
The Lord who gave his promises
Will always hear our prayer.
6. Dear Lord, since thy dear Church below
Is like a ship on Sea,
Which oft is driven to and fro
In much perplexity.
7. Calm thou, her mind in all alarm
And aid her weak effort,
Conduct her safe thro' every storm
To reach the happy Port.

E: Rom. 13, v. 8, to v. 10.—Psalm 41.

HYMN XL.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

'T is a duty Christians owe
T o love and serve their fellow-men,
No better service do we know,
Our peace of conscience to maintain.

2. God's perfect law is not obey'd,
Nor yet the least command fulfill;
The best that can be done or said
Leaves men but failing creatures still.
3. But O the soul! from God inspir'd
With grace divine and heav'nly love,
Hath all what e'er the law requir'd,
Completed by the hand above.
4. That law is written in the heart,
Which acts and moves by love and grace:
The mind is bound in every part
To God, and all his righteous ways.
5. This law exceeds all other laws,
No better heav'n to man could give;
This law is love, and moves and draws
The mind to God, in him to live.

The fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

G: Matth. 13. v. 24 to v. 30.—Psalm 139.

HYMN XLI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

YE Christian men pray notice well!
Our Saviour in the Parable
Does clearly prove and plainly show,
What Satan in the Church can do.
2. The Church is to a field compar'd,
Well cultivated and prepar'd:
And where the Gospel truth is b'liev'd,
There is the Gospel seed receiv'd.
3. But when the watchmen fall to sleep,
And they neglect their guard to keep,

The enemy soon interfer's,
And sows the field with seeds of tares.
4. Such ever was the Churches case,
The formal Christian void of grace:
Is like the tares among the wheat,
When rightly prov'd is but a cheat.
5. But lest the wheat be pluck'd up too,
The tares among the wheat must grow:
There to remain till harvest day,
Till they are search'd and cast away.
6. This Parable will shew us plain,
That Saints and Sinners will remain:
As members of his Church and State,
Till Jesus comes to separate.
7. How careful then ought we attend!
To watch and pray unto the end;
Till all our trials shall be past,
Lest we should prove but tares at last.

E: Col. 3, v. 12, to v. 17.—Psalm 133.

HYMN XLII.—S. M.

For the Epistle.

IN unity and peace,
O, may I ever live!
And not in strife or bitterness,
But bear and to forgive.
2. May I of Jesus learn!
A meek and humble mind;
And may it be my chief concern
To be for ever kind.

3. May I with patience bear !
What may be laid on me ;
Not in presumption or dispair :
In neither let me be.
4. The workings of thy love !
And pow'r of grace divine,
Can fit me for thy courts above
And seal me ever thine.
5. O ! may the Gospel word,
With all the means of grace,
Fit me to love thee, O my Lord !
To serve thee all my days.

The sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

G: Matth. 17, v. 1 to v. 9.—Psalm 84.

HYMN XLIII—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Christ was on the mount reveal'd
In his Disciples view,
Their hearts with dread and fear was fill'd,
With joy, and wonder too.
2. Their feeble eyes could scarce behold
The brightness of his face;
The Sun with all his glory could,
Dart no such glorious rays.
3. To prove that Jesus was the Lord,
Elias did appear ;
And Moses bore the same record,
Whilst both convers'd him there.
4. A gracious voice from heaven came :
This is mine only son !

Give praise and honour to his name,
And make his glories known.
5. Should we not wish with him to dwell?
And view him ever more;
Like the Disciples, hear and feel
His glory, love and pow'r.
6. Can such a sight of Christ below
Transport our souls with love?
Far greater joys will *He* bestow,
In the bright world above.

E: 2 Peter 1. v. 16 to v 21.—Psalm 19.

HYMN XLIV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

GOD'S word of prophecies are giv'n,
His counsels to reveal;
More firm and sure than earth or heav'n,
They stand and never fail.
2. This word is like the morning star,
Just glaring thro' the skies!
First shews its dawning from afar,
Until the Sun arise.
3. More piercing than the purest light,
It casts a heav'nly ray;
Dispells the pow'r of darkest night,
And turns it into day.
4. As all the Prophets prophecied,
Inspir'd from God above,
All are fulfill'd and verified
As circumstances prove.

5. As Moses in his day declar'd,
And all the fathers shew'd ;
The Lord of life has now appear'd
To make us sons of God.
6. May I unto this light give heed !
Since none but this alone
Can be, the light of life I need :
To make the Lord my own.

The Sunday called Septuagesima, or the third Sunday before Lent.

G ; Matth. 20. v. 1 to v. 16.—Psalm 141.

HYMN XLV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

IN Parables the Lord doth shew,
What Gospel Ministers must do—
How to perform their duty well,
We find here in this Parable.
2. The Church, a Vineyard of the Lord ;
Those who he sends to teach his word,
They labour in his Vineyard here ;
They have the charge, the trust and care.
3. God, to erect his Church on earth,
The Vineyard of the greatest worth ;
Thus did his labour'rs early send,
That sacred Vineyard to attend.
4. And as the passage plainly shews,
The call was first unto the Jews :
When Priests and Levites, taught & shew'd
The laws and ordinance of God.

5. They minister'd as they were taught,
But otherwise they labour'd not;
Till they did first with him agree,
And know what their reward should be.
6. Those who have not the cause at heart,
Do with reluctance act their part;
And as a penny for the day
Such hirelings do teach and pray.
7. Not only unto Jacob's race
Did God reveal his plan of grace;
But after many years were past,
The Gentiles too were call'd at last.
8. The call they did with joy embrace,
To be intrusted with such grace;
In such a call to serve the Lord,
It was to them a great reward.
9. They ask'd not what shall we receive?
As a support on which we live—
They trust, the word and promises,
And act their part with willingness.
10. They teach, admonish and reprove,
And all they do is out of love;
They act with fervency and zeal,
And God rewards their labours well.

E: 1 Cor. 9, v. 24 to chap. 10, v. 5.—Psalm 39.

HYMN XLVI.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

SUPPORTED by especial grace,
And by superior pow'r upheld,

The faithful christian runs his race,
To gain the vict'ry and the field.
2. But O, how foolish and unwise!
Could it be truly said to be?
For those who fain would gain the prize
And yet not strive for mastery.
3. To gain the never fading crown,
Each reigning sin must be subdu'd;
The haughty spirit must come down,
And yield unto the ways of God.
4. The soul, with carnal mind beset,
Can never speed in holiness:
But still oppress'd with ev'ry weight
Of sin, and burthens of distress.
5. All candidates for Glory must,
Be watching unto constant pray'r—
To crucify their pride and lust,
If they desire the crown to wear.
6. may I be wise to act my part,
And evermore be on my guard,
To watch and pray with all my heart,
And wait the comming of my Lord.

The Sunday called Sexagesima, or the Second Sunday before Lent.

G: Luke 8, v. 4 to v. 15.—Psalm 119, v 89 to v 113.

HYMN XLVII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Sower that goes forth to sow,
Far diff'rent soils he finds;
Such is the case with Preachers too:
They preach to diff'rent minds.

2. Some minds are like the trodden way,
That can't receive the grain ;
Tho' they attend to hear and pray,
They hear the word in vain.

3. With such does Satan act his part,
Like birds of prey devour ;
He takes the word soon from their heart,
That it can have no pow'r.

4. And some are like the stony soil,
Which soon shoots forth its blade ;
First they believe, and hear a while,
But soon they shrink and fade.

5. At first it is a joyful news,
The Gospel truth to hear ;
But O, it answers not their views,
The Saviour's Cross to bear.

6. Some are just like that kind of ground,
All fill'd with thorns and brier ;
Their hearts with carnal cares abound—
The world is their desire.

7. Tho' they are made to hear and feel,
The need of Saving Grace ;
Yet to support their haughty will,
They keep their sinful place.

8. Great God, how cautious should we be!
To keep still on our guard ;
To watch and pray, to search and see
That we may be prepar'd.

E: 2 Cor. 11. v. 19 to chap. 12, to v. 9.—Psalm 57.

HYMN XLVIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

THE faithful servants of the Lord,
Who teach the plain and simple word:
Are always tempted, always tried,
Distress'd and vext on ev'ry side.

2. Such was the first Apostl's fate,
As sacred writings do relate;
And all their faithful partners meet,
The like reward and equal treat.

3. Oftimes they are falsely accus'd,
And therefore slander'd and abus'd;
When they endeavour to discharge,
Their office to the world at large.

4. The Gospel is the purest light,
It brings the sacred truth to sight;
But where the truth, its beauty shows,
There Satan's Kingdom will oppose.

5. The Servants of the Saviour are
Expos'd to danger, dread and fear;
Continual conflicts, war and strife
Attends the course of all their life.

6. Expos'd to wants of ev'ry kind,
Distress'd in body and in mind—
Esteem'd as men of meanest worth,
As the off-scourings of the earth.

7. Oftimes as Pilgrim's, here they roam,
No certain stay, or Place of home;
The chief reward they hope to have,
Is that, which is beyond the grave.

The Sunday called Quinquagesima, or the next Sunday before Lent.

G : Luke 18, v. 31 to v. 43.—Psalm 102.

HYMN XLIX.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Certain beggar, poor and blind,
A needy creature as we find,
Whose heart was fill'd with woe and grief,
Cried to the Saviour for relief.

2. He cried, O blessed David's son !
My mournful case to thee is known ;
O pitty me, grant me my sight !
Restore to me that wanted light.

3. Tho' he was blind, yet he could hear,
And knew that his dear Lord was near :
He cried, and pray'd, and would not cease
Till he had vented his distress.

4. When once our blindness we do feel,
Our grief no longer can conceal ;
Then like the Beggar we shall cry
To Jesus, e'er he passes by.

5. Are we rebuk'd, we cry the more,
Till Jesus manifests his pow'r—
We shall not cease until we know :
That we are hear'd, and answer'd too.

6. Then, like the Beggar we shall be,
Once we were blind but now we see :
Our darkness turned into day,
And follow Jesus in his way.

E: 1 Cor. 13, v. 1 to v. 13.—Psalm 15.

HYMN L.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

COULD I, with tongues of Angels speak
With all the eloquence of men!
And not the love of God partake,
All my profession would be vain.

2. I should be like the sounding Brass,
Or like the tinkling of a Bell;
And should I for an Angel pass,
It would not save my soul from Hell.

3. Had I the gifts of prophecy,
And all the mysteries reveal'd,
Yet in my sins I be to die,
Unless my heart with love is fill'd.

4. Had I such faith as could remove
The greatest mountains from their place;
Yet all in vain, till christian love
Is wrought in me, by saving grace.

5. If all my goods the poor to feed,
With my concent was freely giv'n;
But without charity indeed,
I never should be fit for heav'n.

6. My body given for to burn,
To make attonements for my sin—
I should be like a varnish'd urn,
That which hath nought but filth within.

7. O, may that precious gift of God!
True charity, that grace divine—
In all my heart be shed abroad,
And seal me Lord for ever thine.

The first Day of Lent, commonly called Ash-Wednesday.

G: Matth. 6, v. 16 to v. 21.—Psalm 12.

HYMN LI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

NOT in deception or disguise
Must christians fast or pray;
But take their blessed Lord's advice,
Which is a diff'rent way.

2. The heart with godly sorrow fill'd,
Need never make a show;
Their state of mind will be reveal'd,
In all they act and do.

3. They who are well convinc'd of sin,
Will feel a deep distress;
Yet differ not from other men,
In their external dress.

4. Their fasting, pray'r and abstenence,
Are fervent, and sincere;
They will not act with mere pretence,
Sad countenance to wear.

5. God will not pay a true regard,
To such a borrow'd face;
Nor grant the future great reward
To those who mock his grace.

6. The Lord is not to be deceiv'd,
All things are in his view;
Our pray'rs by him are not receiv'd,
Unless our hearts be true.

For E : Joel 2, v. 12 to v. 17.—Psalm 143.

HYMN LII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

TURN ye to me, thus saith the Lord,
Ye who have gone astray—
Your cries and mournings shall be heard,
And not be cast away.

2. Will ye from sin and vice depart,
By fasting and with pray'r ;
Rend not your garments, but your heart,
And for my grace prepare.

3. I will return to you again,
When ye return to me :
Your ear'nest pray'rs are not in vain,
Nor never more shall be.

4. The Lord is gracious, good and kind,
To those who seek his face !
With a sincere and humble mind,
Shall find his pard'ning grace.

5. Our horrid crimes, how have they swell'd;
To Heaven they are grow'n !
God's threat'nings are at last fulfill'd,
And bring his Judgements down.

6. Well, we deserve to feel the rod ;
Our punishments are due ;
But O ! we have a gracious God,
Who will forgive them too.

7. Come let us in his presence meet,
And bow beneath his throne ;
Confess with sorrow, and regret
The follies we have done.

The first Sunday in Lent, called Invocavit.

G: Matth. 4, v. 1, to v. 11.—Psalm 22.

HYMN LIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

HOW great was our dear Lord's distress;
His trials how severe:
When in a howling wilderness,
He strove with Satan there.

2. That foe assault's him with disdain;
Thou art here left alone,
To suffer hunger, thirst and pain—
Would God forsake his son!

3. Now to supply thy present need;
Art thou the son of God!
Command these stones that they be bread,
Supply thyself with food.

4. May we reply as Jesus did,
When we are tempted too!
This is the means, by which we rid,
Ourselves of such a foe.

5. Man does not live by bread alone,
But by that sacred word:
By which all things are made and done,
As order'd by the Lord.

6. In various ways the tempter tried,
To cause the Saviour's fall;
But was defeated and defied,
And miss'd his aim in all.

7. Christ conquer'd and he gain'd the day,
In all he overcame—

To him we look, to him we pray,
And we shall do the same.
8. To his dear word and promises,
We ever have recourse;
In him always have we success,
To banish Satan's force.

E: 2 Cor. 6, v. 1 to v 10.—Psalm 95.

HYMN LIV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

SHOULD we receive that grace in vain,
That precious gift of God;
And serve our former lusts again,
And slight the Saviours blood.
2. Should we refuse to watch and pray,
And loose what we have gain'd?
That would be casting Christ away,
And all his love disdain'd.
3. The Lord was pleas'd our pray'rs to hear
In the accepted hour:
Now is the time to persevere,
And use the Saviour's pow'r.
4. As faithful servants of the Lord,
Ourselves we must approve—
Attend unto his precious word,
With pure unfeigned Love.
5. To bear assaults on ev'ry hand,
And yet not be dismay'd;
Confirm'd in Christ by faith to stand,
Supported by his aid.

The second Sunday in Lent, called Reminicere.

G: Matth. 15, v. 21, to v. 28.—Psalm 55.

HYMN LV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

PRAY'R will at last an answer gain,
Sure none shall seek the Lord in vain!
Tho' Jesus may at first delay,
None shall be empty sent away.

2. A certain passage we do read,
Proves it to be the case indeed:
A heathen woman fill'd with grief
Did come to Jesus for relief.

3. With fervent pray'r his help she sought,
Truly at first he answer'd not;
And in his turn he signified,
That she should ever be denied.

4. He first concealed what he meant,
By saying, I am only sent,
To grant relief and help to those
Of Jacob's race, whom God hath chose.

5. But still a more distressing word
Was then express'd by Christ the Lord;
I ought not take the childrens bread
And give to dogs that they be fed.

6. Yet all this drove her not away,
But caus'd her with more warmth to pray:
Have mercy Lord, O pitty me!
My trust for help is all in thee.

7. She own'd she was not Israel's seed,
But could be call'd a dog indeed;

But that would not take childrens bread,
Though dogs should with the crumbs be fed.
8. The Saviour then was forc'd to yield,
And with those words his mind reveal'd;
O! Woman, thou must have relief,
Undoubted, great is thy belief.
9. Here may we learn, here may we know,
What faith with humble pray'r can do;
Should we who are of christian race,
Not persevere to gain such grace?

E: 1 Thesal. 4, v. 1. to v. 7.—Psalm 1.

HYMN LVI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE truth which christians once receiv'd
They never more should slight;
The promises they once believ'd
Should e'er be kept in sight.
2. The Saviour must be still in view,
His life to imm'tate;
To serve the Lord in all they do,
And humbly on him wait.
3. In christian virtues to abound,
Should be their constant aim—
And all their actions should redound
To shew the Saviours fame.
4. Engag'd with zeal on ev'ry hand,
All vices to oppose!
And ever-more prepar'd to stand,
To conquer all such foes.

5. All base desires, lusts and pride,
By faith must be subdu'd;
Until the soul be sanctified,
And the whole mind renew'd.
6. Whilst such in faith and love increase,
They find establish'd rest;
They will enjoy eternal peace,
And be for ever bless'd.

The third Sunday in Lent, called Oculi.

G: Luke 11. v, 14 to v. 28.—Psalm 109,

HYMN LVII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Palace is the sinner's heart,
Which Satan guards in ev'ry part;
And with his forces dwells therein,
And keeps the soul enslav'd to sin.
2. There he, without control resides,
And there against attack provides;
He governs there, and feareth none,
And holds the castle as his own.
3. Poor man obeys him as his chief,
Because of pride and unbelief;
Like slaves and servants on him wait,
And seldom feel their slavish state.
4. But when the Saviour claims the heart,
That cruel tyrant must depart—
When Jesus speaks and gives command,
That Prince of darkness can't withstand.
5. The force of *his* restraining grace,
Will cause that Lord to leave his place;

Some outward changes may be seen,
But yet some idol lurks within.

6. Altho' he wanders for a while,
Himself he can not reconcile,
He has not fully quit his home,
But soon he means again to come.

7. Where Jesus does not fully reign,
He surely will return again:
With vice and envy seven-fold,
Audatious, impudent and bold.

8. His palace he no more forsak's,
In spite of all reproofs and checks;
The force of men and angels join'd,
Can ne'er renew that hard'ned mind.

9. That sinners' case was bad before,
But now 'tis worse, and still much more:
Because he can not be renew'd,
And ever hat'st the ways of God.

10. O! horrid, wretched, awful state:
My God let it not be my fate;
May the Good Spirit gain my heart!
To dwell in me and ne'er depart.

E: Eph. 5, v. 1. to v. 9.—Psalm 35.

HYMN LVIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

YE who profess the Lord to love,
Let all your lives and actions prove,
With pure desires and ardent zeal,
Attach'd to Christ to do his will

2. Walk ye in love as christians ought,
Remember ye are dearly bought,
And ransom'd with the greatest price,
When Jesus died our sacrifice.
3. A sacrifice of sweetest smell
As pleas'd the righteous father well,
When his dear precious blood was spilt,
It then atton'd for all our guilt.
4. Amazing love beyond degree!
No greater love could ever be,
O christians take this love in view!
And learn what sovereign love can do.
5. This love renews the soul within,
And makes the mind avers'd to sin;
All works of darkness are denied
Reprov'd, condemn'd and mortified.

The fourth Sunday in Lent, called Lætare.

G: John, 6, v. 1, to v. 15.—Psalm 6.

HYMN LIX.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

GRANT us dear Lord our daily bread,
Thus do we pray in time of need;
To him our precious lord we cry,
Who daily doth our wants supply.
2. Where nothing laid in store we see,
Where thousands faint and hungry be;
Yet may we trust and firmly b'lieve,
He find's a way for us to live.

3. When Jesus in the wilderness
Beheld, his follow'rs in distress,
Fatigued and hungry, weak and faint,
He pitti'd them to see their want.
4. And how to help them he well knew,
Altho' he ask'd what shall we do?
Our faith must always first be tried,
Before our wants are all supplied.
5. He then commands them to prepare,
And trust his providence and care;
Without a table being set,
The feast for them was soon complete.
6. When Jesus grants us his increase,
Then we partake the greater bliss;
Two little fish, five loaves of bread,
Some thousands of his follow'rs fed.
7. If here we follow Christ indeed,
He will support us as we need;
And when this present life is past
We feast with him in heav'n at last.

E: Gal. 4, v. 21, to v. 31.—Psalm 32.

HYMN LX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

AS the Galatians vainly dream'd,
The case can never be;
Man is not by the law redeem'd,
Nor yet by works made free.
2. Not by the deeds of any law
Can any man be sav'd,

But always kept in fear and awe,
And yet remain deprav'd.
3. The carnal mind will e'er remain
At enmity with God,
Until the soul is born again,
And cleans'd by Jesus' blood.
4. It was by covenant of grace,
That God in Christ had made ;
He justifies the fallen race,
For which the Saivour bled.
5. O, why should we be so unwise !
To trust to what we do ;
To rush on such an enterprize,
That cannot bear us through.

The fifth Sunday in Lent, called Judica.

G : John 8, v. 46, to v. 59.—Psalm 3.

HYMN LXI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Jesus taught the Jews of old
The way of righteousness ;
They rose in anger, fierce and bold,
And scorn'd him to his face.
2. The prince of darkness gets enrag'd
To see the truth succeed—
And all his subjects are engag'd
To join with him their head.
3. The Gospel truth conveys a dart,
Tho' Satan should oppose !
And oftimes it does reach the heart
Of those who are its foes.

4. But those who do not wish to b'lieve,
Will vent and spit their spite—
Much rather than the truth receive
Be blinded with the light.
5. And thus the case is ever so,
All such who teach the truth:
In all they seek, or say and do,
They feel the serpents tooth.
6. The soul that is not born of God,
Will never love his ways;
But ever slight the Saviours blood
And all the means of grace.
7. How awful must their cases be,
Who wilfully refuse:
To scorn the Lord who bought them free,
As did the stubborn Jews.

E: Hebrews 9, v. 11, to v. 15.—Psalm 10.

HYMN LXII.—S. M.

For the Epistle.

JESUS the great High Priest
Hath full attonement made,
Will make his people truly bless'd
Who own him for their head.
2. The Priests ordain'd of old,
They answer'd to their times;
But all their off'ring never could
Attone for all their crimes.
3. But Christ the Saviour brings
Off'rings of greater worth—

Than typ's and shadow of those things
That only heid him forth.
4. Not blood of Calves or Goates
Did Jesus sacrifice ;
To cleanse the soul from sin and spots,
Must be of greater price.
5. Jesus by his own blood,
Went in that holy place,
And sacrific'd himself to God,
To save all Adam's race.
6. He ever reigns above
And for us interceeds :
There manifests his tender love,
And there our causes pleads.

The sixth Sunday in Lent, called Palm Sunday, or Sunday before Easter.

G : Matth. 21. v. 1, to v. 9.—Psalm 130.

HYMN LXIII.—C. M.
FOR THE GOSPEL.

ZION receive thy glorious king!
Behold, he comes to thee ;
Thy songs of thanks and praises sing ;
He comes to set thee free.
2. Behold he comes from heav'n above,
To thee *He* doth decend ;
He comes with pitty, grace and love,
As brother, lord and friend.
3. Yes, true! he comes in meanest state,
To dwell a while below ;

And yet the work is wond'rous great
For him on earth to do.
4. He comes to save all Adam's race,
By shedding of his blood ;
And thereby makes them heirs of grace,
And also sons of God.
5. His grace divine, and spirits aid,
Tho' we are prone to ill—
Can soon effect the change we need
To sanctify our will.
6. And thus it is that we receive
The Saviour in our heart ;
Then we desire with him to live
And ne'er with him to part.

E : Philip. 2, v. 5, to v. 11.—Psalm 69.

HYMN LXIV.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

WE should possess the Saviour's mind,
Like him be humble, meek and kind ;
Esteem the world as filth and dross,
And be resign'd to bear the cross.
2. All pow'r and glory is his own,
But yet he left his heav'nly throne—
He came, and gave himself to be,
Expos'd to pain and misery.
3. On Calvery he groan'd and bled,
Until he bow'd his sacred head !
He died in sorrow, grief and pain,
But by his pow'r he rose again.

4. He hath ascended up on high!
He reigns above, beyond the sky—
And ev'ry knee to him shall bow,
In heav'n above, and earth below.
5. Immortal honors there he claims!
His name exceeds all other names:
None such on earth, or yet in heav'n
As that which God to him has giv'n.
6. Not Men or Angels e'er can raise,
Such notes as fully sound his praise;
Yet let us join with them to sing
The praises of the Lord our King.

Maundy-Thursday, or Thursday before Easter.

G: John 13, v. 1, to v. 15.—Psalm 25.

HYMN LXV.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

TO shew how humble christians ought
Thus to each other be,
Christ with his own example taught,
As plainly we may see.
2. Though he was Lord and Master Great,
Who giveth all commands;
He wash'd his own disciples feet,
With his own blessed hands.
3. When thus their master with them del't,
And prov'd his love to them;
How must their haughty hearts have felt,
To meet with such esteem.

4. May they who worldly honour seek,
Learn what it is to be—
Like Jesus, humble, truly meek,
From self-applauses free.
5. Such facts as these should have effect,
To bring the haughty low ;
The proudest heart should feel a check,
And deeply humbled too
6. Thus Peter's mind was much impress'd,
He thought himself too mean ;
But also felt himself distress'd,
To hear he was unclean.
7. Till thou art wash'd thou hast no part
In me, the Saviour said, ;
Then Peter cried with all my heart!
Wash thou my hands and head.
8. Did Jesus here by institute,
This, as an ordinance ?
That christians e'er should execute
To his rememberence.
9. For many years it was practis'd,
Before our Saviour's day :
Were the Apostles e'er baptiz'd ?
In any other way.

E: 1 Co. 11, v. 20, to v. 32.—Psalm 20.

HYMN LXVI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE time of Jesus being at hand
To leave this world below ;
Gave his Disciples this command :
This shall ye mind and do.

2. This blessed bread which I do break,
This cup, this blessed wine:
This bread and wine ye shall partake,
An ordinance divine.
3 This ordinance I do ordain,
To prove my sacred will;
This Institution shall contain
My pledges and my seal.
4. Take ye this bread and eat by faith,
And drink this cup likewise;
And by so doing shew my death,
And precious sacrifice.

Good Friday.

G: Matth, ch. 26 & 27. Mark, ch 14 & 15. Luke, ch. 22 & 23. John, ch. 18 & 19.—Psalm 54.

HYMN LXVII.—L. M.
FOR THE GOSPEL.

YE wretched sons of men draw near,
The cries and groans of Jesus hear;
come see the blessed lamb of God,
There shedding of his precious Blood,
2. Behold him wounded scourg'd & bruis'd
Mock'd, and slander'd, and abus'd;
O hear his cries upon the tree:
Why hath my God forsaken me?
3. His pain, his anguish, and distress,
No heart can feel, no tongue express;
When all the powers of Hell broke in,
And Christ bore all the weight of sin.

4. When Jesus to the Cross was nail'd,
The Sun was all in darkness vail'd ;
The Rocks were rent when Jesus cried !
The earth was shaken when he died.
5. The heavens their black curtains drew,
Such mournful scenes they could not view ;
It was too much for human eye,
To see the King of Glory die.
6. How dark and awful was the day,
When Jesus died to take away ;
Our curse and punishment and pain,
For which he died and rose again.

For E : Isaiah chap. 53.—Psalm 64.

HYMN LXVIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

Who hath believ'd thy sacred word ?
The message of thy Son,
Reveal thine arm Almighty Lord !
And make his office known.
2. The Jews dispis'd his person here,
Esteem'd him vile and mean,
For in the form he did appear,
No comliness was seen.
3. A man, of sorrow pain and grief,
He was on earth below ;
In him the Jew's had no belief,
But odious in their view.
4. They turn'd their eyes away from him,
And treated him with scorn ;

He suffered pain and grief for them,
Their sorrows he hath bor'n.
5. The Lord in justice pleas'd to bruise,
Him, though his only son;
He suffered for the stubborn Jews,
And Nati ons yet unknown,
6. L ke wand'ring sheep we ran astray,
And left the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in the crooked way.
And in the downward road.
7. But all our sins on him were laid,
We by his wounds are heal'd;
God's vengence on the Shepherd's head.
Is our redemption seald.
8. Ten thousand captive souls enslav'd
And doom'd to endless pain:
Are from their graves and prisons sav'd,
And brought to God again.
9. His joyful soul shall ever see!
The purchase of his blood!
Great numbers justified shall be,
And reconcil'd to God.
10. His honor's, life and ev'ry breath
For sinners then he gave
Was like the wicked in his death,
And took with them his grave.
11. But God shall raise his honor's high,
And give him great reward;
He who for sinner's once did die,
Now reigns as Sovereign Lord,

HYMN LXIX.—C. M.

On the Sufferings of Christ.

O Let me look to Golgatha,
And my dear Saviour see:
Who on the Cross doth weep and pray
Who bleeds and dies for me.

2. O may that blood my Jesus spilt,
When he for me was s'ain;
Cause me to know and feel my guilt!
My guilt of deepest stain.

3. He died for me, that I should live,
And in his latest breath:
He pray'd the father to forgive,
And save my soul from death.

4. This precious truth to me reveal'd,
My doubts shall soon remove—
And having thus my pardon seal'd,
My soul is mov'd with love.

5. The law with all its pow'r and force
Can not effectual be;
To free my soul from sin and curse,
Or work a change in me.

6. But when my heart can feel it true,
What Christ for me hath done;
My heart must feel and soften too,
For follies, weep and mourn.

7. Come sinners view the Lamb of God!
Come venture near and try;
The merits of the Saviour's blood
Will bring Salvation nigh.

HYMN LXX.—C. M.

For the same.

WHEN Jesus on the Cross I see,
My soul is mov'd within :
To think my Lord has died for me!
To free my soul from sin.

2. Should such a creature as I am,
My Lord's compassion move ;
Astonishing that I should claim
The merits of his love.

3. Sure it would melt my hardn'd heart,
And humble me the more ;
Could I but know and feel in part,
The pains my Saviour bore.

4. My proud, my stout, and selfish will,
No longer could abide ;
My vile affections prone to ill,
Would soon be crucified.

5. Was all the force of learning join'd
To make me know and feel—
My dark and wretched state of mind,
Yet all could not avail.

HYMN LXXI.—L. M.

For the same.

WHAT caus'd a deep and mournful sound ?
What caus'd the earthquakes cleve the ground
Both heav'n and earth set in amaze ?
The glorious Sun, to hide his face !

2. No wonder why the earth does shake,
The seas convuls'd, and mountains quake ;
And nature shrinking with surprize,
Since Christ, the Mighty Saviour dies.
3. His blood is streaming from the tree,
It is my Saviour, O 'tis he ;
My only Saviour, O my God!
There shedding his attoning blood.
4. For me there on the Cross he hangs,
For me he feels such horrid pangs ;
For me he yields his fleeting breath,
For me he dies that painful death.

The Feast of Easter.

G : Mark 16, v. 1, to v. 8.—Psalm 111.

HYMN LXXII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

TO Jesus Christ, our living head,
Be everlasting praise ;
Who now is raised from the dead,
With power life and grace.
2. He suffer'd, died and rose again,
Though Death and Hell oppose ;
He shall forever live and reign
In spite of all his foes.
3. The force of men and devils join'd
With all their art and scheme:
They could not keep that Lord confind
Who quells and conquers them.
4. He bleeds no more upon the tree,
more to shed his blood ;

He needs no more for sinners be!
The bleeding Lamb of God.
5. Once for us all, he bled and died,
But was from death restor'd;
He rose that we be justified,
And Holy to the Lord.
6. O, cruel death, where is thy sting,
Where is thy pow'r O grave;
All glory to the Lord our King,
Who died, our souls to save.

E: 1 Cor. 5, v. 6, to v. 8.—Psalm 113.

HYMN LXXIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

THE Feast of Easter was enjoin'd
To keep our Saviour Christ in mind;
He was our great Passover slain,
Who once was dead but lives again.
2. That Paschal Lamb the Jews did eat,
Pre-figur'd Christ our Lord complete!
The whole of what it typified,
Was all complete when Jesus died.
3. We also have a Paschal Lamb,
Since Christ, our great Passover came;
He died to be our sacrifice,
And rose that we should also rise.
4. Let us agree with one accord,
To keep this feast unto the Lord!
But not in malice or deceit,
For such the Lord will ever hate.

5. To purge the heart from base desires !
The keeping of this feast requires—
To love the Lord our living head,
Is feasting on unleaven'd bread.

Easter-Monday.

G : Luke 24, v. 13, to v. 35.—Psalm 144.

HYMN LXXIV.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHY should we fear the powers of Hell,
Why should we be afraid ?
Jesus conquer'd when he fell.
And rose our Lord and head.

2. His tortures and his dying pain,
His sorrows and his griet,
Have bursted the infernal chain,
And purchas'd our relief.

3. Death is in v'ct'ry swallow'd up,
Our freedom is obtaind ;
And Christ who is our life and hope,
Hath full redemption gaind.

4. Now he has left his silent tomb,
And prov'd his mighty power ;
We shall enjoy the life to come !
With him for ever more.

5. Come let us thank him for his love,
With all we can afford ;
With saints on earth and hosts above,
Praise him our Mighty Lord.

HYMN LXXV.—L. M.

For the same.

THIS is for us a happy day,
Come let us join to sing and pray ?
And him our blessed Lord adore,
Who lives and reigns for evermore.

2 Glad hallalujahs let us sing,
To Jesus our great Lord and King!
In spite of all that did oppose,
He rose and conquer'd all his foes.

3. The Cross, the Nail and bloody Spear,
He never more shall need to fear ;
His death distroy'd the powers of death,
And all the force of Hell beneath.

4. The happy news the angels brought,
To those who Jesus early sought ;
It is to us the very same,
With them we join to praise his name.

5. As Jesus from the grave did rise,
So shall we too be rais'd likewise ;
Our bodies raised from the tomb,
Will fit them for the life to come.

6. There like bless'd Angels we shall be,
With them the face of Jesus see :
We shall enjoy him as he is,
In full fruition life and peace.

For E : Acts. 10, v. 34, to 41.—Psalm 118.

HYMN LXXVI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

O Blessed truth the Gospel shews,
On which may be relied,

As Peter taught the partial Jews:
All doubts are laid aside.

2. No preft'rence unto men is giv'n,
Because of birth and name;
But all the nations under heaven,
Have equal right and claim.

3. All those who humbly fear the Lord,
And seek his righteousness;
All those who trust unto his word,
Have endless life and peace.

4. This doctrine through the promis'd land
First to the Jews was show'n:
And by the Saviour's great command,
Made to all nations known.

5. The Jews had crucified and slain,
Jesus up on the tree!
But O, he rose and lives again,
To all eternity.

6. O happy news sent far abroad!
As prophecied before:
All may be reconcil'd to God,
And live for ever more.

The first Sunday after Easter, called Quasimodogeniti.

G: John 20. v. 19, to v. 31.—Psalm 33.

HYMN LXXVII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

When the disciples refuge sought
To shun the stubborn Jews;

When they had neither hope or thought,
They hear'd a welcome new's.
2. Their doors were bolted, bar'd & lock'd,
To guard them in their fears;
The Saviour neither call'd nor knock'd,
But suddenly appears.
3. My peace be unto you he said:
My peace to you is giv'n;
You need not doubt nor be affraid,
I am your Lord from heav'n.
4. That they might be convinc'd and know;
And fully satisfied;
His wounded hands to them did show,
Likewise his pierced side.
5. Thus with all saints it is the case,
When Jesus is withdrawn;
When he appears to hide his face,
Then all our joys are gone.
6. Like the disciples they feel sad,
Like them they feel distress'd;
A view of Jesus makes them glad,
And sooth's their minds to rest.
7. Let us assemble, watch and pray,
As faithful servants do!
Till Jesus visits us and say,
My peace be unto you.

E: 1. John chap. 5, v 4 to v 10.—Psalm 84.

HYMN LXXVIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

THE soul renew'd by grace divine,
Born of the Spirit from above—

Will conquer Satan, world and sin,
And ever grow in faith and love.

2. By faith, in Jesus Christ the Lord!
The crown and vict'ry may be gain'd;
The soul is stay'd upon the word,
And everlasting life obtain'd.

3. Jesus the blessed Son of God,
The everlasting truth hath seal'd;
He came by water and with blood,
Himself as God and man reveal'd.

4. In heaven three do bear record:
The father, Spirit and the Son;
The Son is the eternal word,
And all these blessed three are one.

5. And three there are on earth below:
The Spirit, Water and the blood;
These bear record and witness too,
That Jesus is the Son of God.

6. All these records, as one agree,
And we do know that they are sure;
The testimonies of those three
Do seal our peace for ever more.

Second Sunday after Easter, called Misericordias.

G: John 10. v. 12, to v. 16.—Psalm 103.

HYMN LXXIX.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

JESUS the great and mighty Lord,
Will ever more defend and guard—
His feeble flock on earth below,
Will keep and bear them safely through.

2. He loves them, with a tender love,
And ever so to them will prove ;
His love is great, beyond degree :
He died for them, to set them free.

3. He is their Shepherd, Lord and Friend!
To all their cries he will attend ;
He feeds them with his word and grace,
And will preserve them all their days.

4. He knows his Sheep, they hear his voice,
He is their Shepherd, and their choice ;
He knows his flock, he calls their names,
He guards and feeds his tender Lambs.

5. But mark! this passage plainly shews :
This flock here mention'd was the Jews ;
And as the Saviour died for all,
The Gentiles too receiv'd a call.

6. And Christ the Saviour, well fore knew,
That they would b'lieve his doctrine too ;
He called them, another fold,
Besides the Jew's, the flock of old.

7. It was to them, a joyful new's,
To share the Gospel with the Jews ;
Therefore with them they freely join'd,
And were with them one heart and mind.

8. O, may our hopes not be in vain !
Shortly to have such times again—
Should we who daily heap our crimes ?
Expect to see such precious times !

E : 1 Pet. 2, v. 21, to v. 25.—Psalm 119, v 25 to v 48.

HYMN LXXX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THAT great example Jesus set,
As the Apostle saith ;
Must ev'ry Christian imitate,
To prove his living faith.

2. The Christian man is call'd there to,
In Jesus steps to tread ;
To suffer with his Lord below,
As members with the head.

3. Like Jesus, humble, meek and mild,
Let all his follow'rs be ;
To all their fates be reconcil'd,
And bear with injury.

4. He was expos'd to scorn and pain,
Revil'd and mock'd and beat ;
Yet he reviled not again,
Nor yet aveng'd the treat.

5. His life with willingness did yield,
And died, our lives to save ;
And by his wounds, our wounds are heal'd,
And ransom'd from the grave.

6. Like Sheep that wander from the fold,
We left the ways of God ;
But the great Bishop of the soul,
Redeem'd us by his blood.

7. O Christians then, let us partake,
And suffer with our Lord ;
And bear the Cross for Jesus sake,
And wait the Great reward.

Third Sunday after Easter, called Jubilate.

G: John 16, v. 16, to v. 23.—Psalm 62.

HYMN LXXXI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Christ let his Disciples know,
That he should soon depart:
And leave them to this world below—
It griev'd them to their heart.

2. To them he also testified,
What sorrows they would have:
That they shou.d see him crucified,
And laid into the graye.

3. Sure that was more distressing still,
Such words as these to hear;
And much contrary to their will,
That Christ such things should bear.

4. They hop'd a great and better thing,
When first with him they join'd;
They hop'd that he would be their King,
And govern to their mind.

5. God's counsels were to them unknown,
They knew not his decree;
That Jesus should for sin attone,
By dying on the tree.

6. When we first join with Jesus too,
Our hearts are over joy'd;
When we have him no more in view,
Then is our peace destroy'd.

7. Like the Disciples we do mourn,
When Jesus disappears;

Like they we find reproach and scorn,
And many doubts and fears.
8. But our great consolation is :
He will return again—
If we but trust his promises,
Our peace shall still remain.

E : 1 Pet. 2, v. 11, to v. 20 —Psalm 119, v. 49 to v 64.

HYMN LXXXII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

HOW blest'd are they who always strive,
To keep their souls to God alive !
Who keep their minds with God arrang'd,
And live to ev'ry vice astrang'd.
2. They war with Satan, world and flesh,
And e'er renew their strength afresh ;
They honour God in all they do,
And always good examples shew.
3. Altho' they bear reproach and blame,
They glorify their Saviour's name ;
They treat their enemies with love,
Which is their method to reprove.
4. What e'er their state of life may be,
They keep their hearts from envy free ;
From all revenge they will abstain,
To shame the ignorance of men.
5. This makes their state of mind complete,
When they with patience can submit !
To all the precepts of the Lord,
His ordinance and blessed word.

Fourth Sunday after Easter, called Cantate.

G: John 16, v. 5, to v. 15.—Psalm 66.

HYMN LXXXIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

O Precious word the Saviour spake,
To his Disciples dear;
Tho' you my friends, I must forsake,
You need not doubt nor fear.

2. To my b ess'd father I ascend,
And leave you here below;
I will remain your greatest friend,
And you shall find it true.

3. For that ye now lament and grieve,
It answers for your good;
The Holy Ghost shall you receive,
The comforter from God.

4. Your souls shall be with grace endow'd:
Your hearts abound with joy,
Your fears shall vanish like a cloud!
That with the winds do fly.

5. Ye shall reprove the world of sin,
The sin of unbelief;
Which ever more the cause has been,
That men find no relief.

6. By faith in Jesus man is sav'd!
Restor'd to God again;
But unbelief keeps man enslav'd,
And rivets Satan's chain.

7. My innocence and righteousness,
Ye shall sufficient prove:

When ye shall make the world confess !
That I do reign above.
8. The Prince of Darkness is condemn'd,
With all his art and pow'r ;
And man is greatly to be blam'd
To serve him any more.

E : James 1, v. 16, to v. 21.—Psalm 23.

HYMN LXXXIV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

FROM God above, the God of heav'n,
Is ev'ry gift bestow'd ;
And all we need from him is giv'n,
Salvation, Life and food.
2. The God our Father, and our Light,
He changes never more ;
Whose ways are holy, just and right,
Whose promises are sure.
3. His spirit and the Gospel word
Creates the mind anew ;
The Saviour's image is restor'd !
His mercies brought to view.
4. And thus renew'd and born again :
And made the heirs of grace ;
Such will for ever more abstain :
From sin and sinners ways.
5. And swift to hear, and slow to speak :
Not subject unto wrath ;
Are they who keep their souls awake,
By constant pray'r and faith.

6. Lord may it be my chief concern,
To live as Christians ought;
And may I ever live and learn
The lessons I am taught.

Fifth Sunday after Easter, called Rogate.

G: John 16, v. 23, to v. 30.—Psalm 37.

HYMN LXXXV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

GREAT comforts does the Saviour give,
To those who in his word believe;
He says the father will indeed,
Grant to his Saints all they do need.

2. He bids us ask by faithful pray'r,
And solemnly he doth declare;
What e'er you ask in my bless'd name,
Ye shall be sure to have the same!

3. God's word and promise never fail,
All faithful pray'rs they must prevail;
God's promises are not in vain,
What e'er we need, we shall obtain.

4. God ever bows his gracious ear,
The pray'rs of faithful souls to hear;
Their times of troubles will be past
And all their wants reliev'd at last.

5. When the Disciples were distress'd,
With many doubts and fears oppress'd—
The Saviour bid them bear and wait,
And patiently endure their fate.

6. To their great comforts they should find,
That God was gracious, good and kind ;
And they should find he was their friend,
Who made them happy in the end.
7. We join to pray in Jesus' name,
For God will be to us the same ;
Such as he was in former days,
Which we shall witness to his praise.

E: James 1. v. 22 to v. 27.—Psalm 19.

HYMN LXXXVI.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

NOT only hearers of the word
Can e'er be pleasing to the Lord !
But such who seek and strive to do :
All things as well as they do know.
2. How greatly doth that man deceive ;
Himself who may suppose or b'lieve—
To be an heir of saving grace
Whilst Christian duties he delays.
3. Just like a simple man that would,
His visage in a glass behold !
But soon his visage is for got,
As tho' he had beheld it not.
4. Sure, such religion all is vain,
Whilst man to sin, a slave remain—
That soul in grace can n'er succeed
That will not serve the Lord indeed.
5. But bless'd and happy is the man,
Who searches well the Gospel plan ?
That perfect law of liberty
That sets the soul from vices free.

The Ascension Day.

G : Mark 16. v. 14, to v. 20.—Psalm 47.

HYMN LXXXVII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Jesus' time was fully come
To leave this world below ;
Then he return'd to heav'n, his home !
Where he is worship'd now.

2. His work on earth is all complete :
His suff'rings have an end ;
In heav'n he took his place and seat,
And reigns at God's right hand.

3. The Hosts of heaven praise his name,
And of his wonders sing ;
Then let us join to do the same
And worship him our King.

4. To him, are endless praises due,
From all that live and move ;
Yet men or angels cannot shew
The greatness of his love.

5. We shall more fully sing his praise :
When we get near his throne—
And love and thank him all our days,
For all that he has done.

For E : Acts 1, v. 1. to v. 11.—Psalm 15.

HYMN LXXXVIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

JESUS our Lord to heav'n is gone,
And sits at God's right hand !

Where angels, him their sovereign own,
And are at his command.
2. Lo he ascends with pow'r and might,
To heav'n from whence he came—
And there he reigns in glorious light,
And angels praise his name.
3. For that he once himself abas'd,
And died to set us free ;
He is by all in heaven prais'd,
And will for ever be.
4. Once more on earth he is to come,
To judge the human race ·
And take his ransom'd people home,
To know his pow'r and grace.

Sunday after Ascension-Day.

G : John 15, v. 26 ch 16 to v. 4.—Psalm 140.

HYMN LXXXIX.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST'S servants should not be afraid,
Their duties to perform ;
The promises, the Lord hath made,
Will guard them in the storm.
2. They should not think it hard or strange,
To bear the Saviour's Cross ;
For Satan seeks to have revenge
On those who cause his loss.
3. When Satan, sin, and world combine,
Their labours to oppose ;

Yet Jesus by his pow'r divine,
Will baffle all such foes.
4. Tho' griefs and sorrows them await,
And trials of their faith ;
To some it proves, their lot and fate,
To feel the stroke of death.
5. All this should never more indeed :
Fright feeble saints away ;
God giveth strength as they do need,
According to the day.
6. Supported by that mighty hand,
Such servants may endure—
To persevere and firmly stand,
In spite of Satan's pow'r.

E : 1 Pet. 4, v, 8, to v. 11.—Psalm 5,

HYMN XC.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

BE sober watching unto pray'r,
Ye who would serve the Lord ;
Since faithful christian's duties are,
To walk the narrow road.
2. Let fervent charity abound,
That grace from God above ;
For where that precious gift is found,
It covers faults with love.
3. Where charity possess the mind,
It proves itself indeed ;
Such are affectionate and kind
To all that are in need.

4. Such ne'er begrudge what they can do
But help on ev'ry side ;
And thus to help each other through,
Real Christians are employ'd.
5. As faithful Stewards of the Lord
Each occupy his place ;
And use the Oracles and word
With all the means of grace.
6. O what a pitty, Lord it is
That many son's of men !
Will never be convinc'd of this,
Salvation to obtain.

Whitsunday.

G: John 14, v. 23, to v. 31.—Psalm 48.

HYMN XCI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

HOW bless'd are they who love the Lord
And seek his will to do ;
They have his promise and his word,
That he will love them too.
2. The Holy Spirit shall reveal
The gracious will of God—
And thus their hearts shall know and feel
The worth of Jesus' blood.
3. That which the world cannot receive,
The peace of God within ;
Is the reward to all who b'lieve
And strive to conquer sin.

4. The Holy Ghost, with heav'nly grace,
And blessings from above :
Will make such hearts his dwelling place
And fill the soul with love.
5. He will for ever there abide,
To all their wants attend ;
To be their counsel and their guide,
Their safe guard and their friend
6 O happy, where such grace divine,
Can have its real abode ;
O may such treasurs too be mine :
Those precious gifts of God.

HYMN XCII.—L. M.

for the same.

O Comforter of God come down
And cause our hearts to be thine own ;
Thy heav'nly light in us to shine,
Would fill our hearts with grace divine.
2. Thou blessed gift from God above,
Thou heav'nly light and fire of love ;
O let thy pow'r and grace be felt,
And cause our hard'ned hearts to melt.
3. Our sinful state to us reveal,
And Godly sorrow let us feel ;
Thy sacred gifts to us impart :
And write thy laws upon each heart.
4. O, fill our souls with heav'nly grace,
Till we thy sacred love embrace ;
Thy work begun in us renew,
And finish our Salvation too.

5. Grant us a true and living faith,
And make us faithful unto death;
Help us escape the snares of sin
And grant us joy and peace within.
6. Teach us the father to confess,
The son, our life and righteousness;
O Holy Ghost, thy gifts be giv'n,
And fit us for the courts of heav'n.

For E: Acts. 2, v. 1 to v. 13.—Psalm 68.

HYMN XCIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

COME O thou blessed comforter,
Thy precious gifts on us confer;
Thy glorious light to us reveal,
And cause each heart thy love to feel.
2. May we like the Disciples be:
Who earnestly did wait on thee;
Until thy promises were giv'n,
Thy gifts on them sent down from heav'n.
3. May we like they, be fill'd with joy,
Like they, our efforts all employ;
To sing thy praise, and shew thy love,
Thy wonders and thy blessings prove.
4. Thy heav'nly aid and quick'ning pow'rs
Can warm these frozen hearts of ours:
Likewise afford us, life and heat,
To conquer every foe we meet.
5. To feel thy love is life indeed!
Thy gifts and grace is all we need:
To make us happy in thy ways
And fit us for to sing thy praise.

Whitsun-Monday.

G : John 3. v. 16 to v. 21.—Psalm 104.

HYMN XCIV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

GOD lov'd the world beyond degree,
Sure no such other love can be ;
He sent his son, who died and sav'd,
The whole of man to sin enslav'd.

2. But to complete that glorious plan,
The Son of God became like man;
When he assum'd our flesh and blood,
He died like man, but not as God.

3. He bore the curse to make us bless'd !
On him doth our Salvation rest ;
When all our sins on him were laid,
His death for all attonement made.

4. His death has purchas'd life and grace,
For all the lost of Adam's race ;
No other sacrifice could pay,
For sin, and take our guilt away.

5. They, who on him the Saviour b'lieve,
They shall not perish, but shall live ;
The Saviour came not to condemn
The sons of men, but ransom'd them.

6. Come helpless sinners, take a view,
Come see what Christ has done for you ;
Believe in him, and trust his pow'r,
And he will save you ever more.

For E: Acts 10, v. 42, to v. 48.—Psalm 145.

HYMN XCV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

COME blessed spirit from above,
And visit us below—
Cause us to taste and feel thy love:
In thee to live and grow.

2. No gift but thine our soul inspires
To love thee as we would;
Nor work in us such pure desires,
To serve thee as we should.

3. Thy gifts alone can cheer the mind,
And cause our fears depart;
Without that, we are deaf and blind,
And of a stubborn heart.

4. By nature we are prone to ill:
Perverse are all our ways—
And we have neither strength nor will
To live unto thy praise.

5. But when thy blessings are bestow'd,
These wants are all supplied!
And we partake the grace of God,
Till we are sanctified.

6. Thus we are made the truth to hear,
And trust unto thy word—
And with a Godly holy fear
To worship the our Lord.

Trinity-Sunday.

G : John 3. v. 1, to v. 15.—Psalm 73.

HYMN XCVI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

HOW bless'd are they who take delight
To visit Christ the Lord !
As Nicodemus came by night,
To hear the Gospel word.

2. The Lord will open to their view,
The things of greatest worth—
That which before they never knew :
The new and heav'nly birth.

3. Christ solemnly declares 'tis true,
This truth will e'er remain ;
God's kingdom ye can never view,
Till ye are born again !

4. Indeed ye must be thus renew'd?
And feel this change within ·
Or ne'er become the son's of God,
And live and die in sin.

5. This works a change upon the mind,
And fills the soul with love !
And thus the seeking soul shall find :
This work is from above.

6. The water and the spirit are
The means which Christ directs ;
And as the Saviour doth declare :
These must have their effects.

7. But how this gracious work is wrought,
Is more than man can know !

And far beyond the reach of thought,
What heav'nly grace can do.

8. The spirit worketh as he please;
And they who will submit,
Shall find that God's appointed ways
Will make the work complete.

E: Rom. 11, v. 33, to v. 36.—Psalm 71.

HYMN XCVII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

O, Heighth and depth of boundless love,
Not men below, nor saints above!
Can search the great Creator's Ways,
Or know the riches of his grace.

2. Not angels search, nor human skill,
Can ever comprehend his will;
His judgments, counsels and his mind,
The wisest creature cannot find.

3. Yet God was pleased to unfold
The things that were conceal'd of old;
When he divulg'd that glorious plan,
Which was to save the race of man.

4. At first unto the Jews alone,
This was by types and shaddows shown;
Besides his Prophets and his word
To shew the counsels of the Lord.

5. But O, this was not understood,
That man should be redeem'd with blood;
This was to Jews and Greeks conceal'd,
Till all was in the fact reveal'd.

6. The Jews had long salvation sought,
In their own works which they had wrought;
And thus refus'd the Gospel call,
Which prov'd their stumble and their fall.
7. The Heathens hear'd the Gospel voice!
It fill'd their souls with greatest joys:
When this great mystry came to view,
That Jesus died to save them too.
8. O, heighth and depth of love divine,
Who could forsee that great design;
The Lord himself, from heav'n came down,
And died to make the world his own.

The first Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 16, v. 19, to v. 31.—Psalm 14.

HYMN XCVIII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Worldling, wretched, vile and base,
Not subject to restraining grace;
But yielded to his lusts and pride,
And set all fear of God aside.
2. Though he had riches laid in store,
Yet no compassion on the poor!
A beggar in a helpless state,
Found no assistance at his gate.
3. The worldling spent his precious days,
In Luxuries, in sports and plays—
While the poor beggar lay distress'd,
With poverty and sores oppress'd.

4. But to them both it proved strange,
To meet with such a sudden change ;
The worldling sent to endless pain,
The beggar plac'd with Christ to reign.
5. This is the sinners awful case :
They who neglect the time of grace ;
They cry for help, but O too late !
When once they share their lot and fate.
6. The worldling pray'd to get relief,
To metigate his pain and grief ;
But father Abr'am could not grant
That cooling drop which he did want.
7. If we seek heaven here on earth,
We loose the heav'n of greater worth ;
To bear the Cross with Jesus here,
Intitles us to glory there.
8. Dear Saviour, make us truly wise,
All sinful pleasures to despise—
The greatest evil we can do :
That is to choose our heav'n below.

E : I John 4. v. 16 to v 21.—Psalm 91.

HYMN XCIX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

O May I know the grace of God!
And taste his love divine ;
His love in my soul shed abroad,
Could make the Saviour mine.
2. To dwell in God, and God in me,
Would perfect me in love—

How bless'd and happy would I be
In him to live and move.
3. No slavish fear torments the heart:
Where love can dwell and reign!
The pow'rs of darkness must depart,
The soul is freed from pain.
4. We love him who hath lov'd us first:
Who bought us with his blood;
Who made us bless'd when we were curs'd,
And enemies to God.
5. To love the Lord, thus we are bound:
Our fellow-men likewise!
Or our profession will be found,
But vanity and lies.
6. Lord! make me faithful and sincere,
Make me to watch and pray:
That I may never need to fear
Of being cast away.

The second Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 14, v. 16 to v. 24.—Psalm 19.

HYMN C.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

YE sons of men, come one and all!
Come to the Gospel feast;
Obey your blessed Saviours call:
O come and be his guest!
2. We bear his message unto you,
Commission'd by the Lord—

His promises, come prove them true,
And trust unto his word.

3. All things for you are ready now,
And precious is the treat!
And all you need he will bestow,
To make your joys complete.

4. We pray that you may all draw near,
And to the call attend;
They who refuse our call to hear,
Cannot be Jesus' friend.

5. Nothing pertaining to this life,
Should cause you to delay—
Not Land or Oxen, or a wife,
Keep you from Christ away.

6. Be ye not like the stubborn Jews,
Who all his calls disdain'd!
Because they did his grace refuse!
His curse on them remain'd.

7. He calleth not the Jews alone,
But all who will receive;
Come poor and needy, ev'ry one,
Come ye to him and live.

8. But come ye, now make no delay!
O come with speed and haste:
Lest he should in displeasure say—
My feast ye shall not taste.

E: 1 John 3, v 13, to v. 18.—Psalm 44.

HYMN CI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

O Christian brethern marvel not!
What if the world hate you;

It is the christians share and lot,
Whilst here on earth below.
2. The world will ever love its ways,
That of unrighteousness !
The carnal mind can ne'er embrace
The ways of life and peace.
3. Those who have pass'd from death to life,
Must needs expect to find,
Continual war, and constant strife,
With those of carnal mind.
4. The soul remains with sin defil'd !
Whilst in a carnal state—
And never will be reconciled
To bear the christians fate.
5. Where there is not a living faith,
The mind is not renew'd ;
And still remains in sin and death,
And enmity with God.

The third Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN CII.—C. M.

G : Luke 15, v. 1 to v. 10.—Psalm 26.

For the Epistle.

JESUS, poor sinners will receive,
And make them welcome too ;
He calls on them to come and live !
I am a friend to you.
2. He eats and drinks, and treats with them,
On gracious terms of peace ;
And they who firmly b'lieve on him,
Shall know his pard'ning grace.

3. He seeks them as poor wand'ring sheep,
Who e'er and go astray ;
And by his providence will keep,
Them in the righteous way.
4. He calls them with a loving voice,
And wishes them to come ;
And angels too with him rejoice !
To see them turning home.
5. He seeks the lost till they are found,
He saves and sets them free ;
His heart with pure desires abound,
Their happiness to see.
6. O why should sinners dread or fear ?
On Jesus to attend—
Who calls on them to bring them near,
To him, their Lord and friend.

E : 1 Pet. 5, v. 6, to v. 11.—Psalm 147.

HYMN CIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

CAST all your cares upon the Lord,
Who careth still for you ;
Your pray'rs shall ever more be heard ;
Yes, heard and answer'd too.
2. O ! watch and pray in all your lives ;
Resist the Devil's pow'r !
Who like a roaring Lion strives,
Your souls for to devour.
3. O be ye stedfast, strong in hope,
Preserve a living faith !

That will support and bear you up,
Against the pow'rs of death.
4. Should we refuse the Cross to bear?
To shew the Saviour's name;
Our faithful brethern every where,
Do ever bear the same.
5. And after suff'ring here awhile,
The sorrows ye may meet;
All our afflictions, pain and toil,
Will make our joys complete.
6. The God of love, of peace and grace,
Your Great and Mighty friend!
Establish you in all his ways,
Until your warfare end.

The fourth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 6, v. 36, to v. 42.—Psalm 16.

HYMN CIV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WE must be merciful and kind,
If we possess the Saviours mind;
In enmity we dare not live,
But freely pardon and forgive.
2. The soul with spite and wrath oppress'd
Can ne'er attain to peace and rest!
But slavish fear, and guilt and pain,
Must ever on that heart remain.
3. Dare we a right to heaven claim,
Though we profess the Christian name;

Whilst we still lack the nobler part,
The love of God to rule the heart.
4. To love our friends, and them alone,
That would be next to loving none;
To love a friend, but not a foe,
Such love hath ev'ry Heathen too.
5. But O, it is a diff'rent case
With those, who are the sons of grace!
Not eye for eye, nor tooth for tooth,
Say they, who love the word of truth.
6. What ill in other men I see,
The very same I find in me;
For when I search myself within,
I find the best I do is sin.

E: Rom. 8, v. 18 to v. 23.—Psalm 126.

HYMN CV.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

THE christian suff'rings here below,
Do not deserve to be compar'd!
Unto the joys God will bestow,
To those who trust unto his word.
2. On this sure promise they may build!
They never need to doubt or fear—
Such glories are in them reveal'd,
Which will repay their suff'rings here.
3. Happy will be the time indeed,
For which the whole creation wait;
When ev'ry creature shall be freed
from their oppress'd and mournful state.

4. In Adam's fall the whole was made,
Subject to vanity and sin—
The curse on all the earth was laid,
And all that is contain'd therein.
5. All creatures may be said to groan,
And travel in distress and pain ;
All living creatures, Sun and Moon,
They feel the curse of guilt and stain.
6. But when the blessed sons of God
In all their glory come to view ;
When heav'n and earth shall be renew'd,
All creatures are redeemed too.

The fifth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 5, v. 1 to v. 11.—Psalm 127.

HYMN CVI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

AS Peter fished all the night,
And toil'd until the morning Light ;
His labours they were all for nought,
He drew his net but nothing caught.
2. Such is the case with teachers too,
All they can teach, or say or do—
That cannot cause the world to b'lieve,
Or yet the Gospel truth receive.
3. Except the Lord, their labours bless,
Their labours are, without success ;
Their Gospel net is cast in vain,
And they have nothing for their pain.
4. When Jesus manages the case,
And cloath's the word with pow'r and grace;

Then sinners will be made to hear
And feel and know the Saviour near.
5. At his commanding word we cast
Our net, and hope to catch at last!
We preach to men the Gospel word,
And for the blessing trust the Lord.
6. O make us faithful, Lord we pray!
That like true fishermen we may—
In all our office act our part,
And seek thy cause with all our heart.

E: 1 Pet. 3, v. 8. to v. 15.—Psalm 91.

HYMN CVII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

HAPPY are they and truly bless'd,
Who have the Saviours mind;
Whose hearts are with his love possess'd,
Which makes them meek and kind.
2. They follow Jesus in his way,
And bear with each assault;
Like Jesus for their foes they pray,
And pardon every fault.
3. Such counsels as the Lord doth give,
They ardently persue:
And by his precepts seek to live,
In all they say or do.
4. In all their lives they keep a guard,
And flee from every ill—
Their constant pray'rs are to the Lord:
Teach us to know thy will

5. To live in peace is their desire,
Real happiness to see ;
They guard their tongues, as needs require :
From vain discourses free.
6. The Lord to such is ever near,
He guards them with his eyes—
And when distress'd his gracious ear,
Is open to their cries.

The sixth Sunday after Trinity.

G : Matth. 5, v. 20, to v. 26.—Psalm 139.

HYMN CVIII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

OUR righteousness must far exceed
That of the Pharisees indeed ;
It must be of a diff'rent kind,
Such as renews the heart and mind.
2. To sing and pray, and make a show,
Is what the hypocrite can do ;
May seem to act the christian part,
Yet not the cause of Christ at heart.
3. Where grace divine, reigns not within,
The mind is still attach'd to sin ;
The best devotion, dead and cold,
As was the Pharisees of old.
4. But diff'rent is the b'lievers state,
He will not live at such a rate ;
His case unto himself is known,
He pleads, no merits of his own

5. He pleads not for self-righteousness,
But all he pleads is pard'n ng grace ;
All which he trusts he shall partake,
And that alone for Jesus sake.
6. He gains that faith which works by love,
And all within him live and move
In Christ his Saviour, and his God,
Who hath redeem'd him with his blood.
7. Here is the christian set to view :
Lord grant that I may be such too ;
Grant me that righteousness I need,
Which does the Pharisees exceed.

E : Rom. 6, v. 3 to v 11.—Psalm 31.

HYMN CIX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

ARE we baptiz'd in Christ our Lord,
And buried in his death ;
We are from death to life restor'd
And live in him by faith.
2. Is Jesus raised from the dead
By his Almighty pow'r,
As members of that living head,
We live to sin no more.
3. We live, but not to sin enslav'd,
As once it was our case ;
From Satan's power we are sav'd,
By Jesus and his grace.
4. Our base affections crucified
And nail'd unto the tree ;

And Christ will ever be enjoy'd,
Our life and liberty.
5. We are from day to day renew'd,
And made in grace to grow:
Into the image of our God,
And are his children too.
6. Do we thus imitate him here,
Whilst here on earth we live;
What glories will the Saviour there,
Unto his servants give.

The seventh Sunday after Trinity.

G: Mark. 8, v. 1 to v. 9.—Psalm 136.

HYMN CX.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

DEAR Saviour, bounteous are thy hands,
Thy mercies are unknown:
Thy mighty word, thy great commands,
Can bring thy blessings down.
2. O Lord, how wond'rous are thy ways,
Thy counsels none can know.
Thy love, thy mercy and thy grace,
Provides for all below.
3. Not as the eyes of men do see,
Or human mind perceive;
That all the world is fed by thee,
And ev'ry creature live.
4. Some thousands once had follow'd thee
Into the wilderness;
Thou hadst compassion them to see,
Faint, hungry, and distress'd.

5. But all their wants were soon supplie
At thy commanding word—
They ate, and all were satisfied,
And praised thee their Lord.
6. O happy they, who on thee wait!
And to thy call's attend;
What joy and comforts will they meet,
With thee, their Lord and friend.

E: Rom. 6. v. 19, to v. 23.—Psalm 49.

HYMN CXI.—S. M.

For the Epistle.

SHOULD we our members yield?
To act unrighteousness;
Who have the will of God reveal'd,
And his dear name profess.
2. Yet once it was our case,
We were to sin enslav'd—
But by a wond'rous act of grace
Renew'd again and sav'd.
3. We dare not yield to sin,
Tho' grace to us abounds—
Lest we enslave ourselves again,
And mock the Saviours wounds.
4. How much could we be blam'd,
To nourish such a root?
Whose growth would make us feel asham
when once it shews its fruit.
5. Rewards of sin is death,
Of body and of soul;

But every true believer hath,
That which can make him whole.
6. Life is the gift of God,
For Jesus sake 'tis giv'n.
The shedding of the Saviour's blood,
Will make them heirs of heav'n.

The eighth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 7, v. 15 to v. 23.—Psalm 36.

HYMN CXII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

BEWARE, the Saviour gave command,
And watch ye unto pray'r;
That ye be wise and understand!
The teachers ye may hear.
2. Our Lord declares that such shall come,
Who show a pious face;
That they would come, and would presume,
To take the Saviour's place.
3. They would appear like lambs without,
But rav'nous Wolves within!
They teach and pray, and act devout:
Yet all they do is sin.
4. Their doctrine is deceit and fraud,
And of a dang'rous kind;
They do not teach the truth of God,
But please the carnal mind.
5. The truth in Jesus they deny,
It answers not their end;
Their pride and lusts to crucify
Is not what they intend.

6. As grapes on thorns have never grown,
Or figs from thistles shoot ;
Just so false doctrines ne'er was known,
Produce the spirits fruit.
7. The good or evil tree we know,
When of its fruit we taste ;
Thus we may prove the doctrine too,
To see its fruit at last.
8. Not ev'ry one that sayeth Lord,
Shall enter into heav'n—
But they who love and keep the word,
To them it shall be giv'n.

E : Rom. 8, v. 12 to v. 17.—Psalm 29.

HYMN CXIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

SHOULD we be debtors to the flesh,
We who embrace the Gospel cause ;
Or should it be our aim or wish,
To be subject to carnal laws.
2. If so, we live, we surely die,
We cannot be from bondage freed—
Because we cannot crucify
The flesh with ev'ry evil deed.
3. The Gospel makes the soul alive,
And all our vital pow'rs renew'd ;
We shall succeed whene'er we strive,
To have our evil lusts subdew'd.
4. We shall be made the Sons of God,
And by his blessed spirit led !

We walk the strait and narrow road,
Assisted by his heav'nly aid.
5. No bondage, dread or slavish fear
Will God's dear children need to feel,
What e'er the Gospel doth declare:
His blessed spirit will reveal.
6. This spirit beareth sure record,
By which assurance will be giv'n—
His witness with the Gospel word,
Proves we are made the heirs of heav'n.
7. If thus we be the heirs of grace,
What happy creatures we shall be!
To dwell with Jesus and embrace,
His love to all eternity.

The ninth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 16, v. 1 to v. 9.—Psalm 62.

HYMN CXIV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THAT steward accus'd to his Lord,
Soon heard that solemn fatal word;
Come quickly give account to me:
Thou can'st no longer steward be.
2. Shew thy account and state thy case:
Thou shalt no longer keep that place—
My goods, to thee I can't intrust,
Since I do hear thou art unjust.
3. On earth as stewards we are plac'd,
Not to neglect, destroy, or waste;

The gifts and graces God doth give,
But to improve them while we live.
4. Before the Lord we must appear,
To answer for our steward-ships here;
We must account to God alone,
For all that we on earth have done.
5. Then let us seek and strive to know,
And humbly ask what we shall do;
To fit us for the time to come,
When we must seek another home.
6. The text directs you very plain,
How to this home you may attain;
Pray notice well and understand
The great Jehovah's just command.
7. If you have riches less or more,
And there with help, the helpless poor—
Then may you ever hope to speed,
And find a home when you shall need.

E: 1 Cor. 10, v. 6, to v. 13.—Psalm 2.

HYMN CXV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

GREAT God should we thy grace abu
Thy love and pow'r disown!
As did the disobedient Jews,
Who brought thy judgments down.
2. Thy bounteous hand on them besto
What e'er their wants suppli'd;
Yet they provoked thee their God,
Until they were distroy'd.

3. Thy mercies long with sinners bear,
Thy blessings them pursue :
But thy strict judgments every where,
Must punish vices too.
4. God spared not his chosen race,
Though long he prov'd their friend ;
When long they had abus'd his grace,
They perish'd in the end.
5. Should we like they suppose we stand,
And therefore live secure ;
Our house is built upon the sand,
And our destruction sure.
6. Then let us ever watch and pray,
Be always on our guard ;
Lest like the Jew's we run astray,
And thus forsake the Lord.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

G : Luke 19, v. 41, to v. 48.—Psalm 42.

HYMN CXVI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Christ Jerusalem beheld,
As he approached near—
His heart her doleful state bewail'd,
His eyes they flow'd with tears.
2. He look'd on her with deep distress,
And strove to be her friend ;
But O, her heighth of wickedness,
Determin'd her fatal end.

3. Did'st thou but know in this thy day,
That which would work thy peace ;
Before thy help is done away,
And will forever cease.

4. But now these things are hid from thee,
And from thine eyes conceal'd—
The time is near when thou must see:
God's threat'nings all fulfill'd.

5 Justice and judgements must take place,
Thy sins have brought them down ;
Long ye abus'd the means of grace,
Which ye held as your own.

6. Thy foes they shall compass thee round,
And fill thy streets with fear !
Thy walls laid level with the ground,
And thou brought to despair.

7. Such woes as never were on earth,
In ev'ry part shall rage ;
Great famine, wars and cruel death
Shall sweep thee of the stage.

8. The Jews, they shar'd their awful fate
And thus were made to know ;
That vice destroy'd their church and state,
And prov'd their overthrow.

9. Long have we heard thy warnings Lord
But we regard it not—
And just according to thy word :
Their fate must be our lot.

E : 1 Cor. 12, v. 1, to v. 11.—Psalm 119 v 1 to v 16.

HYMN CXVII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

WHERE e'er the Gospel truth is taught,
The way of life to light is brought—
The ignorant are made to know,
Their Saviour, and to serve him too.

2. The greatest gifts on man bestow'd,
That is to know the living God ;
And Jesus Christ his only son,
And what he hath for sinners done.

3. Jesus who for our sins aton'd,
Will be confess'd and freely own'd !
The gifts he doth for us provide,
Are by the Holy Ghost applied.

4. What changes in the heart take place,
When sinners feel the work of grace ;
They feel the pow'rful Gospel word,
And know that Jesus is their Lord.

5. The pow'rs of darkness are dispell'd !
The soul with light and life is fill'd—
Enabled by a heav'nly pow'r,
To love their Saviour evermore.

6. Tho' diff'rent gifts the spirit give,
Yet all from him alone derive ;
Sufficient grace withal is giv'n,
To fit each seeking soul for heav'n.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 18, v. 9, to v. 14.—Psalm 51.

HYMN CXVIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE Publican and Pharisee,
Described by our Lord!
They differ in a great degree,
In sentiment and word.

2. They both went to the house of pray'r,
The house for pray'r design'd;
Express'd what their desires were,
As they bore on their mind.

3. The Pharisee, one of that class,
Who judg'd himself secure;
And all inspections he could pass,
Because his works were pure.

4. All that the Publican could plead,
That merited no claim;
He saw his wants, he felt his need,
His soul was fill'd with shame.

5. He durst not even lift his eyes,
But smote upon his breast:
Have mercy Lord on me he cries,
A sinner much oppress'd.

6. Would we not feel such like distress,
If we our case could see:
And stripp'd of all self-righteousness,
To Jesus we would flee.

7. And though corrupted, vile and base,
Condemn'd on ev'ry side;

Yet through the Saviour's love and grace,
We shall be justified.

E: 1 Cor. 15, v. 1, to v. 10—Psalm 16.

HYMN CXIX.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

IT would be preaching Christ in vain,
Should not the dead be rais'd again;
In vain, our exercise of faith,
As Paul, the great Apostle saith.

2. In vain the Gospel we receive,
If after death we should not live;
With bodies rais'd and glorified:
Is perfect happiness enjoy'd.

3. If Jesus be the Son of God:
Then shall our bodies be renew'd;
If we do own him as our Lord!
Why should we not believe his word?

4. His promises to us are made:
I will be sure to raise the dead—
All faithful christians then shall be,
Prepar'd to live and dwell with me.

5. That Jesus from the grave hath rose;
In spite of all that did oppose;
Sufficiently that fact was prov'd,
Therefore our doubts are all remov'd.

6. We praise the Lord for that we have
Such living hope beyond the grave;
True, here we bear the Saviour's cross,
But there he makes up all our loss.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

G : Mark. 7, v. 31, to v. 37.—Psalm 18.

HYMN CXX.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Wretched man, both dumb and deaf,
Brought to our Lord to get relief;
Was made to know the Saviour's pow'r,
When he receiv'd immediate cure.

2. The Saviour us'd but simple means,
Such as the haughty world disdains;
When he first took him from the throng,
To make him hear and loose his tongue.

3. The cure the Saviour on him wrought,
Was not as carnal reason taught;
To cure this man the Saviour made,
No boast or shew, or great parade.

4. His Ephphatha, his sigh and look,
Through all the pow'rs of darkness broke;
It burst, and loosed Satan's chain,
The man could hear and speak again.

5. Are we not also deaf and dumb,
And wretched creatures from the womb;
We cannot speak the Saviour's praise,
Until we feel his work of grace.

6. When we are taken from the crowd,
And with his light and grace endow'd;
Then by experience we shall know,
Jesus, that great Physician too.

7. Then of his wonders we can tell,
And testify that all is well;
The pow'r of Jesus does appear,
The dumb they speak, the deaf they hear.

E : 2. Cor. 3, v 4. to v. 9.—Psalm 25.

HYMN CXXI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

ALL faithful teachers well do know,
Their cases shew them plain;
In all what ever they can do,
They are but feeble men.

2. It is the work of God alone,
By which they are prepar'd;
To such he makes his counsels known,
Contained in his word.

3. By them the word of truth is taught:
And all who will believe,
From death unto that life is brought,
Which Christ himself will give.

4. God's law is written in the mind,
Not on the stone engrav'd;
It makes the will to God resign'd,
No more to sin enslav'd.

5. The letter of the law can kill,
And sink the rebel low;
But cannot change the stubborn will,
Nor yet the mind renew.

6. The law like unto Moses' face,
Does cast a fearful ray;

But O ! the glorious word of grace,
Can drive our fears away.

7. O may such glory be reveal'd,
And with influence shine ;
Till all our hearts be truly fill'd
With love and grace divine.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 10. v. 23 to v. 37.—Psalm 19.

HYMN CXXII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE duty first on us enjoin'd,
That is to love the Lord :
With all our hearts, and all our mind,
And all we can afford.

2. The next command is full as great,
To love our neighbours too—
Of like importance, and of weight,
As all the scriptures shew.

3. If we love God with all our heart ;
Then sure it must succeed ;
We ne'er neglect to act our part,
To those who are in need.

4. All acts of mercy God respects !
Far more than sacrifice :
For such are they which he directs :
And ever highly prize.

5. That soul can never be impress'd,
With love and grace divine ;
Who will not feel for the distress'd,
To bear them on their mind.

6. Where words and actions don't agree,
Profession is in vain.
For love to God there cannot be,
Where there is none to men.
7. All such religion is but mock,
A tree without a root:
Where it consists of only talk,
And not of genuine fruit.

E: Gal. 3, v. 15, to v. 23.—Psalm 103.

HYMN CXXIII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

THE promise made to Abraham,
And unto all his promis'd race;
It was complete when Jesus came,
And seal'd the covenant of Grace.
2. That which was long before determin'd,
That all the law should be fulfill'd—
This was to Abraham confirm'd,
The promise ratified and seal'd.
3. What e'er the law could teach or give,
That would be labour all in vain;
To rescue, ransom or retrieve,
The wretched state of fallen men.
4. The law just like the teachers rod,
Can scourge and let us feel the smart;
But never work that love to God,
Which can renew and change the heart.
5. But this effectual change we need,
Is wrought by a superior hand;

To be of Abrah'm's genuine seed,
Entitled to that heav'nly land.

6. Jesus who was forelong ordain'd,
According to the promis'd word;
Our lost Salvation hath regain'd,
And everlasting life restor'd.

7. O let us praise the Saviours name:
Who lov'd us to the last degree—
Whose death entitles us to claim,
His love to all eternity.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 17, v. 11, to v. 19.—Psalm 39.

HYMN CXXIV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE Lepers with their sores oppress'd,
With one accord our Lord address'd—
Their voices rais'd, and cried thus:
Jesus, good master, pity us.

2. How soon are diff'rent minds agreed,
When they alike feel what they need;
The thankful and unthankful too,
In such a case alike they do.

3. Their pray'rs alike in one was join'd,
Each hop'd a cure with Christ to find:
And as they hop'd, and as they b'liev'd,
They all were heard and each reliev'd.

4. Then all alike should thankful be,
And with one heart and mind agree!
To glorify their Lord alone,
For such great mercies he had shown.

5. But how unthankful, vile and base,
Is greatest part of human race:
One only thankful out of ten,
Which shews what evil dwells in men.
6. The Saviour's mercy thus forgot,
And all his bounties set at nought—
Becomes a crime and horrid vice,
Which God will ever more despise.
7. The worst of Leprosy is sin!
Corrupts and marrs the soul within;
Intolerable to endure,
Which none but Christ himself can cure.
8. Those who by faith to him appli'd;
They dare not say they were deni'd;
Their pray'rs and cries were always heard,
And all their soul's complaints were cur'd.
9. But O, when such forget their God,
And the effects of Jesus' blood;
They scandalize his holy word,
Shame and disgrace is their reward.

E: Gal. 5, v. 16. to v. 24.—Psalm 94.

HYMN CXXV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

STRANGE is the faithful christian's life,
What doth he feel within?
A constant war, continual strife,
To crush the pow'r of sin.
2. He seeks the will of God to do,
And should he watch and pray;

Yet his own will is working too!
And leads his mind astray.
3. What oppositions does he feel!
Doth not the thing he should.
Contrary to his mind and will,
He cannot as he would.
4. The flesh against the spirit lust,
The will is captive led;
Until the soul renews the trust;
In Christ the living head.
5. Thus shall he overcome at last!
In vain he shall not strive;
For Jesus has his promise pass'd,
To keep his faith alive.
6. Influenc'd by the spirit's pow'r!
His lusts shall be subdu'd—
And he shall be enslav'd no more,
Nor break his peace with God.
7. Dear Lord, with hopes on thee relied
I know I shall succeed:
Till all my lusts are crucified,
And I be fully freed.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 6, v. 24, to v. 34.—Psalm 87.

HYMN CXXVI.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THEY, who that sacred office bear,
Who act in Jesus' stead;

It should be their delight and care,
To be like Christ their head.
2. They should not seek for wealth on earth
Or what the world afford—
But act for things of greater worth,
The kingdom of their Lord.
3. The Christian Church on earth to build,
As Jesus gave command!
And to his wise disposals yield,
And trust his bounteous hand.
4. For their support the Lord provides,
Who ev'ry creature feeds:
And all that they may want besides,
He gives them as they need.
5. His ways to humans are unknown,
But full of love and grace!
Commit thy way to him alone,
And trust unto his ways.
6. His servants he will ne'er forsake!
They need not be afraid;
When in his cause they undertake,
He gives them pow'r and aid.
7. Let no such anxious thoughts arise;
What shall we eat or wear?
The Lord who all your wants supplies,
Will make your wants his care.
8. In all afflictions and distress,
He bears them safely through;
He is their light, their life, and peace,
Whilst they act here below.

E : Gal. 5, v. 25, to chap. 6, v. 10.—Psalm 73.

HYMN CXXVII.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

WHAT evil can such teachers do,
Who only boast to make a shew !
They aim at nothing that is good,
As Paul to the Gallatians shew'd.

2. They lay a burthen on the flock,
But will not join to bear the yoke ;
They seek their gain in other's loss :
To screen them from the Saviour's Cross.

3. Their aim is not the Saviour's cause,
They glory in their own applause—
They seek the world with its esteem ;
The Cross is foolishness with them.

4. But O, it is a diff'rent case,
With those who teach the plan of grace,
Their carnal lusts are crucified,
And they are by the world denied.

5. They teach the truth, God's holy word
The word of life, the sure record !
They shew that Jesus' blood alone,
Could for the sins of man atone.

6. No ordinance could e'er avail,
Their best efforts for ever fail ;
When they have done all they can do,
They cannot form the mind anew.

7. But diff'rent is the Gospel pow'r,
God's image lost, it can restore—
Poor fallen man condemn'd to pain,
In Jesus are renew'd again.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 7, v. 11, to v. 17.—Psalm 40.

HYMN CXXVIII.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

O Blessed word, our Lord express'd,
To the poor widow much distress'd—
When thus he saw her weep and mourn :
The death and loss of her dear son.

2. Weep not poor widow, said our Lord,
O! what a consolating word !
A word of comfort evermore,
By which the Saviour prov'd his pow'r.

3. It calm'd her sorrows, eas'd her pain,
When Christ restor'd her son again ;
What more could she on earth request,
To set her troubled heart to rest.

4. What we esteem of greatest worth,
And do prefer to all on earth :
Is often soon removed hence,
And we bewail the consequence.

5. But all must answer for our good,
Though its a cross to flesh and blood ;
Our deepest sorrows, tears and cries,
Can work the greatest weight of joys.

6. For all our sorrows, woes and grief,
The Saviour brings about relief;
All his corrections in the end,
Proves him to be our greatest friend.

E: Ephes. 3, v. 13, to v 21.—Psalm 47.

HYMN CXXIX.—C. M,

For the Epistle.

SHOULD we not glory in the cause?
Of Christ our Sovereign Lord;
Who will be as he ever was,
Our great and sure reward.

2. The Christian man should never faint,
Tho' he should feel the smart—
It is the Cross that makes the Saint,
And purifies the heart.

3. This was Saint Paul's sincere desire,
For this he humbly pray'd;
O! may the Lord your minds inspire!
With grace as ye may need.

4. The Lord endow you from above!
Give you to understand:
The heighth and depth of saving love,
And bounties of his hand.

5. Far more than we can think or know,
Or any wise believe;
Will Christ on humble souls bestow,
Who seek in him to live.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Luke 14, v. 1, to v. 11.—Psalm 34.

HYMN CXXX.—C. M,

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THE Saviour's love will ne'er grow faint,
Toward the sons of men;

His gracious ear hears their complaints,
Their cries are not in vain.

2. He prov'd himself the sovereign Lord,
And gave the world to know :
What wonders his commanding word ;
In ev'ry case can do.

3. He pitied man, that helpless worm,
Thus lying in his blood ;
What acts of love does he perform,
To make him know his God.

4. The helpless, needy and the poor,
Alike receiv'd his aid ;
And all were made to know his pow'r,
Who his commands obey'd.

5. What would my Saviour do for me,
If I would state my case ;
Could I expect that I would be
An object of his grace ?

6. How many would be my complaints,
Could I but know in part ;
My chief diseases and my wants,
And evils of my heart.

7. At all events I will presume,
To venture near his throne ;
Since Jesus bids all sinners come
And learn what he has done.

E : Ephes. 4, v. 1, to v. 6.—Psalm 37,

HYMN CXXXI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE best of counsels we can give,
As teachers of the word ;

That is to shew how christians live,
As pleasing to the Lord.

2. We may enjoy the peace of mind,
As Christians truly ought:
When we endure and are resign'd
To bear our fate and lot.

3. Our gifts and graces we improve,
As God is pleas'd to give;
His grace to grow, in faith and love,
And holiness to live.

4. When we obey that blessed call,
Which we have from above;
Then Christ becomes our all in all,
And we shall walk in love.

5. Where all these virtues do abound,
There is a heav'n begun;
There are the greatest treasures found,
That are beneath the Sun.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth 22. v. 34, to v. 46.—Psalm 110,

HYMN CXXXII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHAT do ye think of Christ indeed;
Who do ye say is he?
To judge this matter take ye heed,
And search the truth and see.

2. We call him David's son 'tis true,
As written in the word—

But it must be remember'd too,
That David calls him Lord.

3. The Lord whom David freely own'd,
To be his sovereign head :
With whom his soul had ever found
Such grace as he did need.

4. Who is he then in my esteem,
My soul what dost thou feel ;
Wilt thou not ask that grace from him,
To learn and do his will.

5. He is the Pearl of greater price !
And those who love him best,
Shall be with greatest hopes and joys :
For evermore possess'd.

6. What think ye then ye sons of men ?
Should he not be our King ;
Should we not wish with him to reign,
And e'er his praise to sing ?

E : 1 Cor. 1. v. 4 to v. 9.—Psalm 118.

HYMN CXXXIII.—S. M.

For the Epistle.

TO the Corinthian Church,
Saint Paul these words address'd :
I thank my God, ye are enrich'd
In all that makes you bless'd.

2. I thank my God always
Repeatedly he said,
That God hath granted you such grace,
For which I humbly pray'd.

3. He labour'd not in vain
When he taught them the word ;
O happy when the work shews plain !
That it is of the Lord.
4. This grace to them confirm'd,
That Jesus was their friend ;
And that he fully was determin'd
To guard them to the end.
5. Then let us watch and pray,
And keep to Jesus near ;
That when he comes in that great day,
We may with joy appear.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

G : Matth. 9, v. 1. to v. 8.—Psalm 102.

HYMN CXXXIV.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

JESUS, Physician of the soul,
Each raging evil can control ;
He looks on man's distressed case,
And shews his pow'r, his love and grace.
2. He knows the anguish, such endure,
Which none but he himself can cure ;
None but his sacred pow'r divine,
Can ease such souls who mourn and pine.
3. The head is sick, the heart is faint,
They can't describe their own complaint ;
Such kind of mis'ry as they feel,
Which they themselves cannot reveal.

4. Great pain and anguish fills the heart,
They feel distress'd in ev'ry part ;
A shaking Palsey fills the head,
And they are helpless as the dead.
5. These are the great effects of sin,
Defiles the whole of man within ;
The cause of all that great distress,
The cause of all unhappiness.
6. When they are to the Saviour brought,
They soon will find the help they sought ;
For all their sorrows, pain and grief,
The Saviour gives them sure relief.
7. He bids them neither doubt nor fear,
By pray'r and confidence draw near ;
Their guilt and crimes he will forgive,
Cure their complaints and make them live.
8. Come then ye sin-sick, needy, poor,
With thankful hearts receive the cure ;
His blood will cleanse you of your stain,
And make you heirs of grace again.

E : Ephes. 4, v. 22, to v. 28.—Psalm 105.

HYMN CXXXV.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

SHOULD they who have been dearly bought,
With such a precious price !
And were to light from darkness brought,
Yet still be slaves to vice.
2. Let those their hearts and members yield
Who are yet deaf and blind :

Who never had the truth reveal'd
By an enlight'ned mind.
3. But it should never be the case,
With those who see the light ;
Not run in ev'ry dangerous place,
As if they walk'd by night.
4. In such a way they never learn'd,
To know their gracious Lord ;
The chief for which they are concern'd,
Is to obey his word.
5. To crucify their lusts and pride,
The old man with his deed :
Their vile affections lay'd aside,
They see there is a need
6. Then will those vices be subdu'd,
And all such foes suppress'd ;
Then is the inward man renew'd,
And made in God to rest ?

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

Gr: Matth. 22. v. 1, to v. 14.—Psalm 147.

HYMN CXXXVI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

COME ye who are the bidden guests,
Come and partake the Saviour's feast—
We call on you, and all to come,
Pray don't refuse or stay at home.
2. Act not like as the Jews once did,
When they were to the Gospel bid ;
When they despis'd the calls of God
And trampled on the Saviour's blood.

3. They slew the servants of the Lord,
Brought on themselves the just reward ;
God's judgements they could not avoid :
Their church and city was destroy'd.
4. Yet God continued his call,
His messengers were sent to all ;
The nation's all of ev'ry land,
Were made to hear his great command.
5. Ye vagrant, wand'ring soul draw near,
Obey the blessed call ye hear ;
Come and receive what Christ will give !
Come, and your dying souls shall live.
6. Ye sinners all of ev'ry kind !
Why would you wish to stay behind ;
Are ye oppress'd and griev'd with sin,
Yet Jesus waits to take you in.

E : Eph. 5. v. 15, to v. 21.—Psalm 4.

HYMN CXXXVII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THE Christian life should ever be
Attended with due care ;
That other's too should learn and see
What faithful christians are.
2. The christian should not act unwise,
But search that he may know
The way to gain the heav'nly prize
That Jesus will bestow.
3. What God on christians hath bestow'd,
Should never be abus'd ;

But as the precious gifts of God
Be well applied and us'd.
4. But they should ever be employ'd
To learn the Saviour's ways ;
And let each soul be edified,
By singing of his praise.
5. To thank the Lord and praise his name
Their hearts should be inclin'd,
And all their object and their theme,
To learn the Saviour's mind.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

G : John 4, v. 47, to v. 54.—Psalm 60.

HYMN CXXXVIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN we our gracious Lord entrea
And on his word rely ;
Tho' disappointments first we meet:
His grace is ever nigh.
2. Should he at first seem to refuse,
Yet he will grant relief;
Tho' he reproves and doth accuse
Our doubts and unbelief.
3. Our faith and patience must be tried,
To make us search the ground ;
Although at first we are denied,
Yet sure relief is found
4. Then shall we find his promise true,
Then will his pow'r be known,

And we shall know what Christ can do
When we find what is done.
5. That will produce that living faith,
That will effectual prove ;
To ground our hope in life and death,
In Jesus and his love.
6. Now since I evidently see,
My Saviour's grace reveal'd—
I am assur'd he e'er will be,
My life, my guard and shield.

E: Ephes. 6. v. 10, to v. 17.—Psalm 58.

HYMN CXXXIX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

BE strong ye brethren in the Lord !
Ye children of the light,
And be ye evermore prepar'd,
Your enemies to fight.
2. Put on the armour of your God,
The victory to gain ;
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
As are the sons of men.
3. But we must have a constant war,
Whilst we dwell here below :
With Gods and princes of the air,
And all of Satan's crew.
4. O ! let us ever watch and pray,
And guard on ev'ry hand ;
Be ready for the evil day,
And able to withstand.

5. Be sure to stand and never yield:
Move not in any wise;
But stand your ground and gain the field:
Likewise the heav'nly prize.
6. The only weapons we can have
To fight our greatest foes:
Are they which the Almighty gave
For christian men to use.
7. His holy word and living faith,
And the bless'd spirit's aid!
Are weapons which the christian hath
To make his foes afraid.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 18. v. 23, to v. 35.—Psalm 130.

HYMN CXL.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN man's account to light is bro't
Each wicked deed, each word and thought;
When in his conscience such appear,
His mind is fill'd with dread and fear.
2. The soul that is convinc'd of sin,
Will feel a deep distress within;
Finds neither comfort, peace or rest,
But feels a Hell within the breast.
3. The sins are numberless and great,
Ten thousand talents is their weight;
The sinner sinks beneath the load,
In deep distress he cries to God.

4. Spare me O righteous God, I pray!
Until this dreadful debt I pay;
I will exert what pow'r I have,
Do all I can my soul to save.

5 But the efforts of human race
Could never merit saving grace;
God laid a better different plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

6. He sent his own beloved son,
Since none could save but he alone;
His death a full atonement made,
Thereby our awful debt was paid.

7. And thus redeem'd and thus set free,
How highly thankful should we be:
Like Jesus, willing to forgive
All injuries we may receive.

8. We can't expect to be forgiv'n,
Nor yet partake the joys of heav'n;
Unless we act the christian part,
Forgive all men with all our heart.

E: Philip 1, v. 3, to v. 11.—Psalm 45.

HYMN CXLI.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

GREAT comforts it must needs afford
To those who preach the Gospel word;
When circumstances shew them plain,
That they have labour'd not in vain.

2. To find their labours, have been bless'd
Is what has been their souls request:
It fills their heart with thankful pray'r,
With love to God, and holy fear.

3. They bear their flock upon their mind
And feel with love to them inclin'd;
Their love from day to day enlarge,
To all their flock and all their charge.

4. Their hearts with thanks & praise abound
To see their feeble efforts crown'd—
Their joys they cannot well express
To find their labours have success.

5. They pray to God with all their heart,
That God in mercy would impart;
His grace divine to carry on!
His glorious works in Saints begun.

6. The flock redeem'd with Jesus' blood,
Becomes united to their God;
In him they live, in him they grow,
And shew his praise in all they do.

7. Here Gospel Ministers are taught,
How they in all their office ought:
To teach their flock to watch and pray,
That Christ may keep them in his way.

8. May we who labour in that call
Have that great care for one and all;
Be zealous for that noble cause,
As Paul, the great Apostle was,

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 22, v. 15, to v. 22.—Psalm 83.

HYMN CXLII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

HERODIANS and Pharisees,
They join with one accord;
And as united enemies,
Seek to destroy our Lord.

2. Tho' they applaud him to his face,
And seem to take his part:
They like a false and viper race,
Hate him with all their heart.

3. Where Satan governs all the mind,
And rules the inward man;
There are the pow'rs of darkness join'd
To do what harm they can.

4. All Christians must be on their guard,
And watch on ev'ry hand;
They must be tempted like our Lord,
By Satan and his band.

5. But Christ, their great and mighty head,
Who all their danger knows;
Will disappoint what snares are laid
By them, their crafty foes.

E: Philip. 3, v. 17, to v. 21.—Psalm 94.

HYMN CXLIII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

SAINT Paul advises follow me:
Ye who would serve the Lord,

And mark the lives of those you see
Conforming to the word.

2. Mark those who hate the Saviour's cross,
Of which you have been warn'd ;
They are his enemies alas,
Whose mercies they have scorn'd.

3. When men do yield to flesh and blood,
And live as they incline ;
Their bellies then becomes their God,
And they become like swine.

4 Vice may be judg'd to be a friend,
To those of vicious taste ;
But sure destruction in the end,
Proves their reward at last.

5. But souls possess'd with heav'nly love,
On different objects view ;
Their objects are in heav'n above,
And conversation too.

6. They shall rejoice when Christ shall come
His glory to display ;
To raise their bodies from the tomb,
On his appointed day.

7. When these vile bodies shall be chang'd
And fashion'd as his own—
Then shall they justly be arrang'd
To make his power known.

8. O happy state for all the Saints,
For all their suff'rings here ;
They shall have ample recompense
When Jesus shall appear.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 9, v. 18, to v. 26.—Psalm 76.

HYMN CXLIV.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

THAT blessed Gospel we are taught,
Can prove the Saviour's pow'r;
The miracles that Jesus wrought,
Were never wrought before.

2. A ruler's daughter as we read,
A lifeless corpse had lay'n;
But Jesus who can raise the dead,
Rais'd her to life again.

3. Princes and rulers of this earth,
Who raise their honours high;
Like others of the meanest birth,
They all are born to die.

4. These things are scarcely ever thought,
Or ever cause a tear:
Until the greatest part are brought,
To lie upon the bier.

5. When troubles, sorrows and distress
Beset the greatest men;
Then they will seek the Saviour's face
To be reliev'd again.

6. Distress will make us seek the Lord,
If ne'er we did before;
And search the counsels of his word,
His love, his grace and pow'r.

7. But O, his love to man is great,
His gifts are ne'er withheld;

He helps each one in ev'ry state,
Who to his precepts yield.

E : Col. 1, v. 9, to v. 14.—Psalm 95.

HYMN CXLV.—L. M.

For the Epistle.

HOW thankful the Apostles were,
When e'er such happy news they heard;
That God had heard their humble pray'r,
And bless'd their preaching of the word.

2. This was their main and chief delight,
The Saviour's church on earth to build;
For this they labour'd day and night,
To have this glorious work fulfill'd.

3. They spar'd no labour, toil or pain
To make the Gospel mist'ries known;
They strove to shew their fellow-men,
What Christ for fallen man had done.

4. When Christ his dear disciples sent,
The way of life was plainly taught;
It caused many to repent,
When messages of peace were brought.

5. When men are made the truth to b'lieve,
By hearing what the Gospel saith;
Their souls are made in Christ to live,
And grow in love and hope and faith.

6. When thus their hearts are made to feel,
And know the mercies of their God;
Their minds are fill'd with fervent zeal,
To walk the strait and narrow road.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

G: Matth. 24, v. 15 to v. 28.—Psalm 79.

HYMN CXLVI.—L. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

A Place where wickedness abound,
Where scarce a righteous soul is found:
There punishment for sins is due,
And must be executed too.

2. Jerusalem, that noted place,
Found it to be her awful case;
Where judgments with their threat'nings meet
Destruction soon is made complete.

3 It was the blessed Saviour's charge,
Where vices sway their pow'r at large;
Who then is wise these things to see,
Then let him to the mountains flee.

4. The axe which to the root is laid,
As John, the faithful Prophet said:
Will cut that wicked nation down
Without the least of mercy shown.

5. The Jews, by aggravating crimes,
Brought on themselves such fatal times;
Times of distress, and wo, and grief,
But not a time to find relief.

6. False Christs arose in ev'ry part,
And with deceptions, schemes and art,
Were many simple souls decoy'd,
And in their sins at last destroy'd.

7. Just like a carrion on the ground,
To which the Eagles flock around;

The doctrine of such teachers are,
To silly souls a trap and snare.
8. Their doctrine would have that effect,
As to deceive the Lord's elect!
Was not their hope in Jesus stay'd,
And thus upheld by heav'nly aid.
9. What evil sin on earth can do,
From this sad passage we may know;
Lord! make us wise to meditate,
And flee before it be too late.

E: 1 Thessa. 4, v. 13, to v. 18.—Psalm 17.

HYMN CXLVII.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

THIS is the doctrine christians need,
To know and firmly b'lieve;
That Jesus Christ will raise the dead,
And cause them all to live.
2. This will support and bear them up,
In trouble, war and strife;
For this affords a living hope
Of everlasting life.
3. Has Jesus died and rose again?
Then it must needs be true:
That these, our hopes, are not in vain!
We shall be raised too.
4. The Lord from heaven shall appear,
With ang'lic hosts around;
And all the dead, his voice shall hear,
Wak'd by the trumpet sound.

5. Then shall our bodies be renew'd
And fitted to embrace
The glorious presence of our God !
And to behold his face.
6. How happy will the righteous be
When raised from the dust :
From all distress and labour free,
And number'd with the just.
7. What glorious views beyond the grave !
Is by this doctrine giv'n ;
What comforts faithful souls can have !
Who seek the joys of heav'n.

Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.

G : Matth. 25. v. 31 to v. 46.—Psalm 82.

HYMN CXLVIII.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Angels shall their trumpets sound,
Descending in the skies :
To wake the nations under ground,
And cause them all to rise.
2. Then shall the Righteous Judge descend
And seated on his Throne ;
To which all nations must attend
To shew what they have done.
3. Then shall the powers of heav'n shake,
Vanish and flee away :
And all the wicked fear and quake,
To see that awful day.

4. How dreadful will his coming be,
To those who slight his grace—
How joyful for the just to see :
The glories of his face.
5. How suddenly will he appear,
Here on this earth below ;
When none had judg'd his coming near,
Or that it could be so.
6. As lightning starting from the east !
And darts a sudden ray ;
And quickly flashing to the west !
Such is the Saviour's Day.
7. Then let us be still on our guard,
As Jesus gave command :
That we may truly be prepar'd
Before our Lord to stand.

E : 2 Thessal. 1. v. 3 to v. 10.—Psalm 56.

HYMN CXLIX.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

O Happy where such grace is found,
That works the love of God ;
Where souls with charity abound,
To shew itself abroad.
2. This proves the glory of the cause,
For which the Church contends ;
Defends the doctrine of the Cross,
On which our hope depends.
3. This hope still bids us to endure,
And patiently to wait :

Till God reveals his love and pow'r
To change our mournful state.
4. Those tribulations and distress,
For Jesus' sake we bear ;
They are sure tokens of his grace,
His providence and care.
5. When Christ the Lord shall be reveal'd
With all the Ang'lic Host ;
His promises will be fulfill'd,
And none of them be lost.
6. He will reward his suff'ring saints
For all their toil and pain :
Where not a foe or least complaint,
Shall trouble them again.

Twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity.

G : Matth. 25. v. 1 to v. 13.—Psalm 48.

HYMN CL.—C. M.

FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Christ descending from the skies,
As Bridegroom shall appear ;
With solemn sound of midnight cries,
To call professors near.
2. That sound will strike an awful damp,
And shew the awful case
Of those who only have the lamp,
Without the oil of grace.
3. The foolish virgins shall awake,
And seek for a supply ;

But all in vain they undertake,
To borrow or to buy.

4. Then shall they see that those were wise,
Who they despised here ;
And now unto their great surprize :
They see them happy there.

5. The wise will then be truly blest,
There to be glorified ;
But sad distress shall seize the rest,
Whose entrance is denied.

6. In vain they shall attempt to plead :
Lord, with thy Saints we bow'd ;
Oft in thy presence we have pray'd,
And sung thy praise aloud.

7. The Lord shall answer from his throne!
Depart ye wicked crew :
I never knew, nor cannot own
Such hypocrites as you.

8. O may my worship be sincere,
Sincere with all my heart—
That I may never need to fear,
To hear the word, *depart* !

E : 2d Peter 3. v. 3 to v. 13.—Psalm 53.

HYMN CLI.—C. M.

For the Epistle.

LET wilful sinners boast and say,
The Lord will never come :
We need not fear a future day,
Or wait a fearful doom.

2. The things whereof we have been told
That they should come to pass ;
Are now just as they were of old,
And will forever last.

3. For, since the fathers fell asleep,
The world has took no change ;
Should God our crimes in mem'ry keep,
That would be very strange.

4. Just so it was, before the flood,
Tho' men had long been warn'd ;
They still despis'd the threats of God !
And lived unconcern'd.

5. When long they had despis'd his grace,
At last they found it true ;
When suddenly a change took place,
Which prov'd their overthrow.

6. The righteous judgments of the Lord,
At his appointed times ;
Proves daring sinners' just reward
For all their guilt and crimes.

End of the Ecclesiastical year.

For a Fast-Day in time of War.

FOR THE GOSPEL

Jeremiah 15. v. 1 to v. 7.—Psalm 60.

HYMN CLII.—C. M.

SHEW mercy Lord, reveal thy pow'r ;
Turn thy afflicting hand ;
That much desired peace restore,
To this, our wretched land.

2. We have offended thee, our God !
Our crimes are very great ;
Sedition, war, and shedding blood,
Deserves to be our fate.

3. Long have thine offers been deni'd ;
In vain thy calls have been ;
Well we deserve to be destroy'd,
And perish in our sin

4. Our enemies with all their hosts,
Invade us ev'ry where ;
They trouble us in all our coasts
And fill our land with fear.

5. What numbers of our fellow-men
Become a prey to death ;
When in the field of battle slain,
And there resign their breath.

6. Whilst others are swept off the stage,
By various complaints,
Which, in our guilty camps do rage ;
And hurries them from hence.

7. What sorrows, troubles, griefs and woes
In ev'ry place abound ;
What numbers of our cruel foes
Compass us all around.

8. We grieve to see the great distress,
The present times have made ;
Poor widows, helpless, fatherless,
Without support or aid.

9. Have mercy gracious God ! we pray,
Lord, hear the cries we make ;

O! cast us not from thee away,
Spare us for Jesus' sake.

The Epistle.

1 Peter 4. v. 12 to v. 19.—Psalm 20.

HYMN CLIII.—C. M.

O Holy Father, righteous God!
Our souls are fill'd with fear;
Thy punishments, thy scourge and rod,
Have now approached near.

2. Distressed and alarm'd we stand,
To see our awful state;
Thy judgments on our guilty land,
Is what we must await.

3. Thy punishments are very just,
O Lord, we must confess;
We should be humbled to the dust,
Who have abus'd thy grace.

4. How long have we abus'd thy word,
And ran the sinful course;
Well we deserve to feel the sword
With all its weight and force.

5. In many ways have we been warn'd
To turn from these our ways;
But all thy mercies we have spurn'd,
And slighted all thy grace.

6. But O, the time is come at last,
When we must feel the shock;
God's righteous sentence now is pass'd,
And justice strikes the stroke.

7. O, whither can such creatures flee?
Such as we are indeed!
But unto thee, O Lord! to thee!
Whose promises we plead.

Thanksgiving for the Restoration of Peace.

FOR THE GOSPEL
Exod. 15. v. 1 to v. 7.—Psalm 98.

HYMN CLIV.—L. M.

COME, let us praise God's holy name,
And thank him for his love and grace,
Who to our help and rescue, came
And put an end to our distress.

2. How greatly were we terrified,
When we began to feel the rod;
Death threat'ned us on ev'ry side,
As the just punishments of God.

3. We were distress'd on every hand,
Involv'd in all the depth of woes;
When it appear'd, our guilty land
Should be destroy'd by cruel foes.

4. But thanks be to our gracious Lord:
Who freely will our sins forgive;
Who gave us not our just reward,
But spares us rebels, still to live.

5. God has restor'd our peace again,
O may it never more depart:
May we a greater peace obtain:
The peace of God within our heart.

For the Epistle.

2 Corinth. 1. v. 3 to v 6.—Psalm 118.

HYMN CLV.—C. M.

LET hearty thanks and praise be paid
By all who join'd to pray ;
When ardent pray'r to God was made,
To turn his wrath away.

2. We were deliver'd by the Lord,
When we were much distress'd ;
Our feeble cries and pray'rs were heard,
And we have peace and rest.

3. Distress came on us like a flood,
And great was our alarm ;
But through the mercies of our God,
Our lives were kept from harm.

4. To God alone shall be our praise,
To him, and none besides ;
His love, his mercy and his grace,
For all we need provides.

5. Then let us join his praise to sing,
As christians ought to do ;
And worship him our Lord and King,
Who guards us here below.

On a Fast-day in time of the Plague, or other Ravages of Death.

FOR THE GOSPEL

Numbers 16 v. 44 to v. 50.—Psalm 91.

HYMN CLVI.—L. M.

O Hark! unto the sounding bell,
What doth each stroke of tolling tell ?

'Tis news to each attentive ear,
Some one is fitted for the bier.
2. Since death is licens'd here to rage
Without respect to any age ;
The hoary head, and youth in bloom,
Depart to their eternal home.
3. Death with an uncontrolled force,
Will take his way and have his course ;
Infectious air and pestilence,
Are not repuls'd by man's defence.
4. They who had thought the world their own,
Are with the meanest class cut down ;
Both King and Princes have to die,
And lay their pow'rs and honours by.
5. This is our just reward indeed,
What can we say, what can we plead ?
Were we not warn'd, and warn'd again ;
But all we heard, we heard in vain.
6. But now we feel, we learn to fear,
God's threat'ned punishments are here ;
What can we do, but plead and pray,
That God may turn his wrath away.

The Epistle.

Hebrew 12. v. 1 to v. 11.—Psalm 38.

HYMN CLVII.—C. M.

HAVE mercy Lord, on us we pray,
Thy grace to us reveal ;
O turn thy Plagues from us away
Tho' we deserve them well.

2. Thy punishments are justly due,
And answer to our crimes!
And we are made to feel them too,
In these distressing times.
3. Lord, what destruction death has made,
How has it swept our towns;
What numbers number'd with the dead,
In neighbouring places round.
4. Death visits us in all our homes,
And there makes his abode:
And hurries mortals to their tombs,
That sink beneath his load.
5. Well may we sorrow, weep and mourn,
And pray with all our heart:
That God in mercy may return,
And bid our Plagues depart.

CLVIII.

THE LITANY AND SUFFRAGES.

O God, the Father of heaven; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God, the Father of heaven; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons, and one God; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons, and one God; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever;

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague,

pestilence, and famine; from battle, and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word and commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy incarnation; by thy holy nativity and circumcision; by thy baptism, fasting, and temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy, Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all Christian rulers and magistrates; giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

(That it may please thee to bless these thy servants, now to be admitted to the order of Deacons [or *Priests*], and to pour thy grace upon them; that they may duly execute their office, to the edifying of thy Church, and the glory of thy holy name;

We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.)

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give all nations unity, peace, and concord;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us a heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace, to hear meekly thy word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the

way of truth, all such as have erred and are deceived ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up those who fall, and finally to beat down satan under our feet ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children, and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance ; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances ; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, to amend our lives according to thy holy word :

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

¶ *The Bishop may, at his discretion, omit all that follows, to the Prayer.* We humbly beseech thee, O Father, &c.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

¶ *Then shall the Bishop, and the people with him, say the Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

Bishop. O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins;

Answer. Neither reward us according to our iniquities.

Bishop. Let us pray.

O God, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful; mercifully assist our prayers which we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtility of the devil or man worketh against us, may, by thy good providence, be brought to nought; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us, for thy name's sake.

O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the

noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us, for thine honour.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our afflictions.

With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

Both now and ever, vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

O Lord, let thy mercy be showed upon us;

As we do put our trust in thee.

Bishop. Let us pray.

WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and, for the glory of thy name, turn from us all those evils that we most justly have deserved; and grant that, in all our troubles, we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve

thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory, through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord — *Amen.* [*Common Prayer Book.*

Thanksgiving for the delivery of the Plague or other Mortal Diseases.

FOR THE GOSPEL

Isaiah 38. v. 17 to v. 22.—Psalm 116.

HYMN CLIX.—C. M.

ETERNAL praises to the Lord,
Come let us join to give ;
By his protection and his guard
We are yet spar'd to live.

2. Whilst many of our fellow-men,
Were quickly call'd away :
When in distress, and grief, and pain,
They dropt their house of clay.

3. By grace, it is our happy lot :
To have respite of days ;
It is God's will, that we should not
Depart, without his grace.

4. May we be wise and ne'er-forget,
The troubles we were in !
With sickness, pain, and death beset :
As just reward for sin.

5. But he has turn'd his gracious hand,
And laid his vengeance by ;
Still calls on this, our guilty land :
Turn ye, why will ye die.

6. Then let us thank and praise our God,
By whom we have been spar'd ;
And bear with his correcting rod,
Till we are well prepar'd.

The Epistle.

Philip. 2. v. 25 to v. 30.—Psalm 30.

HYMN CLX.—C. M.

THANKS be to God, who heard our pray'r,
When we had fears and doubt ;
When fierce diseases ev'ry where,
Compass'd our land about.

2. When death, that cruel tyrant made,
Poor mortals feel his pow'r ;
And in another world have fled,
Not to return no more.

3. How melancholy was the sound,
To hear the dying groan :
Can no relief or help be found,
Till we are fled and gone.

4. And must our troubled spirits fly,
To God, who first them gave ;
Our bodies only made to die !
And moulder in the grave.

5. Great God, how mournful was the scene,
Where e'er this was the case ;
But great thy mercies e'er have been,
To those who trust thy grace.

6. Thanks be to God, that we are spar'd,
To see the present day.
O, make us ready, gracious Lord,
Till we be call'd away.

HYMN CLXI.—C. M.

For the same.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2. Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3. Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To ev'ry soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4. Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plent'ous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5. Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies, are,
A rock which cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love!

6. Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

[*Williston's selection.*

For the consecrating of a Church.

FOR THE GOSPEL

Luke 19. v. 1 to v. 10.—Psalm 84.

HYMN CLXII.—C. M.

WE praise the Lord, whose love is great;
His mercies we embrace;
We enter now, his temple gate,
And thank him for his grace.

2. This house for sacred use design'd,
We dedicate to God;
Here may the Lord of glory find,
A dwelling and abode.

3. Here we approach thy sacred courts,
With reverence and fear;
We will engage our best efforts,
To worship thee with pray'r.

4. Lord, may this be thy sanctuary,
Here with thy spirit dwell:
To us and our posterity,
The way to heav'n reveal.

5. Here Saviour, shew thy gospel light,
And send thy blessings down;
Bring thy life-giving word to sight,
And make salvation known.

6. Here let thy blessed word be taught,
To us, and to our youth;
May thousands to that light be brought,
Where in they learn the truth.

7. Here let us hear the gospel sound,
Attend thy word with grace ;
Call many wand'ring sinners round,
To come and fill this place.

For the Epistle
Rev. 21, v. 2 to v. 5.—Psalm 122.

HYMN CLXIII.—L. M.

WITH reverence and holy fear,
Let christian worshippers draw near,
And consecrate this house to be !
The Lord's abode and sanctuary.

2. Here let them meet, to hear and pray,
And seek the Lord, our life and way ;
O may it be a place to find :
A Salem, for the seeking mind.

3. Here may they build each other up,
In charity, and faith, and hope ;
Until they taste, and feel, and know :
That Jesus dwells with Saints below.

4. Here may the gospel glory shine,
And fill each soul with grace divine ;
God's holy word, and means of grace,
Be always used in this place.

5. Since Jesus is the great high priest,
Who always makes his people blest,
When they approach within the vail,
What joys and comforts shall they feel.

6 What glories shall they there behold !
More precious than the choicest gold ;
A glimps of the bless'd Saviour's throne !
A heav'n on earth for them begun.

HYMN CLXIV.—P. M. E.

For the same.

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heave'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2. To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3. Then King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Within this House, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4. Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heav'n around.

5. Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of Seraphim above;

And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6. Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Thro' long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
Whilst churches stand, and saints adore.

[*Williston's selection.*

For the same, when a Church is rebuilt.

HYMN CLXV. L. M.

LET Zion sing her songs of praise,
And to the Lord, glad off'rings bring;
And ev'ry note of music raise,
To God her Saviour and her King.

2. This house which desolate had lain,
By the almighty hand of God!
Is now rebuilt and rais'd again,
And to its former state renew'd.

3. Thanks and praise be to the Lord:
Whose acts of mercy here are pass'd;
This house of pray'r again restor'd,
And holy worships now replac'd.

4. Here may the Lord with glory dwell,
And all his former work renew,
And here make known his gracious will,
And grant us grace to serve him too.

5. Here may his blessed word increase,
And with its former glory shine;

May thousands learn the way of peace,
And feel the work of grace divine !

6. The Lord with grace and mercy crown,
His Zion with his aid and pow'r !
And raise her walls when they are down ;
And build his church for evermore.

On the first Thursday of November. It being a day of thanksgiving for the Fruits of the Earth and other blessings.

THE GOSPEL

Matth. 5. v, 43 to v. 48.—Psalm 147.

HYMN CLXVI.—C. M.

COME let us join to praise our God,
Who is our friend indeed :
Who gives us life, and health, and food !
And all what e'er we need.

2. His blessings have endow'd our fields,
And caus'd each plant to grow :
And full supplies to us they yield,
And all that live below.

3. The early and the latter rain,
The Lord was pleas'd to send ;
Our barns and kitchens fill'd again,
By him, who is our friend.

4. Our God remembers us in love,
And daily we receive
His gifts and blessings from above :
By which we move and live.

5. The labours of our hands are blest,
Our wants are all supplied ;
What e'er doth answer for our best,
The Lord will still provide.
6. We also have his holy word !
And all the means of grace ;
Should we not worship him, our Lord ?
And sing his endless praise.
7. With joy and wonder we do see,
What God for us has done !
Our songs of praise shall ever be,
To God, our God alone.

The Epistle.

Hebrew 13. v. 14 to v. 16.—Psalm 65.

HYMN CLXVII.—L. M.

ONCE more our harvesting is o'er,
A fresh supply laid up in store ;
The Lord was pleas'd to bless our earth,
And fill our souls with joy and mirth.
2. Just such as was our wish and hope ;
The Lord preserv'd and blest our crop !
And through the mercies of the Lord,
We had another crop to hoard.
3. God gave the late and early rain,
Therefore we labour'd not in vain ;
Had he not sent his blessings down,
In vain our fields would have been sown.
4. By the rich bounties of our God,
We still obtain supply and food ;

The air, and heat, and gentle show'rs,
Makes all those blessings to be ours.
5. Such blessings make us truly blest,
While they are by us here possess'd ;
O ! let us render thanks and praise
To God, for all such acts of grace.

Ordering Church Wardens or Deacons.

FOR THE GOSPEL

Acts 6. v. 2 to v. 7.—Psalm 5.

HYMN CLXVIII.—L. M.

THE great Apostle gave command,
Let ev'ry Church in order stand ;
Good regulations must be made,
And be by all the Church obey'd.
2. To answer that, so good effect,
Saint Paul himself thus did direct :
To order Deacons ev'ry where,
Who should that sacred office bear.
3. Let such who act the faithful part,
And have the cause of Christ at heart,
And such as are of good repute,
That needful office execute.
4. Is it their aim in all they do,
To raise the Saviour's Church below!
Their faithful labours will be blest,
And Jesus' kingdom be increas'd.
5 Dear Lord be with thy spirit near,
While we ordain these brethren here ;
May zeal and knowledge, love and grace,
Prepare and fit them for that place.

6. Be thou their counsel when they need,
Their conduct bless, their labours speed ;
O may they be of greatest worth,
To aid and build thy church on earth.

The Epistle.

1 Tim. 3. v. 8 to v. 13.—Psalm 37.

HYMN CLXIX.—L. M.

JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
'Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2. Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness and want :
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3. Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art ;
Collect thy flock, and give them food
And pastors after thine own heart.

4. In ev'ry messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free ;
That each may by thy Spirit tell :
" He dy'd for all, who dy'd for me."

5. A double portion from above,
Of thy all-quick'ning light impart ;
Shed forth thy universal love
In ev'ry faithful pastor's heart.

6. Thine only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow ;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

Ordaining of Priests or Bishops.

THE GOSPEL.

St. John 21. v. 15 to v. 17.—Psalm 27.

HYMN CLXX.—L. M.

FATHER of mercies in thy house,
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2. The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3. Hence sprung th' Apostle's, honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and Teachers rise.

4. From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While guarded by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5. So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6. Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring, whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

[*Williston's selection.*

For the Epistle.

Acts 20. v. 17 to v. 35.—Psalm 132.

HYMN CLXXI.—L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart.
2. Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
3. Anoint and cheer our soiled face.
With the abundance of thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art Guide, no ill can come:
4. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both to be but one:
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

HYMN CLXXII.—C. M.

GOD did to father Abrah'm say,
I am a God to thee:
And I will bless thy race and they
Shall be a seed for me.
2. Thus Abrah'm b'liev'd the promise true,
And gave his sons to God.
As water seals the promise now,
t then was seal'd with blood.

3. That covenant which God had made,
With Abrah'm and his seed ;
To those who his commands obey'd,
He was their God indeed.
4. His offsprings then were circumcis'd,
Tho' none, but just the male :
But male and female are baptiz'd ;
Baptism is the seal.
5. To all the nations as they are :
The heathens and the Jews,
May claim an equal right and share,
As the Apostle shews.
6. The genuine seed of Abraham,
Are they, who like him b'lieve :
Like him, the promises they claim ;
Like him, the seal receive.
7. Then as the water is appli'd,
And God his gifts impart ;
The creature then is sanctifi'd,
And circumcis'd at heart.

HYMN CLXXIII.—L. M.

For the same.

THUS did the sons of *Abrah'm* pass
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.
2. By milder ways doth *Jesus* prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3. Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
4. Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of *Abrah'm* praise.
[*Watts.*

HYMN CLXXIV.—C. M.

Baptism of one infant.

O Blessed comforter draw near!
Bestow thy grace divine :
We dedicate this infant here,
To be forever thine.
2. And as this water is appli'd,
So let thy grace be giv'n :
Until this child be sanctifi'd
And made the heir of heav'n.

HYMN CLXXV.—C. M.

For the same, when more than one are Baptized.

THOU comforter we pray draw near,
Bestow thy gifts divine ;
We dedicate these infants here,
May they be wholy thine.
2. As water is to them appli'd,
So may thy grace be giv'n ;
By which they may be sanctifi'd
And made the heirs of heav'n.

HYMN CLXXVI.—C. M.

After Baptism is administered.

IN duty we are bound to praise
The Lord, who hath bestow'd
His word, and all the means of grace,
To make us heirs of God.

2. The treasures Christ to us has will'd:
For which he bled and died!
Are by his ordinances seal'd,
Confirm'd and ratified.

BAPTISM OF THOSE OF RIPER YEARS.

HYMN CLXXVII.—L. M.

CHRIST gave this solemn great command
Ye shall go forth in ev'ry land;
Ye, my Apostles, I do charge,
To preach my gospel word at large.

2. Disciple nations unto me:
Baptizing them that they may be
Such heirs and subjects of my grace,
As serve me in true holiness.

3. Teach them, that they observe and do,
All things I have commanded you;
Declare to them they shall be blest,
If they comply with my request.

4. Ye, who intend to be baptiz'd,
Be ye admonish'd, and advis'd;
With all your heart, repent and b'lieve:
The seal of pard'ning grace receive.

5. Ye must resolve with all your heart
To act the faithful christian's part;
Renounce the Devil world and sin,
And mortify your lusts within.
6. Be ye baptiz'd in Jesus' name,
And be ye never more asham'd:
To own and follow, Christ your Lord,
And be obedient to his word.

HYMN CLXXVIII.—L. M.

On the same.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations, and baptize,
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
2. He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant christian lands.
3. *Repent and be baptiz'd, he saith,*
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.
4. Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.
5. Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

[*Watts.*

HYMN CLXXIX.—L. M.

After Baptism is Administered.

THE Lord grant you that living faith,
That may preserve you unto death ;
O be ye faithful, never yield,
But keep your ground and gain the field.

2. Remember this throughout your days ;
You are to walk in Jesus' ways ;
Trust ye in him, he will defend
Your cause until your warfare end.

CONFESSION OF SIN.

HYMN CLXXX.—C. M.

ALAS can such a wretch be sav'd,
Such as I e'er have been ;
My life is unto vice enslav'd,
And all I do is sin.

2. My covenant with God is broke,
My claim to heav'n is gone
And sin and guilt a heavy yoke,
Bear all my comforts down.

3. Lord, were I driv'n from thy face,
For e'er to take my flight
Beyond the reach of pard'ning grace:
Thy judgments would be right.

4. Not men nor Angels can relieve,
My mind with guilt oppress'd ;
Not heav'n itself relief can give,
Nor ease my troubled breast.

5. My case is bad, and still much more,
Although distress'd I feel ;
I do not yet possess that pow'r
That sanctifies my will.
6. I truly see my wants indeed ;
But yet I do not find,
Such godly sorrow as I need :
To work an humble mind.
7. But thou, my God, hast pow'r I know ;
Such graces to impart,
That can create my mind anew
And work a change of heart.

HYMN CLXXXI.—C. M.

For the same.

HAVE mercy, gracious Lord, forgive,
Are not thy mercies free ?
May not a dying sinner live,
Who truly turns to thee ?
2. My sins are great, I must confess,
Far more than I can know ;
But O, thy love and pard'ning grace !
Are great and boundless too.
3. O, cleanse me from my sin and guilt,
And make my conscience clean :
My heart with godly sorrow melt,
To mourn for ev'ry sin.
4. Great God, I must confess with shame,
I can't deny, but own ;
Corrupted, vile and base I am,
As I to thee am known.

5. Yet save my soul from deep despair,
According to thy word ;
To thee, I make my feeble pray'r ;
To thee, my gracious Lord.

HYMN CLXXXII.—C. M.

For the same.

WO unto me ! how oft I have
Transgress'd and gone astray ;
To Satan I have been a slave,
And lov'd the sinful way.

2. My God was ever kind to me,
And great has been his love.
How could I so unthankful be ;
So disobedient prove.

3. My conscience testify to me,
According to thy word,
That in strict justice I should be,
Accursed from my Lord.

4. O ! gracious Lord, I well do know,
That wretched is my case ;
But whether can I flee or go,
To reach redeeming grace.

5. Not man nor angel can relieve
My mind with guilt oppress'd :
Not heav'n itself such comforts give,
To set my heart at rest.

6. O blessed Jesus, unto thee,
To thee will I attend ;
To thee my refuge, Lord I flee !
Thou art my Lord and friend.

7. Thy suff'rings and thy dying groans ;
Thy blood which freely stream'd,
For all my sin and guilt atones ;
By which I was redeem'd.

HYMN CLXXXIII.—S. M.

For the same.

O That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!

2. Thou by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

3. Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow ;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

4. Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

5. For thine own mercy's sake,
My guilt and sin remove ;
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love.

6. In ev'ry trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from temptation's pow'r,

'Till thou hast made me whole.
7. This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be ;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.
8. O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient pow'r !
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more !

[*Williston's selection.*

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN CLXXXIV.—L. M.

COME to the feast of heav'nly wine,
O man ! and make this blessing thine ;
Your Lord himself, invites to sup,
And share the blessings of the cup.
2. Praise ye the Saviour, ye that eat,
Since he affords to you this treat !
Ye are with his rich bounties fed,
And Jesus is your living bread.
3. Ye helpless poor and needy come !
O come for you there is yet room ;
O come ! and ye shall surely find
Refreshments for the weary mind.
4. O sinners, this is welcome news,
O pray be wise and don't refuse ;
Come venture, you shall find it true :
This table it is set for you.
5. Dear Lord, if sin can be a plea,
Then there is grace in store for me ;

Through mercy I shall find a place,
And with the rest be sav'd by grace.
6. I come, O Saviour as I am!
Thy merits I do humbly claim;
Thy promise give me free access,
To everlasting life and peace.

HYMN CLXXXV.—C. M.

For the same.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine,
Were press'd to fill the cup.
2. Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread!
3. The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem,
Have no acceptance here.
4. Approach ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
5. If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

[*Newton.*

HYMN CLXXXVI.—C. M.
For the same.

O Wond'rous love beyond degree,
Such as none can conceive ;
My blessed Saviour calls on me :
Come unto me and live.

2. Here is his gracious table set,
With all my soul doth need :
He bids me here set down and eat !
And on his bounties feed.

3. This feast consists of heav'nly food,
As Jesus testified ;
It is the purchase of his blood,
For this he groan'd and died.

4. His flesh was bruis'd, his blood was spilt;
With love to man, it stream'd,
And made atonement for our guilt,
By which we were redeem'd.

5. Here are the pledges of his love,
Which the bless'd Saviour gave ;
To draw our minds on things above,
Which there we are to have.

HYMN CLXXXVII.—S. M.
For the same.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2. For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood :

Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3. This holy bread and wine,
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5. We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But *Jesus* is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

[*Watts.*

HYMN CLXXXVIII.—W. M.

For the same.

O Head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
Midst other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
O head, e'er now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded,
Saluted be by me!

2. O Lord, what thee tormented,
Was my sins, heavy load,

I had the debt augmented,
Which thou did'st pay in blood.
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light:
O thou, my health's beginner!
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

3. Own me, Lord, my salvation!
Receive, my Shepherd, me!
I know, thy bitter passion
Is a rich treasury;
And that thou, man of sorrows!
Hast by thy death and blood
Procur'd a new heart for us,
And everlasting good.

4. Humbly I will stand by thee,
Thou deign'st at me to look;
In Spirit let me eye thee
So as thy heart-strings broke,
And as thy limbs extended
In death grew stiff and cold,
Might I thy corpse expanded
Within my arms infold.

5. It yields me consolation,
When I can feed by faith,
My Saviour, on thy passion
And meritorious death;
O what am I enjoying,
Thy flesh and bone, when I
With thee, my Lord, am dying,
What peace divine, what joy!

6. Endow me with good courage,
When yielding up my breath,
And let me see thy image,
Thy lovely form in death;
To thee my eyes I'm raising,
And my election see,
Thee in my heart embracing,
I'd do it constantly.

7. I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me did'st bleed;
Thou wilt preserve me ever,
Till I before thee stand;
Can ought on earth me sever
From thy most faithful hand?

8. With awe I see thee languish,
And watch thy latest breath,
Upon thy tears and anguish
I fix the eye of faith;
Where sight of him allowed,
I then should know; 'Twas *He*,
My flesh and bone avowed,
My Lord God certainly.

9. When in the arms of Jesus
My lips shall pallid grow,
Then shall that blood so precious,
Which from his wounds did flow,
Anoint my body dying,
My soul will join the blest,
Eternal bliss enjoying;
My flesh in hope shall rest. [*Mor. translation.*

HYMN CLXXXIX.—Y. M.

For the same.

O Church, adore and wonder,
Thy head and Saviour yonder
Hangs on the cross's tree !
Behold him, whilst expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby grace, life and liberty.

2. Draw near, thou wilt discover,
How blood and sweat all over
His sacred body dies ;
Out of his heart most noble,
For inexhausted trouble,
Sighs are successive foll'wing sighs.

3. Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face ?
Thou art no sin's transactor,
Thou art no malefactor,
Like others of the human race.

4. I, I, and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
Exceed the sea-shore sands,
These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season,
Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.

5. I ought to have been pained,
And fast for ever chained
Both hand and foot in hell ;
The bonds and scourges tearing,

Which thou, my God, wast bearing,
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.

6. I'll be 'mongst the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load;
Thou tak'st my curse infliction,
Giv'st for it benediction,
Thy death procures my peace with God.

7. As surety thou presentest
Thyself; to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou wearest,
All pain and scorn thou bearest
With patience never known before.

8. Into death's jaws thou leaping
Provid'st for my escaping,
That I its sting mayn't prove;
My curse and condemnation
Thou bear'st for my salvation;
O most unheard of fire of love!

9. The highest obligations
Bind me thro' all life's stations,
I" express my thanks to thee;
Weak as I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10. While here on earth I'm living,
I have nought worth the giving
To thee for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,

Till soul and body sever,
Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.
11. Thy sighs and groans unnumber'd,
And from thy heart encumber'd,
The countless tears forth prest:
These shall at my dismission
To final rest's fruition
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

[*Moravian translation.*

HYMN CXC.—L. M.

To be sung in the time of Communion.

COME all ye weary sinners come,
Come hasten in, fill up this room,
Here is a feast prepar'd by love;
Come taste the blessing from above.
2. Here is a lamb, for you 'tis slain,
Who died in sorrow, grief and pain,
Who spared not his precious blood:
But freely spilt it for your good.
3. Remember, that for you he died,
Your great salvation to provide,
To save your souls from endless pain,
And bring you home to God again.
4. Though you have erred from his way,
Like wand'ring sheep have gone astray:
By him ye shall be made to know,
The way in which ye ought to go.
5. O! helpless creatures, poor and blind,
The Lord is gracious, good and kind,

Your sins he freely will forgive,
And cause your dying souls to live.

6. O ! eat and drink with thankfulness,
Partake the bounties of his grace.
Receive what he will freely give,
Who died for you, that you should live.

7. Your off'rings now with gladness bring
Praise him, the great eternal King:
Shew forth his mercies, make them known,
And live that you may die his own.

8. Here call his mercies all to mind,
His mercies all of ev'ry kind,
Are numberless and very great,
Far more than mortals can relate.

9. Ye, who were once condemn'd to hell,
Where fallen angels are to dwell:
The place where fear and darkness reign,
The place of endless dread and pain.

10. But Jesus now has set you free,
And by his grace are made to be:
Here at this feast a welcome guest,
To share his blessings with the blest.

11. O blessed message from above,
To you from God, the God of love,
Who pities you, for Jesus sake,
And now invites you to partake.

12. O come ye then, partake the feast,
O come and be the Saviour's guest;
Though bread and wine appears but giv'n,
'Tis life itself, come down from heav'n.

13. Oh ! sinners, now on you I call,
Oh ! sinners, I invite you all,
Oh ! sinners, now repent and b'lieve ;
Oh ! sinners, come to Christ and live.
14. The feast is now for you prepar'd,
The Lord has in his word declar'd,
That sinners of the vilest kind ;
In Jesus may salvation find.
15. The great Redeemer died for you,
Partake the feast and prove it true ;
Come sinners, now accept the call,
And live for him, who died for all.

HYMN CXCI.—L. M.

For the same.

O Jesus ! thou my precious friend,
Here at thy table I attend,
Here Lord, I come with sin oppress'd,
Yet, I desire to be thy guest.
2. Thy table for poor sinners spread,
Affords to them that living bread ;
That bread, which hung'ry souls do need,
And is their staff of life indeed.
3. Jesus, this feast himself ordain'd,
Great are the blessings here obtain'd,
The choicest and the richest food,
Is his dear body and his blood.
4. Jesus, who died, our souls to save,
Himself this great commandment gave,
By faith partake this bread and wine,
That ye may be forever mine.

5. Remember me for you I died,
The Father's wrath I pacifi'd,
If this my blessed will ye do,
Then ye shall prove and find it so.

6. O! how distressing was the sight.
Behold the Saviour in the night;
The night in which he was betray'd,
The night he in the garden pray'd.

7. He institutes this ordinance,
This do, to my remembrance:
My body broke, my blood was spilt,
To take away your sins and guilt.

8. When Jesus in the garden lay,
Did to his heav'nly Father pray:
O Father! look with pitying eye,
And let this cruel cup pass by.

9. But O! thy righteous will alone,
That only, O! that must be done.
To drink this cup, this is the plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

10. Thus he did willingly submit,
And yielded to his cruel fate;
Then on the cross he shed his blood,
And died the Paschal Lamb of God.

11. The Lamb for the Passover slain,
Could neither cleanse from sin or stain.
It only shew'd the Lamb to come,
The Lamb, that did for sin atone.

12. When on the cross the Saviour died,
Strict justice then was satisfi'd;

The law then lost its sting and pow'r,
And death could injure us no more.
13. Thus did the Lord salvation bring,
The Lord, who is our glorious King;
By him eternal life is giv'n,
And we are made the heirs of heav'n.
14. We praise the Lord, our gracious Lord
For ev'ry promise in his word:
By which we hear, and see and know,
What wonders Christ, our Lord can do.
15. We praise him for his precious love,
That love which we here taste and prove,
Such love as to the world unknown,
The love God hath to sinners shown.
16. What greater things will come to view
When Jesus we shall fully know,
And live with him in perfect love,
And praise him in the heav'ns above.

HYMN CXCII.—C. M.

For the same.

LORD, here I am to do thy will,
Incline my heart to thee;
O! may I willingly fulfil,
What thou commandest me.
2. To eat this bread and drink this cup,
As thy bless'd orders are,
To work in me a living hope,
Humility and fear
3. Here I commemorate thy death,
Partake this bread and wine;

Cause me to eat and drink by faith,
And make thy blessings mine.

4. Lord, here I view thy love and grace,
Astonishing to me :
That I a wretch of human race,
Should e'er accepted be.

5. Should such a creature as I am,
Be made a welcome guest ;
Dare I such mercies ever claim,
To share among the rest.

6. Can I be worthy of such grace?
A creature so defil'd ;
Can that consist with righteousness :
That I should be a child.

7. Yes, boundless mercy did provide,
That sinners should be free :
When Christ the Lord for sinners died.
He also died for me.

8. His word and blessed ordinance,
Do fully shew and prove :
That I with thanks and reverence,
Should taste and know his love.

9. O ! may my soul be mov'd within,
While I partake this feast ;
My Saviour who saves me from sin,
Make me a worthy guest.

HYMN CXCIII.—C. M.

Return of praise after Communion.

WE praise the blessed Lamb of God,
Who for us freely died ;

Who shed for us his precious blood,
Salvation to provide.

2. His love and grace can't be express'd,
By all the hosts of heav'n,
His mercies, O! they make us bless'd,
Which now to us were giv'n.

3. Dear Jesus, we adore thy name,
Who art our Lord and King,
By thee alone salvation came,
Therefore thy praise we sing.

HYMN CXCIV.—C. M.

For the same.

OF all the gifts thy hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2. Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else sweetly, as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

3. Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

4. Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.

5. We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

[*Newton.*

BEGINNING OF CATECHISING OR SCHOOL

HYMN CXCV.—L. M.

HAPPY the youth that soon begin
To shun and flee the way of sin;
If they receive instruction well,
They will avoid the way to hell.

2. They shall escape a thousand snares,
If they devote their tender years,
To serve the Lord with heart and mind,
And are to all his will resign'd.

3. Daily in virtue to increase:
Is gaining heaven by degrees;
While they who will not seek by times,
At last grow hard'ned in their crimes.

4. If they who are yet in their youth,
Do love to hear and learn the truth;
With ease their souls may be refin'd,
And true religion fill their mind.

5. It is by one and all confess'd,
That all such youth is truly blest;
They shall in all succeeding days,
Be bless'd in all their lives and ways.

HYMN CXCVI.—C. M.

For the same.

HOW precious is God's holy word,
That word of life and peace,

Shews man the way unto the Lord,
The way of happiness.
2. How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who wish the truth to know;
Who seek to find the righteous way,
And strive therein to go.
3. Lord, in thy presence we appear,
Here at thy throne we stand.
Make us thy word of truth to hear,
And live to thy command.
4. O! mighty Shepherd of thy sheep,
Who seekest those that stray;
Thy blessed word and staff can keep
Us in thy righteous way.
5. Teach us the way of life and truth,
The way of righteousness.
Direct O Lord! the wand'ring youth,
The way of life and peace.

HYMN CXCVII.—L. M.

For the same.

APPROACH dear youth unto the Lord,
To hear and learn his holy word:
That sacred word, which God has giv'n,
That word which shews the way to heav'n.
2. Attend and hear, O! precious youth,
O! hear and learn the word of truth,
O! learn to fear and love your God,
Who sav'd you with the Saviour's blood.
3. Pray that the Lord may govern you,
In all you wish, think, say or do;

And let it be your care and aim,
To glorify his holy Name.

4. Youth is the choicest time we know,
That God affords to men below.
Improve the time, O pray be wise,
Secure the great and heav'nly prize.

5. Look on us Lord, assembled here,
With light and life, and love draw near.
Afford us grace, with one accord,
To hear and understand thy word.

6. Grant us thy Holy Spirit's aid,
To grow in thee, our living head,
Let all thy graces be appli'd,
Till we be truly sanctifi'd.

HYMN CXCVIII.—L. M.

For the same.

WE are instructed by the Lord,
When we are taught his holy word:
The way of life is then reveal'd,
To those who to his precepts yield.

2. We pray to thee, O Father! kind,
Fill us with the dear Saviour's mind.
O make us willing to obey,
And follow Jesus in his way.

3. O may we serve him with delight,
Be meek and humble in his sight;
So shall we have our souls possess'd,
With all that makes us truly bless'd.

HYMN CXCIX.—L. M.

For the same.

SHOULD it not be our chief concern
To take the charge of rising youth,
That they be taught to know and learn
The doctrine of the gospel truth.

2. If these, our duties we neglect,
And not instruct the rising race;
What can or may we then expect?
But citizens, corrupt and base.

3. How carefully each parent ought
Devote their children unto God,
And see that they be truly taught
To walk the straight and heav'nly road.

4. Our Saviour and our God to know,
Is everlasting life and peace;
What better then can parents do,
Than truly to provide for this.

5. This charge, the great Jehovah gave,
When he by Moses gave his Laws;
And by Saint Paul the same we have,
And is the same as first it was.

6. What can such wicked parents plead!
This needful duty to refuse;
Our youth, the same instructions need,
As did the youth of ancient Jews.

7. Why should we slight that great command,
And not to teach our youth the word,
Which would give them to understand
The will and counsels of the Lord.

HYMN CC.—C. M.

For the same.

GOD hath commanded in his word,
To teach the tender youth:
In the discipline of the Lord,
And knowledge of the truth.

2. Therefore the christian school is taught,
That rising youth may know,
And learn what ev'ry christian ought
In all their lives to do.

3. It is a pleasing thing to see,
Where virtue is impress'd;
And youth is taught the righteous way,
The way that makes them bless'd.

4. All pious parents do rejoice,
When christian knowledge grows;
And when their children take advice,
Such as the Lord bestows.

5. Dear children take advice and learn,
Obey the Lord's command!
And let it be your chief concern,
His word to understand.

6. God's blessing then will rest on you,
And blessed shall you be;
You shall be blest in all ye do:
Blest to eternity.

HYMN CCI.—C. M

For the same.

O Happy youth that fear the Lord,
And walk in all his ways;
Who take delight to learn his word,
And serve him all their days.

2. In such the Lord will take delight,
He takes them for his own.
And they are pleasing in his sight,
In Jesus, his dear Son.

3. The Lord in mercy, hears their pray'r,
When they pray with their heart;
He keeps them ever in his care,
And ne'er from them will part.

4. Bless'd are the children who despise
To walk the sinful road;
The Lord will make them truly wise,
To learn the word of God.

5. The Lord will keep them in his hand,
And help them when they need;
He gives them grace to understand
The lessons which they read.

6. The blessed Jesus is their friend,
And leads them in his way;
When they do learn, he will attend,
And hear them when they pray.

HYMN CCII.—C. M.

After Catechising or after School.

WE praise thee, Jesus, gracious Lord,
Great Prophet, Priest and King;
We praise thee, for thy blessed word,
Thy praise we join to sing.

2. How bless'd are we, who know our God
Who by his word are taught:
To know that Jesus shed his blood,
And hath us dearly bought.

3. We join to praise his holy name,
All praise to him be giv'n.
To die for us on earth he came :
And made us heirs of heav'n.

4. O may we ever keep in mind,
What Christ for us has done :
For mercies great of ev'ry kind,
Jesus to us has shown.

5. His word it teaches us the way,
The way to life and peace ;
When humbly we to him do pray,
He grants us pard'ning grace,

6. Our life, our health and all we have,
Our blessed Lord does give ;
He came our precious souls to save,
And died that we should live.

7. Since God to us so kind does prove,
We praise him all our days ;
For none but he deserves our love,
And none but he our praise.

8. The Lord will help us all our days,
In grace and love to grow.
We'll strive to walk in all his ways,
As well as we do know.

9. We are in his almighty hands,
Who does for us provide ;
And those who walk in his commands,
Have all their wants suppli'd.

10. The Lord to us is good and kind,
If we his word obey ;

O then we shall be sure to find,
The things for which we pray.
11. For Jesus' sake God will forgive,
The evils we have done.
Teach us a holy life to live,
Like Jesus his dear Son.
12. We pray thee, Lord, keep us from sin,
And ev'ry sinful way:
O may we never walk therein,
Like sheep that go astray.
13. For sinful ways they lead to hell,
The place of endless pain:
Where wicked men and Devils dwell,
And ever shall remain.

HYMN CCIII.—C. M.
For the same.

THE labours of our teachers bless,
Impress them on our mind;
To their endeavours grant success,
Let us the blessing find.
2. Lord, grant us knowledge, zeal and love,
Our little faith increase,
And make us wise, that we may prove,
The things that works our peace.

HYMN CCIV.—C. M.
For the same.

THY heav'nly blessing, Jesus grant,
To these, the present youth.
Give them such light and grace they want,
To understand the truth.

2. Engage their hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve thee all their days,
And cause their hearts and minds to feel,
The workings of thy grace.

ON CONFIRMATION.

HYMN CCV.—L. M.

O Jesus, faithful Shepherd, Lord!
We pray, thy heav'nly grace afford,
Thou art the life, the truth and way,
Thou seekest those that go astray.

2. Look on the flock presented here,
Who at thy throne of grace appear;
They are the purchase of thy blood,
And dedicated unto God.

3. Thy mercy kept them all their days,
Though they have walk'd in sinful ways:
The way wherein great numbers go,
The way that leads to endless woe.

4. Their hearts should be with grief op-
And godly sorrow fill each breast; [press'd
Sure they would mourn, could they but see
How they have err'd and stray'd from thee.

5. O Let thy grace and love be felt,
And cause their stony hearts to melt;
Make deep impressions on their mind,
That makes them humble and resign'd.

6. Shew mercy, Lord, to them, we pray,
Grant light and life, in which they may,
Return to thee, their Lord again,
And faithful until death remain.

HYMN CCVI.—C. M.

On the same.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3. The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4. I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath,
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratifi'd in death.

5. Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

Watts.

HYMN CCVII.—C. M.

On the same.

MY Lord and Saviour govern me,
In all what e'er I do;
In whom should I depend, but thee,
While I am here below.

2. By thee, my soul was dearly bought,
And thus became thy claim.

In all my life I humbly ought,
To prove that such I am.

3. But unto thee, O Lord, 'tis known,
In vain I strive to hide ;
The many evils I have done,
Since I set thee aside.

4. All my engagements were in vain,
My solemn vows are broke,
And I became enslav'd again,
To bear the tempter's yoke.

5. To whom or whither can I flee,
To be again restor'd ;
Who can afford such grace to me,
But Jesus, thou my Lord.

6. Thy promises are my recourse,
To have my strength renew'd ;
To conquer sin and Satan's force,
I trust to thee my God.

HYMN CCVIII.—C. M.

After confirmation.

THE grace of God be with you hence,
And heav'nly aid afford,
To be your shield and sure defence,
To serve your blessed Lord.

2. Like faithful soldiers act your part,
And never yield to sin,
But seek the Lord with all your heart,
The precious prize to win.

3. Remember well the covenant,
That which you now have made,

To bear the Cross, be ye content',
With Christ your living head.

4. O keep in view the great reward,
Look to the life to come,
Which you shall have when Christ your Lord
Shall come to take you home.

5. Lord grant us grace with confidence,
To bear our crosses here,
That when thou callest us from hence,
We may with joy appear.

FOR MARRIAGES.

HYMN CCIX.—C. M.

THOU Lord from whom all blessings flow
Thy blessings fill each land ;
All they who seek thy will to do,
Will find thy bounteous hand.

2. All states of life are blest by thee,
By thee, our Sovereign Lord ;
Such must the state of marriage be,
According to thy word.

3. It was by thy command ordain'd,
Confirm'd and ratified.
And for a great and noble end,
Both blest and sanctified.

4. We join this couple in thy name,
Bless them O gracious God,
And let thy blessings rest on them,
Which is from thee bestow'd.

5. Be thou, their counsel and their guide,
Direct them in thy ways;
And strengthen them on ev'ry side:
In peace to spend their days.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

HYMN CCX.—L. M.

JESUS, the patient's surest friend,
Will ever to his case attend;
He was in all, like man distress'd,
And bore the curse to make us bless'd.

2. In all afflictions we must bear,
We are the objects of his care;
Tho' we are made to feel the rod,
It is to draw us nearer God.

3. Sure we have reason to believe,
He knows the time when to relieve;
When to remove distress and pain,
And to restore our health again.

4. He guards us with his watchful eye,
While we do live, and when we die;
His word and promises are sure,
Nor can they fail for ever more.

5. If thus the Sons of God we be,
We must not seek from him to flee,
When his afflicting hand we feel,
We must submit unto his will.

6. What tho' we suffer for a while,
Distress, and grief, and pain, and toil;
Since ev'ry rod and ev'ry smart,
Is to remorse the hard'ned heart.

7. Then ye distress'd be not afraid,
Nor let your minds be so dismay'd ;
Christ your Physician makes you whole,
Can cure the body and the soul.

HYMN CCXI.—C. M.

For the same.

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
In troubles and distress ;
And let his promise be your guard,
Your trust, your hope and peace.

2. All your complaints to him are known
And open to his view ;
Your ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan,
He hears and answers too.

3. His ways and dealings all are just,
Tho' not as man request ;
Yet all his dispensations must
Then answer for the best.

4. Tho' pain and sickness bear you down
Like as a heavy load ;
Yet all may serve to gain the crown,
Bestow'd on you from God.

5. Here view the footsteps of his love,
And tokens of his grace,
Whom he relieves, he must reprove,
That they may learn his ways.

6. And shouldst thou pass the vale of death,
The Lord will be thy friend ;
And breathing of the latest breath,
Thy life in peace shall end.

HYMN CCXII.—L. M.

For the same.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCXIII.—C. M.

For such as are supposed to be just expiring.

MY warfare now will soon be o'er,
My struglings will be past,
And I shall pant and groan no more,
But be reliev'd at last.

2. I soon shall breathe my latest breath,
And see an end to pain;
Therefore I will submit to death!
For I shall live again.

3. Sure I can never be deceiv'd
By him who died for me;

By him I was from death repriev'd
And set at liberty.
4. Not all the pow'rs of sin and death
Against me can prevail ;
Nor all the force from Hell beneath,
Shall cause his word to fail.
5. My Saviour bears me safely through,
And brings me to that place ;
Where all his glories I shall view,
And ever see his face.
6. Why should I fear to go from hence,
This present life to end ;
I have establish'd confidence,
That Jesus is my friend.
7. My troubles and my sorrows cease,
And I shall be at rest ;
My soul shall enter into peace,
And be with Jesus bless'd.
8. My soul desires to leave this clay,
And find a better home ;
And wait that bless'd and happy day :
To see my Saviour come.

HYMN CCXIV.—C. M.

For the same.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same.
2. With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,

When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the Holy Child ;
3. "Now I can leave this world, he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies ;
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.
4. "This is the light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."
5. [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
6. Then will ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCXV.—C. M.

For the same.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?
2. With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade ;

The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
5. Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to this heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
6. God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCXVI.—C. M.

For those that are long confined to a sick bed.

A Helpless creature here I lie,
A mere abject to men ;
Tho' day and night for help I cry,
My troubles still remain.
2. No prospect of relief I see,
From these, my heavy chains ;
An act of wonder it would be,
To free me of my pains.
3. With pains confin'd unto my bed,
The only place I have ;
Perhaps till numb'red with the dead,
And shrouded in the grave.
4. But what impatience do I feel,
When I should be at rest !

To know this, is my Maker's will,
Which serves to make me bless'd.
5. My troubles are increas'd the more.
Of greater weight they are ;
When I must feel the tempter's pow'r,
Who would have me despair.
6. Who tells me I need not to pray,
Nor trust unto the Lord,
That I am but a castaway
That cannot be restor'd.
7. Should Christ afflict his people thus :
This is the tempter's cry ;
Should he who ever loved us,
With such afflictions try.
8. But O, my Saviour bear me through,
Still keep my faith alive ;
Help me to keep the prize in view,
Till I in heav'n arrive.

THANKSGIVING AFTER SICKNESS.

HYMN CCXVII.—C. M.

ETERNAL praises to my Lord,
My soul desires to give ;
My health it is again restor'd,
And I am spar'd to live.
2. My feeble body lay oppress'd,
My soul was fill'd with grief ;
I was on ev'ry side distress'd,
Whilst hopeless of relief.
3. My life approach'd the brink of death,
Just on the verge I lay :

I nearly breath'd my latest breath,
Which almost fled away.
4. But God has still prolong'd my days,
Vouchsaf'd my life to save :
And I will live unto his praise,
Whilst life and breath I have.
5. His mercies I will ne'er forget,
But thankful will I be ;
The mercies of my God are great !
Which he has shown to me.
6. When all the help of man had fail'd
To ease me of my pain :
When death itself almost prevail'd,
The Lord help'd me again.
7. The wonders thou my God hast wrought,
My soul shall e'er adore ;
Till I can praise thee as I ought,
And thank thee ever more.

HYMN CCXVIII.—C. M.

For the same.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song ;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
2. The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
3. When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands ;

Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
4. If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.
5. To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave;
Thy power is all my trust!"
6. He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

HYMN CCXIX.—L. M.

For the same.

MY God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice!
Restor'd by thy Almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
2. With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
3. Wherefore, ye saints! rejoice with me
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
4. His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;

Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day!

5. Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive, that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.

6. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undevided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

DEATH AND BURIALS.

HYMN CCXX.—C. M.

REAL christians need not fear to die,
Or to depart from here;
Since death bears them to God on high!
Where their great treasures are.

2. No pain or groan, or dying strife,
Should fright their souls away;
Since they shall find a better life
Soon as they leave this clay.

3. Let me depart my Lord! to meet
And stretch my feeble hands:
And grasp the joys that are complete
In yonder happy lands.

4. Then let me bow my dying head
Into the arms of death!
And rest in Christ my dying bed,
And breathe my latest breath.

HYMN CCXXI.—C. M.

For the same.

TO live in Christ is life indeed,
And so to die is gain;
Since by his death my soul is freed
From sin and endless pain.

2. My soul desires with him to be,
And see him as he is;
That grace which he bestows on me,
Confirms that I am his.

3. I harbour neither doubt nor fear,
That I shall be deceiv'd;
And I shall see my Saviour there,
In whom I here believ'd.

4. Tho' here I bear the Cross a while,
And suffer with my Lord;
For all my labour pain and toil,
He will be my reward.

5. When he shall raise me from the dust,
And fashion me anew;
And be permitted with the just:
His face in heav'n to view.

HYMN CCXXII.—L. M.

For the same.

YE careless sons of men be wise!
Here view the corpse before your eyes;
The soul has left the house of clay,
And some where else she has her stay.

2. The world of spirits is her home,
There to remain till Christ shall come

To raise the body from the dust:
That of the wicked and the just.
3. The body laid into the tomb,
Has its remote and silent home;
Where darkness and destruction reign,
Till it is rais'd to life again.
4. But O, the soul that never dies,
Still waiting till the body rise;
Shall meet and join her former mate,
And share their everlasting fate.
5. How happy must such meeting be,
To meet the Saviour and to see:
That by his merits and his grace,
They find a better home and place.
6. But O, how gloomy is the thought!
To think that sinners must be brought
To stand and hear the Saviour say:
Depart from me, ye curs'd away.
7. Ye living then come take a view,
Remember ye are mortals too;
Seek ye the Lord and watch and pray!
Be ready for your dying day.

HYMN CCXXIII.—C. M.

For the same.

NOW my departure is at hand;
From hence I must remove!
To join the bless'd celestial band
In the bright realms above.
2. My warfare and contests are o'er,
And I can welcome death;

In spite of sin and Satan's pow'r,
I fought and kept the faith.
3. And thus I finished my course,
And passed safely through ;
My Lord who conquers ev'ry force,
Made me to conquer too.
4. My conflicts and debates are pass'd,
And my salvation seal'd ;
My victories are gain'd at last,
Now as I quit the field.
5. The crown of life laid up for me :
And all who love the Lord ;
For all my suff'rings here shall be
A gracious great reward.

HYMN CCXXIV.—C. M.

For the same.

OUR days on earth are sad and few,
Distress'd on ev'ry side ;
In all our lives we find it true ;
This cannot be denied.
2. The age of three score years and ten,
An age that few do live ;
But sorrow, trouble, grief and pain,
Is all that age can give.
3. Why should it be our chief concern,
To grasp at shaddows here ;
Much greater lessons could we learn,
To make us happy there.
4. We know that we are born to die ;
Was all the world our own :

Yet swift our precious moments fly,
And quickly we are gone.
5. May God be pleas'd to grant us grace,
And make us wise to know,
That we may seek a better place,
Than all this world below.

HYMN CCXXV.—C. M.

For the same.

JESUS, my hope and confidence;
My Saviour, life and peace ;
I know that he is my defence,
His love will never cease.
2. The long and tedious night of death,
Can't cause me to despair ;
My hope my trust and living faith,
Removes all doubts and fear.
3. Jesus, my Lord, for ever lives,
And I shall live likewise ;
Yes, I shall be where Jesus is,
And see him with mine eyes.
4. Why should I doubt or feel afraid,
Since Jesus is my friend ;
Like members with a living head,
With him I shall ascend.
5. Like him I shall be glorified,
And worship at his throne ;
And live for him who for me died,
And wholly be his own.
6. Tho' I must lay this body down,
To mingle with the clay,

Till wak'ned by the trumpet sound,
In that great solemn day.
7. Then I shall be restor'd again,
And like the angels shine;
No more subject to death or pain,
Immortal and divine.

HYMN CCXXVI.—C. M.

For the Burial of an Infant.

YE christian parents dry your tears,
O why should they be shed!
This may solace your cares and fears,
Jesus will raise the dead.
2. Your infants laid into the earth,
Which grieves you to the heart;
A short time they survive their birth,
Until they must depart.
3. Your tender branches torn away,
To wither in their bloom;
But look ye forward to the day,
When Christ the Lord shall come.
4. Then shall your children be restor'd;
And never die again:
But live and dwell with Christ the Lord,
And freed from death and pain.
5. Then shall their bodies be renew'd
And like the Saviour's shine;
Consisting not of flesh and blood,
But heav'nly and divine.
6. How happy will your meeting be,
Before the Saviour's face,

Where your dear children you shall see,
In heav'n, that happy place.

HYMN CCXXVII.—C. M.

For the same.

AS fades the lovely blooming flow'rs,
And with the winds do fly:
Just such are they who live but hours,
And only born to die.

2. It is beyond the greatest art,
To move that load of care;
It wounds the tender parent's heart,
Which nature has to bear.

3. O let the gospel then be nigh,
It is the strongest aid;
Such consolations never die,
That Christ shall raise the dead.

HYMN CCXXVIII.—L. M.

At the interring of the corpse.

HERE we commit unto the dust,
This body in the grave to rest;
We place this body here to lay,
Here for to moulder and decay.

2. Not here forever to remain,
For Christ will raise the dead again,
In that great day when he shall come,
To fix and settle all our doom.

3. In judgment we must all appear,
And shew how we have lived here:

Our just reward we shall receive,
Such as the righteous Judge shall give.

4. O man! be wise, learn what thou art,
Be wise and act the prudent part;
Thou canst not always here remain,
Thou must return to dust again.

5. Our days how soon they pass away,
In this vain world, how short our stay!
When all our pain and toil is past,
Then death will bear us off at last.

6. Why should we then for earthly toys,
Exchange a life of endless joys;
Should we so blind and careless be,
To trifle with eternity.

7. O Lord, in mercy grant us grace,
Teach us to number all our days,
And in thy service each to spend,
Until this mortal life we end.

HYMN CCXXIX.—C. M.

For the same.

THIS body in the grave is laid,
Here to return to dust:
As God to father Adam said,
That all our bodies must.

2. Not here forever to remain,
For Christ himself shall come,
And call the dead to live again,
And raise them from the tomb.

3. The graves must all give up their dead,
And ev'ry other place;

God's great commands must be obey'd,
And all the dead must raise.
4. All must appear before their Lord,
And their just sentence hear;
Likwise receive their just reward,
Such as their actions were.
5. May we be wise while here we live:
O may we seek and try,
And take advice, as Christ doth give,
To live and learn to die.
6. How swift our precious moments pass,
How soon our days are fled;
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, alas!
We're number'd with the dead.
7. O careless man be wise and think,
What will become of thee:
Who now art standing on the brink,
Of vast eternity.

HYMN CCXXX.—S. M.

For the same.

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
2. Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till thy triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3. God, my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies

Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.
4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Be heav'nly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe.
Lord to thy dying love;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above,
6. Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

[*Watts.*

GENERAL JUDGMENT.

HYMN CCXXXI.—L. M.

REMEMBER man that awful day,
When all in judgment must appear,
When none can screen or flee away,
But stand their sentence there to hear.
2. When all the nations of the earth,
Yea all that are of Adam's race,
From East and West, and South and North
Are call'd before their Judge's face.
3. Impartial judgment then shall pass,
Without indulgence or regard;
And ev'ry rank and ev'ry class,
Receive their just and due reward.

4. There no respect to man is paid,
But all must stand the solemn test:
The beggar and the crowned head,
Must be for ever curs'd or blest.
5. Those sins and vices here conceal'd,
And hidden from the eyes of men,
Shall be to public view reveal'd,
With ev'ry blot and guilt and stain.
6. What dread will seize the guilty mind,
And what a burning hell within;
What horrors will those wretches find,
Who liv'd and died in wilful sin.
7. Our minds impress'd with such a thought
Should fill our hearts with holy fear,
And this should never be forgot:
In judgment we must all appear.

HYMN CCXXXII.—S. M.

For the same.

MUST I in judgment stand?
Before my Lord appear;
Shall I appear at his right hand?
Or sentenc'd to despair.
2. Will then my Saviour say:
Come join the heav'nly hosts?
Or must I then be drove away,
To the infernal coasts?
3. O what will be my state,
When I from hence shall flee?
O matters of the greatest weight,
To launch eternity!

4. It strikes an awful gloom,
Far more than I can tell:
When I think on the life to come,
And where I am to dwell.
5. To hear the trumpet sound,
And see the flaming skies,
And my great Judge in glory crown'd,
What fears will then arise!
6. O how shall I appear,
In that tremendious day?
When I my Judge's voice shall hear:
Say, come, or go away.
7. O Saviour hear my pray'r;
Such witness grant to me:
Make me assur'd, when I appear,
That I shall go with thee.

HYMN CCXXXIII.—L. M.

For the same.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!
2. From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4. Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

[*Williston's selection.*

OF HEAVEN AND FUTURE HAPPINESS.

HYMN CCXXXIV.—C. M.

HOW greatly will my soul rejoice!
How happy will I be:
When I shall hear my Saviour's voice,
Say come ye unto me.

2. O come ye blessed and possess,
Your kingdom is prepar'd:
For all your troubles and distress,
You have a great reward.

3. With joy I shall to Jesus go,
My Saviour, Lord and Friend,
And all my sorrows here below,
For evermore shall end.

4. There I shall dwell at his right hand,
And freed from ev'ry pain;
Remov'd from danger I shall stand,
And ne'er distress'd again.

5. There I shall eat that living bread,
And shall for ever live;
Drink of the fount and living head,
Which Christ my Lord shall give.

6. I shall be blest in Jesus' blood;
That blood which freely stream'd

By which I have access to God,
And know myself redeem'd.
7. My soul with joy is entertain'd,
In Jesus' kingdom here;
But greater treasures will be gain'd,
When I shall enter there.

HYMN *CCXXXV.*—L. M.
For the same.

EXCEEDING great is the reward,
To such who strive to serve the Lord;
Who persevere and still endure,
To war with sin and Satan's pow'r.
2. By self-experience they know,
What sorrows they must undergo,
'Till they obtain and gain the field,
'Till ev'ry foe to them must yield.
3. How blest are they who run this course,
In spite of Satan and his force:
They gain the vict'ry and the prize,
And enter in eternal joys.
4. Their suff'rings, conflicts, war and strife
Will fit them for a better life:
Such happiness they never knew,
Shall then be open to their view.
5. In yonder world shall be reveal'd,
The life of God in Christ conceal'd,
Such glories as no one can paint,
Shall be reveal'd in ev'ry saint.
6. All acts of love the christian wrought,
Such as the world regarded not,

The Lord will cause them to appear,
And shew that such had serv'd him here.

7. Eye hath not seen, nor ear yet heard,
What treasures Jesus has prepar'd;
For those who love him with their heart,
With him they have their lot and part.

8. With him they shall in glory dwell,
Where happiness shall never fail;
Where war and strife shall be no more,
But peace for evermore endure.

9. In that great day they shall arise,
And meet their Saviour in the skies;
Their bodies chang'd and glorified!
They meet the lamb and are his bride.

HYMN CCXXXVI.—L. M.
For the same.

TO bear the cross a few days more,
Will fit us for that happy day:
When all our suff'rings heretofore,
Shall be for ever done away.

2. The virtues strive to serve the Lord,
And seek his blessed will to do;
In yonder world is their reward,
For all their suff'rings here below.

3. Oft times they feel their souls enjoy'd,
When they have heav'nly things in view:
But soon their pleasures are destroy'd;
No joys are perfect here below.

4. We are but men and oft we fail;
What changes in this life take place;

When Satan, world and flesh prevail,
How soon it mars and breaks our peace.
5. With pain and sickness here oppress'd,
And such like evils interpose,
Our minds are griev'd, our hearts distress'd,
When we must war with such like foes.
6. No constant happiness is found,
As long as we on earth abide,
When sin besets us all around,
And we are tried on ev'ry side.
7. Lo here we seek, but there we find,
Where we in glory shall appear,
And perfect peace shall fill the mind,
And banish ev'ry doubt and fear.

HYMN CCXXXVII.—V. M.
For the same.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth ;
O ! what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart deriveth !
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.
2. Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour ;
Of what should I be afraid,
I with him shall live forever.
Can the *head* forsake *his* limb,
And not draw it after him ?
3. No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation ;

And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4. Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced,
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And convey'd to endless bliss
Live where my Redeemer is !

5. In my body, when restor'd
To the likeness of his Body,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
My beloved in his glory ;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

6. These mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold and know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,
Him to see shall have the favour :
Grieving, pining in the clay
Ever shall be done away.

7. What here sickens, sighs and groans,
There o'er death shall prove victorious :
Earthly here are sown my bones,
Heav'nly they shall rise and glorious :
What is natural sown here,
Shall rise spiritual there.

8. Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory.

Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory:
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

[*Moravian translation.*

HYMN CCXXXVIII.—C. M.

For the same.

GOD hath laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

2. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

3. There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space;
I'll spend a long eternity
In never ceasing praise.

4. Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5. Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

[*Moravian translation.*

HYMN CCXXXIX.—C. M.

For the same.

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3. There gen'rous fruit that never fails,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4. O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

[*Williston's selection.*

MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN CCXL.—C M.

NOW from my bed of sleep I rise,
My voice to God I raise;
This is my morning sacrifice:
To sing my maker's praise.

2. His blessed angels kept my guard !
While sleeping here I lay ;
And by the mercies of my Lord,
I see another day.

3. The night is fled and darkness gone,
And I awake to see
The day approach with heav'nly dawn,
And blessings unto me.

4. While many of my fellow men,
Lay on their dying bed !
And thus oppress'd with mortal pain,
Are number'd with the dead.

5. But I was spar'd and truly blest,
What grace to me was shown !
I lay secure in peace to rest
To see the rising Sun.

HYMN CCXLI.—L. M.

For the same.

AWAKE my soul, my mind awake!
And with the ang'lic host partake,
And join with them thy voice to raise:
And sing the great Creators' praise.

2. O may the Lord my soul inspire !
And fill my heart with pure desire ;
And may my songs of praise and love
Reach far beyond the skies above.

3. I praise my Lord who safely kept,
And guarded me thus while I slept:
And I am spar'd again to rise,
And view his blessings with mine eyes.

4. Had not my God protected me,
What wretched creature would I be ;
I might have wak'd in endless pain,
Where I should seek relief in vain.
5. But O what off'rings can I bring
To thee, my gracious Lord and King !
Thy gracious hand for me prepar'd,
That I am yet through mercy spar'd.
6. Thy blessings compass me around ;
Thy grace on ev'ry side is found :
My chief concern it e'er should be,
My God ! to praise and worship thee.

HYMN CCXLII.—S. M.
For the same.

MY soul shall worship thee,
My Sovereign Lord on high !
I 'wake another day to see,
Which cheers the 'wakening eye.
2. The birds that mount the air,
They lisp their morning praise :
And should not I likewise prepare ?
To shew my Saviour's grace.
3. The morning light appears,
And darkness flies away ;
The heart of ev'ry creature cheers,
To meet the rising day.
4. Jesus, my rising Sun,
My soul desires to view,
Thy dawning in my heart begun !
My darkness banish'd too.

5. O cause thy light to shine,
With all its life and pow'r:
And in that dark'ned heart of mine,
Have light for evermore.

HYMN CCXLIII.—C. M.
For the same.

THE Lord who reigns above the skies!
At his commanding word:
The Sun doth ev'ry morning rise,
And spreads his light abroad.

2. He runs his course from East to West,
And never makes a stay;
His travels makes all nations bless'd,
By forming night and day.

3. He gives a gracious light and heat,
To all that moves below;
His offices perform'd complete,
Will cause all plants to grow.

4. May I, like the obedient Sun,
My daily task fulfil;
Like him, my stage of duty run,
And do my Maker's will.

5. Jesus, my Sun of righteousness,
O may I feel thee near,
And trust thy faithful promises,
'Till thou thyself appear.

HYMN CCXLIV.—C. M.
For the same.

O Let me praise my Saviour's love,
Whose gifts are ever new;

Who sends his blessings from above,
Like as the morning dew.

2. O let me then with joy appear!
And worship at his throne;
With songs of praise his love declare,
And shew what he has done.

3. He guarded me through all the night,
And ev'ry fatal hour;
Once more I am restor'd to light,
By his Almighty pow'r.

4. May I be in his gracious hands,
An object of his care:
And may I yield to his commands
With reverence and fear.

5. Dear Lord I give myself to thee,
And pray for grace divine,
That I may live and die to be
Thine, and for ever thine.

HYMN CCXLV.—C. M.

For the same.

NOW I awake to praise my Lord,
Who kept me safe this night:
Who brought me by his angel's guard,
To see the morning light.

2. And now I leave my bed of rest,
And to my Maker pray:
I pray, that he may make me bless'd,
In all I do this day.

3. O! may I truly thankful be,
To God, the God of love:

For daily he bestows on me,
His blessings from above.
4. Teach me O Lord to do thy will,
Thy just commands obey,
Not do, nor speak, nor wish no ill,
Therein to go astray.
5. O ! heav'nly Father, I am thine,
Bought with the Saviour's blood,
My heart and will to thee incline,
To thee, my gracious God.
6. Lord, be thou with me all this day,
Teach me to do thy will ;
Grant me thy grace, that so I may
Thy just commands fulfil.
7. Now I commit myself to thee,
To thee, my God, I pray ;
Defend, direct, and govern me,
And ever with me stay.

HYMN *CCXLVI.*—C. M.
For the same.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes :
Once more, my voice thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;

My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4. [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6. Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCXLVII.—C. M.

For the same.

MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose:
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2. Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

3. In pressing dangers, fears and death
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4. My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

[*Williston's selection.*

EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN *CCXLVIII.*—C. M.

MY thankful tribute I will pay,
And offer songs of praise.
To God who guarded me this day,
And lets me know his grace.

2. Since by his mercy, love and pow'r,
I liv'd this day to spend;
And I can witness this once more,
That God has prov'd my friend.

3. My evening sacrifice shall be,
The praise and thanks I owe;
And as my God enables me,
I'll love and serve him too.

4. For all thy blessings from above,
That are on me bestow'd;
My soul shall make returns of love,
To thee my gracious God.

5. O pardon me, for Jesus' sake,
What evils I have done;
Since no atonement I can make,
That I can claim or own.

6. O Guard me safely through the night,
And let me rest in peace,
Until I see the morning-light,
And thank thee for thy grace.

HYMN CCXLIX.—L. M.

For the same.

THIS day is spent, the night is come,
And I am nearer to my home :
That home which will for evermore,
Remain when this my home is o'er.

2. O has it been my wish and care,
For that long home still to prepare ;
Has not my precious time run waste,
Just as the day that now is past.

3. Now when I lay these things to heart,
And view myself in ev'ry part ;
When I research myself and see,
What guilt may then be charg'd on me.

4. Hadst thou not spared me through grace,
O what would be my present case !
My soul would with this day have fled,
Into the regions of the dead.

5 O may it be thy gracious will,
To keep me in thy favour still ;
Grant me this night to rest in peace,
Secur'd in Christ, my righteousness.

6. To thee, O gracious Lord I pray,
Let all my sins be done away !
I plead the merits of thy Son,
For all the evils I have done.

7. And should I die before I 'wake,
Unto thyself my spirit take :
My body in the grave to rest,
Until I rise with all thy bless'd

HYMN CCL.—C. M.

For the same.

DEAR Lord accept my evening song,
Such as my soul can raise;
Receive the off'rings of my tongue,
And help me sing thy praise.

2. Through grace and mercy I was spar'd,
To close another day:
O may I duly be prepar'd!
My tribute now to pay.

3. What can I offer thee my Lord,
To recompense thy love;
Yea, all I have or could afford,
Would not sufficient prove.

4. Thy mercies are beyond degree,
They cannot be express'd;
Thy blessings still bestow'd on me,
Can only make me blest.

5. What numbers of the human race,
This evening weep and mourn;
The evils which with some took place,
Are scarcely to be borne.

6. What accidents of grief and woe,
Were many made to share:
To trace this vale of tears below,
We find such ev'ry where.

7. Why was it not my lot and fate,
Like such to feel the rod?
Who kept me in a better state,
But thou my gracious God!

8. How greatly should this humble me
That such a worm as I,
An object of thy grace should be,
Such mercies to enjoy.
9. I praise thee O my Lord and King,
Thy goodness I adore;
My soul shall of thy mercies sing,
And thank thee evermore.

HYMN *CCLI.—C. M.*
For the same.

LORD I prepare to take repose,
Since much fatigued I am;
May I in peace my eye-lids close,
And rest in Jesus' name.
2. The notice of thy watchful eye,
Can keep my life secure;
Enclos'd within thy vail to lie,
Defends from Satan's pow'r.
3. Through all the changes of this day,
Thy love to me was shown;
Thy countless blessings ev'ry way,
On me were shower'd down.
4. Unworthy as I am indeed,
Thy gifts were not withheld;
In ev'ry time of want and need,
Thy succour never fail'd,
5. My labours for this day I close,
And cast my cares away;
I lay me down to take repose,
Until another day.

6. But first my off'ring I will bring,
To thee my Lord and God,
And praise, and thank thee, O my King,
For all thy hand bestow'd.

HYMN *CCLII.*—*C. M.*
For the same.

UNTO the Lord, my gracious God,
I offer humble praise;
Whose mercies are to me renew'd;
Which I enjoy always.

2. How great his love to me has been,
Beyond the reach of mind;
Though I have spent this day in sin,
His mercies still I find.

3. This day is gone, and spent and past,
And will return no more:
Thus to eternity I haste,
With ev'ry fleeting hour.

4. With ev'ry closing of the day,
And setting of the sun,
My precious moments fly away,
And choicest minutes run.

5. Could I but know how vile I am,
And feel my wretched state:
My soul would fill with fear and shame,
With sorrow and regret

6. O wretched is my state indeed,
I must confess and own;
And what can I poor sinner plead?
In all that I have done.

7. For Jesus' sake my sins forgive!
Cause me in peace to sleep ;
In thy protection me receive,
And safely there to keep.

HYMN CCLIII.—L. M.

For the same.

PRAISE thou my soul, the Lord on high,
For daily strength and new supply ;
For keeping me this day from ill,
For sending me his blessings still.

2. Forgive what I this day have done,
Cause me my follies to bemoan ;
Defend me with thy mighty arm,
And keep me all this night from harm.

3. Let me with sweet and calm repose,
Now lying down my eye-lids close ;
Let me awake to praise thy name,
And always sing thy glorious fame.

4. O keep my soul from dread and fear,
No pow'rs of darkness enter here ;
But cause thy light of grace to shine,
Into this dark'ned heart of mine.

HYMN CCLIV.—C. M.

For the same.

TO thee, great Lord, my heav'nly King,
My pray'r and praise shall be,
My soul shall of thy mercies sing,
Which thou hast shown to me.

2. From all the dangers of this day,
Thou Lord hast kept me free ;
Thou art my only trust and stay,
And thankful I should be.

3. Now Lord this day is past and gone,
And darkness covers me ;
Now I should think on what I've done,
And what my case may be.

4. Have I to thee obedient been,
To serve thee all this day ?
Have I this day avoided sin,
Have I not gone astray ?

5. Could I but know how vile I am,
And my transgressions see,
Thy mercies, Lord, I durst not claim,
Nor lift mine eyes to thee.

6. How oft in thought, and word and deed
Have I offended thee ;
Yet I my Soviour's merits plead,
Which have aton'd for me.

7. Therefore, O Lord ! I pray to thee,
Forgive what I have done,
My gracious Lord will pardon me,
For Jesus' sake alone.

8. And now I lay me down to sleep,
To take my needful rest ;
I pray the Lord, my life to keep,
As he may think it best.

HYMN CCLV.—L. M.

For the same.

GLORY to thee, my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

2. Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee
I, e're I sleep at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, so I may dread,
The Grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Triumphant rise on the last day.

4. O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'r of darkness me molest.

6. Let my blest guardian whilst I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
Divine love into me instill,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7. Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above ye Ang'lic Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

[*Bishop Kenn.*

HYMN CCLVI.—C. M.

For the same.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies

2. Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3. Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around ;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !

4. What have I done for him who dy'd
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as the minutes roll.

5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

[*Watts.*

TABLE HYMNS.

HYMN CCLVII.—L. M.

Before Meat.

GREAT God, from whom all blessings flow,
To all thy creatures here below,
Thou hearest us, Lord, when we cry,
And freely dost our wants supply.

2. We pray thee, Lord, bless this our food,
Which is prepared for our good,
That we thereby refresh'd may be,
And render all our praise to thee.

HYMN CCLVIII.—C. M.

For the same.

THE Lord who knoweth all we need,
Supplies our ev'ry wants;
His bounteous hands all creatures feed,
And all we need he grants.

2. The Lord abounds with tender love,
To all the human race;
He sends his blessings from above,
And shews on earth his grace.

3. Kind Lord be with thy blessings near,
And bless what thou dost give;
Bless this our food prepared here,
That which we now receive.

HYMN CCLIX.—C. M.

After Meat.

THANKS unto thee, O Lord we give,
For what we have enjoy'd;
The daily food on which we live,
Thou daily dost provide.

2. Thy bounteous hand our table spread,
And furnish'd us with food:
By which we are refresh'd and fed,
Thanks be to thee, our God.

HYMN CCLX.—C. M.

For the same.

THE Lord who doth my wants supply,
And ever proves my aid,
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And gives them daily feed.

2. He gives me feed and raiment too,
And all I need besides;
And while I live on earth below,
My God for me provides.

HYMN CCLXI.—L. M.

For the same.

LORD! we return our praise to thee,
O! that we could but thankful be:
The blessings of thy bounteous hand,
Supplies the wants of ev'ry land.

2. By thee, the Lord, our living head,
Our mortal bodies now are fed,
Thy mercy Lord, thy love and grace,
Shall ever be our songs of praise.

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

HYMN CCLXII.—C. M.

O Lord, our mighty Father, thou
Who art in heav'n above,
View us, thy children here below,
With pity, grace and love.

2. O may thy great and glorious name,
To all the world be known;

Thy sacred word, thy pow'r and fame,
Be to all nations shown.

3. Thy kingdom come, and let us know
The pow'r of saving grace;
Increase the christian church below,
In peace and righteousness.

4. Thy holy will be done on earth,
As it is done in heav'n:
Let all who are of human birth,
Obey thy counsels giv'n.

5. Give unto us our daily bread,
And all we need besides:
By thee is ev'ry creature fed,
Thy hand for all provides.

6. Forgive us all our sins we pray;
Our hearts with grace renew;
And that with all our hearts we may
Forgive our debtors too.

7. Guard us in each distressing hour,
When Satan, world and sin,
Attack us with their art and pow'r,
And strive to take us in.

8. From all such evils as these are,
Deliver us, O Lord;
And when temptations we must bear,
Thy aid to us afford.

9. Thine is the kingdom and the pow'r,
And majesty divine,
All praise and glory evermore,
And honours all are thine.

ON THE CREATION.

HYMN CCLXIII.—L. M.

LORD when I view thy mighty pow'r,
Thy wisdom and thy wond'rous ways,
I stand amaz'd, yet evermore,
I fain would shew thy love and praise.

2. Mine eyes behold where e'er I look,
More wonders than I can relate;
To read the whole of nature's book,
It shews that thou art wond'rous great.

3. Who sets the sun to run his rout?
Who fix'd and caus'd the change of moon?
Who brings both day and night about?
By thy Almighty hand 'tis done.

4. Who sends the late and early rain?
Who brings the winds from South & North?
Who warms the frozen earth again?
That all her seeds and plants come forth.

5. It is thy great Almighty word,
Which caused all these things to be:
They shew thou art the sov'reign Lord,
And all the praise is due to thee.

6. Lord, I am thy creation too,
Created for the noblest end,
And with astonishment I view,
That thou to man shouldst condescend,

7. To grant thy blessings from above,
And make us heirs of endless grace:
Astonishing what wond'rous love,
That God to man would show such grace.

8. All glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
Be to our great Almighty King,
Who lives and reigns for evermore,
To him eternal praises sing.

HYMN CCLXIV.—C. M.

For the same.

"NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

2. Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3. He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand:
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5. With herbs and plants a flow'ry birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
E're there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6. Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8. He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9. Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With God's own image blest.

10. Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young Creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11. Lord while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCLXV.—C. M.

For the same.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing.
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2. 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
4. Yet grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
5. Ye planets to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.
6. The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills.
And his unbounded grandeur flies,
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

[*Watts.*

ON REDEMPTION.

HYMN CCLXVI.—L. M.

O Wonderous and myst'ry great,
On which all men should meditate:
Jesus, the blessed Lamb of God,
Came to redeem us with his blood.
2. The sons of men were doom'd to be
Condemn'd to all eternity.
Not men or angels could restore,
Or ransome man from Satan's pow'r.
3. Had all the hosts of heav'n conspir'd,
To do what justice had requir'd:
All their efforts would never do,
The race of Adam fell too low:

4. Yea, far beyond the reach of all
Did Adam with his children fall;
By none on earth or yet in heav'n
Could sure relief to them be giv'n.
5. None else but Christ, both God and man,
Could e'er complete that glorious plan;
It was himself alone could be,
The Ransom that could set them free.
6. Perfect obedience he did yield,
Till law and prophets were fulfill'd;
And all demands were satisfied,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died.

HYMN CCLXVII.—C. M.

For the same.

WHEN Christ the blessed Saviour died,
And yielded up his ghost;
My suff'rings now are past, he cried,
I die to save the lost.
2. A pardon for our guilt he gain'd,
When Christ for us was slain;
Yet other blessings were obtain'd,
When Jesus rose again.
3. When he ascended up to God,
And took his seat above:
From whence his spirit is bestow'd,
Who sheds abroad his love.
4. Which works in us that living faith;
That faith which can destroy,
The pow'rs of Satan, sin and death,
And fills our hearts with joy.

5. By Jesus' suff'rings we are sav'd,
And fitted for that place:
Where happiness abound indeed,
Before the Saviour's face.

HYMN CCLXVIII.—C. M.

For the same.

HAD not the blessed Son of God,
Who condescended thus:
To come on earth and shed his blood,
Who could have saved us!

2. No sacrifice could e'er be made,
That could atone for sin;
None but the blood the Saviour shed,
Could make our conscience clean.

3. We never could have been restor'd,
Into a state of bliss;
Had it not been that Christ our Lord,
Became our righteousness.

4. In this sad state we must have lain,
To all eternity,
Had we not been reclaim'd again,
By Christ who set us free.

HYMN CCLXIX.—C. M

For the same.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.
3. Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferiour clay.
4. His living pow'r and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
5. To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign:
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
6. Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days:
For ever shall our thankful tongues,
Speak thy deserved praise.

[*Watts*.

THE FALLEN STATE OF MAN.

HYMN CCLXX.—L. M.

THE fall of man how deep and great,
How sad and wretched is his state;
God's image in his soul effac'd!
To all reproach and shame abas'd.
2. Subject to Satan and his pow'r,
Can love and serve his God no more;

The drifts and studies of his mind,
Are of the base and vilest kind.
3. Poor helpless creature in his blood!
Yet lives at enmity with God,
To God and all his ways estrang'd,
Until his heart by grace is chang'd.
4. The head is sick, the heart is faint,
Incurable is the complaint;
The wisest angels from above!
Their sad diseases can't remove.
5. Jesus, physician of the soul,
Can only make such patients whole;
Such medicine as he doth give,
Can make the dying soul to live.
6. His precious blood for sinners shed,
Is the bless'd Balm of Giliad!
A medicine of greater worth
Than all in heav'n or all on earth.
7. Ye sick and fainting souls draw nigh,
To him alone for help apply;
Such wounds and bruises as ye feel,
Will Christ your great physician heal.
8. His love and grace to you abounds;
How sweet his invitation sounds;
Come unto me ye helpless poor,
Your health and life I will restore.

REPENTANCE TO GOD.

HYMN CCLXXI—S. M.

MY soul to God return,
And seek his gracious face;

Well I deserve to sigh and mourn,
Who have abus'd his grace.
2. I lived unconcern'd,
Without a serious thought;
Tho' oft I was reprov'd and warn'd,
Yet I obeyed not.
3. How could it ever be,
That God should e'er forgive;
Astonishing it is to me,
That I am spar'd to live.
4. The blood of Jesus cried,
Thy mercy Lord reveal;
For such I bled, for such I died,
To keep them out of hell.

HYMN CCLXXII.—C. M.

For the same.

REBUKE me not in anger Lord!
Nor cast me quite away,
Nor let me have my just reward,
Have mercy, Lord, I pray.
2. In mercy hear thou my complaint,
O hear my mournful pray'r:
My heart is weak, my soul is faint,
And fill'd with dread and fear.
3. In death no man rememb'reth thee,
Nor thanks thee in the grave:
In mercy, Lord, deliver me,
And from destruction save.
4. My sorrows and distress of mind,
Are numberless and great;

No peace or comforts can I find,
In this my dismal state.
5. My life is worn with grief and pain,
And all my strength is gone:
O Lord, revive my soul again,
And make thy mercies known.
6. O comfort me in my distress;
On thee my God I call:
Be thou my life and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

HYMN CCLXXIII.—L. M.
For the same.

O That my heart could melt with woe,
And feel true sorrow for my sin;
Repentence would like rivers flow,
Then could I hope for peace within.
2. My sins have caus'd my dearest Lord
To groan and die upon the tree;
Yet he assures me in his word:
He groan'd, he bled and died for me.
3. O these are pow'rful cords of love,
By which my helpless soul is drawn;
To seek thy graces from above,
By which thy mercies are made known.
4. My heart inclin'd into the way,
That leads the soul to endless pain;
I ever should have run astray,
Had I not been reclaim'd again.
5. Thy grace, thy mercy, love and pow'r,
At length on my hard heart prevail'd,

Or I had been for evermore,
To everlasting ruin seal'd.
6. Thy blessed spirit interpos'd,
And by his light my soul was brought
To know the grace I had refus'd,
And frequently had set at nought.
7. I see and feel my sinful state,
And with sincerity I mourn,
But as thy promises are great,
To thee my God I will return.

DELAY OF REPENTANCE.

HYMN CCLXXIV.—L. M.

YE careless souls will ye delay !
And trifle precious time away ;
Why will ye spend your days of grace
In vanity and idleness ?
2. Why will ye forfeit future joys?
For sake of mean and empty toys ;
And slight that which would make you blest,
And place your souls in peace to rest.
3. Will ye abuse what God doth give ?
The precious time wherein ye live ;
The time wherein ye may secure,
Your happiness for evermore.
4. Who would neglect to gain the prize,
When all at hand before one's eyes:
And yet neglect and still delay,
Until the prize be took away.

5. Such is the case with careless souls,
They act the part of stupid fools;
They forfeit life, they forfeit heav'n,
That freely would to them be giv'n.
6. To day, while ye do hear his voice,
Let his great offers be your choice;
Let your repentance be sincere,
To call on God while he is near.
7. Delays are dangerous you know;
Your heart and conscience tell you so;
Much better you would watch and pray,
Than trifle precious time away.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

HYMN CCLXXV.—C. M.

O For a true and living faith,
My God on me bestow;
That conquers Satan, sin and death,
And ev'ry other foe.
2. Such faith it is the gift of God,
Which none but Christ can give:
It makes the heart the Lord's abode,
Therein to move and live.
3. God's grace it is by faith embrac'd,
The Saviour is receiv'd;
All confidence in him is plac'd,
His promises are b'liev'd
4. Such faith it worketh confidence,
And makes the soul admire
To taste such blessings from above,
Such as she would desire.

5. This faith it worketh confidence,
And casts out slavish fear:
Then shall that work of grace commence,
And we learn what we are.

HYMN CCLXXVI.—L. M.
For the same.

HEAR what the great Apostle saith:
Have ye that true and living faith?
O try yourselves and search the ground,
If living faith in you be found.

2. True faith it is a shining light,
It banishes the pow'r of night;
Creates the inward man anew,
Restores the Saviour's image too.

3. By living faith, grace is appli'd,
The soul is truly sanctifi'd;
Such souls possess the Saviour's mind,
Like him are truly meek and kind.

4. This faith will work a living hope,
And cheer the mind and build it up;
The soul is thus endow'd with pow'r,
To love the Lord for evermore.

5. My God create such faith in me!
Confirm my confidence in thee;
Establish thou my wav'ring heart,
Till I shall see thee as thou art.

THE APOSTLE'S CREED.

HYMN CCLXXVII—C. M.

I B'lieve in one Almighty God,
The Father of us all:

Who gives us life, and health, and food
And hears us when we call.

2. The heav'ns by his Almighty hands,
And earth and seas were made,
He governs all with his command,
On which all things are stay'd.

3. I b'lieve in Jesus Christ my Lord,
The Father's only Son;
Who is the great eternal Word,
And with the Father one.

4. Who is from all eternity
The author of all bliss:
Who is, and was, and e'er shall be,
God as the Father is.

5. Conceived by the Holy Ghost,
And born the Virgin's Son,
As testifi'd the Ang'lic Host,
Who made his birth first known.

6. He died and in the grave he lay,
But there did not remain,
And on his own appointed day
He liv'd and rose again.

7. At God's right hand he reigns, our head,
Once more he is to come,
To judge the living and the dead,
And give each one his doom.

8. In God the Holy Ghost I b'lieve,
Like as in God the Son;
All glory to these Three I give,
Which blessed Three are One.

9. The Holy Ghost his gifts imparts,
Both heav'nly and divine;
Unites all true believer's hearts,
With Christ their Lord to join.
10. I also hold this doctrine forth.
It is my faith and creed:
There is one Christian Church on earth,
The church of Christ indeed.
11. And in this Christian Church below
I find my safest place:
God's word and ordinances too
And all the means of grace.
12. A pardon for my sins I have
And numb'red with the just,
And I shall live beyond the grave,
When raised from the dust.

JUSTIFICATION.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.—C. M.

WHY should my heart feel so dismay'd,
And harbour such distress?
My debt of sin the Saviour paid,
Who is my righteousness.
2. Though Satan with his tempests toss
My soul into dismay;
I look to Jesus on the Cross
To drive my fears away.
3. I need not dread the Tempter's force,
Nor all that he can do:
Since I have refuge and recourse,
And place of safety too.

4. I must confess I ought to be
Disowned by my God ;
But Christ my Saviour died for me,
And bought me with his blood.
5. His merits I do humbly claim,
Thereon my soul relies ;
Not sin or Satan can condemn,
When Jesus justifies.
6. From ev'ry guilt and ev'ry stain
His blood can make me clean:
For Christ who died and rose again,
Subdues the pow'r of sin.

HYMN CCLXXIX.—S. M.

For the same.

JESUS my righteousness!
My life and future joys ;
My source and fount of ev'ry bliss,
My hope that never dies.
2. I was condemn'd to die,
With all the sinful race ;
But Jesus cast a pit'ing eye
And purchas'd pard'ning grace.
3. His death, and that alone,
Could all sufficient be ;
To gain a pardon or atone,
Or gain relief for me.
4. No righteousness of mine,
Or all that in me lay,
Could satisfy the law divine,
Or bear my sins away.

5. All off'rings were in vain,
That ever could be brought,
Without effects they must remain,
And were esteem'd as nought.
6. All would be filth and dross,
Except the Saviour's blood:
That which he shed upon the Cross
To make us sons of God.
7. That righteousness I plead,
For which my Jesus died;
No other righteousness I need
To make me justified.

SANCTIFICATION.
HYMN CCLXXX.—C. M.

THO' dead in sin I once had lain,
And void of life devine;
I was by grace restor'd again,
And Jesus now is mine.
2. His grace has made my soul alive,
His graces from above,
Cause me in faith and hope to thrive,
And daily grow in love.
3. True holiness my heart desires,
And holy I must be,
A holy heart the Lord requires,
His face in heav'n to see.
4. Tho' I had all my sins forgiv'n,
But yet to vice a slave,
And could possess the courts of heav'n,
What comforts could I have?

5. Was I invited to a feast,
And welcome to the place;
Half naked, ragged, meanly dress'd,
How could I show my face?
6. Such is the case with sinners too,
Should they with angels dwell,
Their just and holy God to view,
Would prove to them a hell.
7. Grant me dear Lord thy spirit's pow'r,
To make me pure in heart,
Which makes me able to endure
To see thee as thou art.

HYMN CCLXXXI.—L. M.

For the same.

O Holy Father, gracious Lord!
Grant me thy heav'nly grace divine;
Convey thy spirit with the word,
And seal thy blessings ever mine.
2. Thy Spirit's gifts on me bestow'd,
With all thy promises appli'd,
Unites my soul to thee my God,
And makes me truly sanctifi'd.
3. To live and dwell where thou dost reign
And see thee fully as thou art.
That will for ever be in vain,
Without a pure and holy heart.
4. To crucify my base desires
With ev'ry lust and ev'ry vice.
Such as true holiness requires,
Would place my soul in paradise.

5. As I am made these truths to see,
And know them as they truly are,
True holiness my aim shall be;
My constant study, search and care.

SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

HYMN CCLXXXII.—L. M.

O May my soul increase and grow
In virtue, love and zeal likewise,
Until I conquer ev'ry foe
Of those who daily in me rise.

2. My unbelief, my pride and lust,
My merits and self-righteousness;
My worthless props to which I trust,
How oft do they destroy my peace!

3. They cause in me a war and strife,
They strive to bring me down to yield;
They strive to take my crown of life,
And fain would slay me in the field.

4. But Lord, supported by thy hand,
I shall be able to endure,
Against all such attacks to stand,
And banish Satan with his pow'r.

5. Grant me my Lord that living faith,
By which I stand for ever fast;
And though I fight the pow'rs of death,
Yet I shall conquer all at last:

HYMN CCLXXXIII.—L. M.

For the same.

THROUGH all the changings of my life,
I have a constant war and strife;

Satan's pow'r, the world and sin,
They strive without, and war within.
2. I daily feel their fierce attack,
Their force and scheme by which they act,
Would soon prove more than I could bear,
Was I not kept by sov'reign care.
3. My soul arise against these foes!
Their force and their assaults oppose;
In ev'ry combat I shall stand,
Supported by superior hand.
4. Jesus, my captain, prince and head,
Shall furnish me with all I need;
His grace, his promise, and his word,
Will be my helmet, shield, and sword.
5. With these bless'd weapons I can fight,
And put mine enemies to flight;
They shall at last be forc'd to yield,
And I shall gain and keep the field.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.
HYMN CCLXXXIV.—C. M.

YE who profess to love the Lord,
Be wise to watch and pray:
Remember, Satan stands prepar'd
To steal your minds away.
2. O see that ye live circumspect!
And not as the unwise;
Your chief concerns do not neglect,
Lest Satan gain your prize.
3. O watch ye unto constant pray'r,
Be fervently employ'd:

Ye are in danger ev'ry where
To have your peace destroy'd.
4. The tempter tries a thousand ways,
To take you of the path ;
Ye need to pray for saving grace,
And true and living faith.
5. The world is evermore engag'd,
Your fancies to allure !
And Satan sometimes is enrag'd
To execute his pow'r.
6. Then let us watch, and pray and strive,
To walk the narrow road ;
And seek to keep our souls alive
To serve the living God.

HYMN CCLXXXV.—S. M.

For the same.

BE ye not indolent,
Who would be heirs of grace ;
Ye must not make yourselves content',
Till ye have run your race.
2. Ye are to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease ;
To grow in grace from day to day,
And gain true holiness.
3. Your sins must be subdu'd
With all your carnal lusts ;
Ye cannot serve the living God,
And grovel in the dust.
4. It would be all in vain,
And mocking of the word ;

Should you embrace the world again,
And turn from Christ your Lord.
5. Should ye in vain receive
The blessed gospel light!
And suffer Satan to deceive,
To lead you in the night!
6. Yield not to Satan's pow'r,
Since Jesus set you free;
But watch and pray for evermore,
And gain the victory.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.—L. M.

HAPPY the soul where grace resides!
Where wisdom governs, rules & guides;
It regulates the course of life
In all afflictions, war and strife.
2. The souls that know the Saviour's name,
Toil not for wealth or empty fame;
Content with raiment, health and food,
They seek a closer walk with God.
3. The greatest comforts such can find,
Is to possess the Saviour's mind;
The world with all its great esteem,
Is like as filth and dross with them.
4. The greatest object in their view,
Is their bless'd Father's will to do:
To love and serve their fellow-men,
And do them all the good they can,

5. How highly would my soul be bless'd!
To be with such a mind possess'd;
To spend my life and all my days
Thus walking in my Saviour's ways.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.—C. M.
For the same.

TO thee my God I humbly bow,
All praises be to thee!
How great, how good and kind art thou,
And gracious unto me.

2. My life, my health, and all I am,
Thy mercies have bestow'd;
The greatest blessings I can claim,
Is thee my gracious God.

3. What wonders thou for me hast wrought
Are more than I can trace;
I was to light from darkness brought,
And made to know thy ways.

4. May I for ever walk therein,
Confirm my heart by faith!
And may I never yield to sin
Until the hour of death.

5. May I with constant fervent zeal,
In all things persevere;
My hopes and comforts never fail
Whilst I must travel here.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.
HYMN *CCLXXXVIII.*—C. M.

TAKE up your Cross and follow me!
Saith Christ, our blessed Lord;

If my disciples ye would be,
And have the great reward.
2. See that ye mortify your pride,
And be of humble mind;
Your lusts must all be crucifi'd
To which you are inclin'd.
3. To be oppos'd to ev'ry ill,
Is the real christian's state;
Such only do the Saviour's will,
Who share his lot and fate.
4. To follow Jesus in his way,
Where ever it may lead:
Through good and evil as it may!
Such follow him indeed.
5. To follow Christ, and him alone,
Our governour and head;
Entitles us to wear the crown,
As the apostle said.
6. The greatest bliss on earth below,
Or in the heav'n above:
Is Jesus and his Cross to know;
To taste and feel his love.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.—L. M.

For the same.

TO bear the blessed Saviour's Cross,
And follow him in all his ways,
To be content' with gain and loss,
Requires the aid of heav'nly grace.
2. First it is pleasing news to hear:
Ye weary souls come unto me,

Your minds I will refresh and cheer,
And of your burthens set you free.

3. But when the Saviour's cause requires
To walk the straight and narrow road;
This proves a cross to their desires,
To those who hate the ways of God.

4. But they who truly love the Lord,
It is their aim and full design,
To look to God and trust his word,
And never murmur or repine.

5. They imitate their glorious head,
And cleave to him their mighty friend;
Oft Satan makes them feel afraid,
Yet they endure unto the end.

6. May I be truly one of those,
That follow Jesus ever more;
Though world and Satan still oppose,
May I not yield unto their pow'r.

UNION WITH GOD.

HYMN CCXC.—C. M.

O May my soul with thee unite!
And be thou, Saviour, mine;
Be thou my only soul's delight,
And make me ever thine.

2. Cause me to taste and feel thy love,
And know thee as thou art;
Thou art my riches from above,
And treasures of my heart.

3. Be thou my rock on which I build,
My tower and safe abode;
To thee I will submit and yield,
And pray to thee my God.
4. It is my fainting soul's desire,
Thy mercies to embrace;
May I obtain what I admire:
Thy love and pard'ning grace.
5. Could I possess thy blessed mind,
How happy should I be!
What joys and comforts would I find,
To be espous'd to thee.
6. United by such heav'nly ties,
Would prove my greatest b'iss!
And perfectly complete my joys,
And set my soul at peace.

HYMN CCXCI.—C. M.

For the same.

MY soul doth thirst for grace divine,
And ne'er can be at rest,
'Till Jesus I am fully thine,
And with thy spirit blest.
2. O, what is all the world to me!
Without thy gifts of love,
I cannot find a friend but thee,
In earth or heav'n above.
3. To thee, my Lord, I can commit
My wants and my concern;
To thee I humbly will submit
Thy sacred will to learn.

4. My soul delights in thee to live,
In thee to live and die ;
The treasures thou dost ever give,
Will ever satisfy.

HYMN *CCXCII.—C. M.*
For the same.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus show his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

[*Watts.*

ON PRAYER.

HYMN *CCXCIII.—L. M.*

THE Lord who recommendeth pray'r,
Will always hear us when we pray ;

His eyes behold us ev'ry where,
And knows all we do think or say.

2. Ask ye by faith, the Lord will give,
For this ye have the Saviour's word;
Seek ye the Lord, your souls shall live,
And taste the goodness of your Lord.

3. Seek ye by pray'r, and ye shall find
Access unto the throne of grace;
Ye shall partake the Saviour's mind,
Who is your life and righteousness.

4. With fervent pray'r knock at the gate,
Which opens to eternal life!
And persevere in ev'ry fate,
Through oppositions, war and strife.

5. Your fervent pray'rs are not in vain,
They surely will at last prevail;
Should God awhile from you refrain,
Yet his sure word shall never fail.

6. To pray for that which we do need,
And ask alone for Jesus' sake;
We shall for evermore succeed,
And all we need we shall partake.

HYMN CCXCIV.—C. M.

For the same.

TO pray and never more to cease,
Is what our case requires;
Our souls enjoy a constant peace
While we feel such desires.

2. By faithful pray'r we may draw near
To God, who bids us pray;

We need not doubt, we need not fear,
That we be turn'd away.
3. By pray'r we have an intercourse,
To God, who reigns above ;
Our fervent pray'rs will have such force
To gain both faith and love.
4. Our wants before the Lord are laid,
We plead the Saviour's blood ;
Who pray'd for us, and when he pray'd,
His pray'rs were heard with God.
5. Tho' all our wants to him are known,
And all our faults he sees ;
But yet we must confess and own
Them, humbly on our knees.
6. This is what God requires of us,
Whilst we live here below,
To follow his directions thus :
As well as we can do.

HYMN CCXCV.—L. M.

For the same.

WHEREVER faithful souls are join'd,
To worship God with heart and mind,
His promise is to meet them there,
To hear and answer all their pray'r.
2. Lord, here we join on thee to wait !
And hope to find thy mercy seat ;
Lo ! here we hope and trust thou art,
To strengthen ev'ry wailing heart.
3. Thy promise is, where two or three
Unite to make their pray'rs to thee :

Whate'er they ask, request or plead,
Such thou wilt give them as they need.
4. We join to pray with one accord,
And wait thy blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy grace and promise here renew,
And bring salvation to our view.
5. Our confidence to thee increase,
And let us feel establish'd peace;
O may we feel thy presence near!
And know that thou dost hear our pray'r.

HYMN CCXCVI.—L. M.

For the same.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, 'till pure within,
'Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4. Fain would I learn of thee my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
5. I would, but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry sin release;

Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
6. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

[*Williston's selection.*

HYMN CCXCVII.—C. M.
For the same.

MY hope my portion and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne.
2. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
3. Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
4. Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high.
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

[*Williston's selection.*

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

HYMN CCXCVIII.—C. M.

O Gracious Saviour pity me!
My soul is fill'd with grief,

To whom or whither can I flee?
To find or get relief.
2. My sins lie heavy on my heart,
And vex my troubled soul,
My only hope and trust thou art,
My sorrows to control.
3. When on my case I meditate,
And see what sin prevails;
And I do feel my helpless state,
My heart it shrinks and fails.
4. Tho' I am weak and faint and poor,
Thy mercies still abound;
Thy grace affords a bounteous store
Where life and peace is found.
5. Thy sacred word does fully prove,
That dying sinners may
Obtain a pardon from above,
For which my God I pray!

HYMN CCXCIX.—L. M.
For the same.

GREAT are the mercies of our God,
Far more than men or angels know;
To shew what God on man bestow'd,
Is more than all the world can do.
2. To save the wretched sons of men
The Lord has made his counsels known;
To make them heirs of grace again,
He sent his dear beloved son.
3. He gave himself, he bled and died,
And bore for man that heavy load,

Till all demands were satisfi'd
And man was reconcil'd to God.
4. We were pluck'd up like burning brands
Out of a fierce consuming fire,
And plac'd into the Saviour's hands,
To be his own, his own entire.
5. No greater mercy can be found,
No greater proof of tender love.
What praises to our God redound:
God sent his Son from heav'n above!

RESIGNATION OF HEART.

HYMN CCC.—C. M.

MY son give unto me thy heart!
Delight thou in my ways:
I will receive thee as thou art,
And fit thee for my praise.
2. Dear Lord, I give my heart to thee,
To thee I will resign;
Create a holy heart in me,
And let it be like thine.
3. Dear Father, let me be thine own!
And make me wise to know
The duties of a faithful son,
Who seeks thy will to do.
4. Subdue in me my base desires,
Since they disturb my peace,
And as thy blessed will requires,
Seek for true holiness.
5. To whom but thee should I submit?
With all my heart and mind;

When truly humbled at thy feet
The greatest rest I find.

6. To none but thee my gracious Lord
I trust myself to give;
But I will yield unto thy word,
By which my soul can live.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

HYMN CCCI.—C. M.

IF we profess to love the Lord,
And not our brother too,
We do but mock his holy word,
As vain professors do.

2. Should we have wealth laid up in store,
And with a hard'ned heart,
Refuse unto the helpless poor,
To give them any part.

3. The love of God can't be possess'd,
Or yet in such abide,
Who do not feel for the distress'd,
And turn from them aside.

4. We dare not turn away our eyes
From such as need relief,
Nor yet refuse to hear their cries,
And not partake their grief.

5. We must be merciful and kind
To all the human race;
We must possess the Saviour's mind,
Would we be heirs of grace.

6. Dear Father, send thy blessing down!
And grant thy heav'nly aid,
To imitate thy blessed Son:
Our King, our Lord and Head.

HYMN *CCCII.*—L. M.
For the same.

IT is a gift from God above,
And the effects of saving grace,
To be possess'd with christian love;
To love the Lord and all his ways.

2. But where such love to God is found,
It will to fellow-men extend;
With cords of love such hearts are bound,
To help the poor and be their friend.

3. To love the God whom we can't see,
And yet not love our fellow-men;
Such love as that can never be,
And such profession is but vain.

4. They who are truly born of God,
Their blessed Saviour's mind they feel;
They have their hearts by grace renew'd
And love to do their Maker's will.

THE LOVE OF GOD IN CHRIST.

HYMN CCCIII.—C. M.

BE thou my troubled soul at peace,
And let thy sorrows end;
Remember Christ, thy Saviour is:
Thy brother and thy friend.

2. Should Satan, sin and world upbraid
Thy doubts and fears to raise ;
Let not their threats make thee afraid,
Or doubt of pard'ning grace.

3. He knows thy wants and thy complaints,
Should he awhile forbear ;
Remember that the greatest saints
Had many doubts and fears.

4. Should God appear from thee to hide,
And all thy pray'rs disdain :
Yet shall his love to thee abide,
And shew his face again.

5. The bruised reed will he not break,
The broken heart he heals ;
He pities such for Jesus' sake,
Who for their sorrows feels.

6. He will not quench the smoking flax,
But as his promise saith :
The troubled mind will he not vex,
But help the weak in faith.

7. Were all the pow'rs of darkness join'd,
To take thy peace away,
In Christ the feeble saint shall find :
Such faith as gains the day.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

HYMN CCCIV.—C. M.

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
Who brings thee safe to pass ;
He will according to his word
Deliver thee at last.

2. The great, the wise, the mighty God,
Has all things in his view ;
Although the heav'ns are his abode,
Yet he looks on us too.

3. The Lord who number'd all our days,
Knows how to make us blest ;
He who has pointed out our ways,
Works all things for the best.

4. We need not fear, we need not doubt,
The Lord is still our friend ;
His wond'rous ways will bring about
His blessings in the end.

5. God, who has made the earth and seas :
When he gave his commands,
May deal with us just as he please,
Are we but in his hands.

6. His mighty hand that doth provide
For all that live and move ;
Will ever with his grace abide
And guard us by his love.

7. His providence is over all,
He gives us all we need ;
What e'er may happen or befall,
Is for our good indeed.

HYMN CCCV.—L. M.

For the same.

GREAT God, thy providence and care,
I see and find them ev'ry where ;
When e'er my Lord, I look to thee,
Thy hand of providence I see.

2. Why should I doubt or grieve or moan,
Since all I am to thee is known;
And as thy mercies have decreed,
Thy hand shall give me as I need.
3. For all my troubles, woes and grief,
Thy providence point out relief;
Altho' I cannot understand,
The dealings of thy bounteous hand.
4. Thy providence directs and guides,
And for each creatur's wants provides:
For meanest creatures on the earth,
Like as for those of noblest birth.
5. Why should I not on thee depend,
A creature made for that great end,
To be an object of thy love,
To live and dwell with thee above.

HYMN CCCVI.—C. M.
For the same.

LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.
2. Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.
3. Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4. These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
Whilst ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.
5. Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

[*Williston's selection.*

OF THE WORD OF GOD.

HYMN CCCVII—L. M.

A Precious gift on man bestow'd,
That is to have the word of God;
The sure infallible record
That shews the counsels of the Lord.
2. That book it has to man reveal'd,
That which was to the world conceal'd;
That book reveal'd the glorious plan
By which God sav'd the race of man.
3. Of all the treasures here on earth,
This book is of the greatest worth;
From age to age it handeth down,
As much as need to man be known.
4. The Bible is a light divine!
It makes a world of darkness shine;
And ev'ry chapter, line and page,
Can cast a light on ev'ry age.
5. Bless'd are the rays this light doth give,
And bless'd are they who do receive;
This blessed light, this blessed heat,
Can make our hopes and joys complete.

HYMN CCCVIII.—C. M.

For the same.

GO ye my servants, go ye forth,
This was the Saviour's charge;
Preach ye my gospel o'er the earth,
And to the world at large.

2. Make known to all the sons of men
The charge which I have giv'n:
This doctrine unto all explain,
Which shews the way to heav'n.

3. My spirit shall attend the word,
As ye do make it known,
And prove that I am Christ the Lord,
The Father's only Son.

4. As Moses and the Prophets said,
Long as they prophecied,
Complete redemption I have made,
When I for sinners died.

5. Teach all the nations ev'ry where,
The aged and the youth;
My counsels and my will declare,
And spread the gospel truth.

6. Bring life and peace into their sight,
Which they knew not before:
Turn them from darkness unto light,
From Satan and his pow'r.

7. This bless'd and sacred word of God,
Will give the troubled rest,
When publish'd to the world abroad,
Can make all nations blest.

3. O may that word of truth divine,
With all its bright displays,
In all our hearts with glory shine,
And make us heirs of grace.

DECREASE OF THE CHURCH LAMENTED.

HYMN CCCIX.—C. M.

UNTO thy Zion, Lord, return,
And pardon all her crimes:
Well we deserve to weep and mourn,
In these distressing times.

2. Lord, hast thou hid thy gracious face,
From thy dear church below,
Who is an object of disgrace,
Deserving to be so.

3. We are like as the parched lands,
And as the barren field:
Where all the force of lab'ring hands
But thorns and briers yield.

4. Thy gospel word is much despis'd,
And held in mere disdain;
The world and Satan have devis'd,
To make thy gospel vain.

5. How few and feeble are thy saints,
How full of doubts and fears!
The world our best devotion taints,
And mingles with our pray'rs.

6. And when we join to sing and pray,
And wait on thee our Lord;
Then Satan draws our minds away,
When we should hear thy word.

7. Return dear Lord, with mighty pow'r,
Thy gospel work revive;
Thy dying church to life restore,
In thee to grow and thrive.

HOPES OF THE CHURCH REVIVAL.
HYMN CCCX.—L. M.

THE Lord will build his church again,
And in his holy temple reign,
And let his waiting people see,
Her increase and prosperity.

2. Tho' Zion's walls are broken down,
The Lord still claims her as his own;
Not all the pow'rs of hell below
Can cause her final overthrow.

3. Should God appear to hide his face,
As if he would withdraw his grace;
Yet he beholds with pitying eye,
And hears his people when they cry.

4. God will return to their relief,
Remove their sorrows and their grief:
They who his precious absence mourn,
Shall be rejoic'd at his return.

5. They who are griev'd when they behold
The church, declining, dead and cold:
Shall find, that God will still revive
His work, to keep his church alive.

6. His wisdom and his providence,
Will ever prove her sure defence;
His promis'd aid, his promis'd pow'r
Will guard his church for evermore.

7. Remember us, O gracious Lord,
Who wait thy promises and word:
O cause thy gospel light to shine,
That many thousands may be thine.

CROSSES AND AFFLICTIONS.

HYMN CCCXI.—C. M

WHAT crosses and afflictions meet,
Whilst we on earth abide;
With Satan and the world beset,
And vex'd on ev'ry side.

2. Our toils and labours of this life,
Are great and numberless;
Our disappointments, frets and strife,
Do ever mar our peace.

3. When we suppose we do possess
The things that works our joys;
They prove the cause of our distress,
And are but trifling toys.

4. The world is but a vale of tears,
A scene of constant woe:
We live in constant dread and fears,
While we live here below.

5. With anxious cares our minds are fill'd,
For life and health and food:
To such despairing thoughts we yield,
When we should trust to God.

6. Such frail and feeble creatures we,
We seek but never find,
Such treasures as we hope should be:
Real peace and joy of mind.

7. O mighty Saviour, gracious Lord!
Bestow on us that pow'r:
That we may trust unto thy word,
And doubt and fear no more.

HYMN CCCXII.—L. M.
For the same.

WHY should my soul feel so dismay'd,
Or yield to doubts and slavish fear;
What e'er my God on me hath laid,
He will enable me to bear.

2. I shall not sink beneath the load,
Or perish in the dreadful storm:
My hope and trust is to my God,
Who is it then can do me harm?

3. Tho' many doubts and fears arise,
Like as a fierce destructive blast,
And overwhelm me with surprize,
They must be hush'd and laid at last.

4. Afflictions like a burning lake,
May fill my soul with fear and pain;
My trust and confidence to shake,
Yet shall my trust in God remain.

5. To God the mighty Lord I call,
When floods of trouble do prevail,
And humbly to his feet I fall,
Whose help to me shall never fail.

6. Am I by all my friends forgot,
And left unto myself alone:
My blessed Lord forgets me not,
Who lets me know I am his own.

7. Almighty Saviour I am thine,
I give myself, my all to thee:
O make me willing to resign,
To all that thou dost lay on me.

PRAISES TO GOD.

HYMN CCCXIII.—L. M.

LET all in heav'n their praises bring,
All on the earth and in the seas,
Unite and worship him our King,
And shew the wonders of his grace.

2. The brightest angels near his throne,
With all the happy hosts above,
Delight to make his glories known,
And shew the greatness of his love.

3. But O his love is greater still,
Than men or angels can concieve;
None are so wise as to reveal
His boundless love, by which we live.

4. Immensely great and numberless,
Are the bless'd bounties of his hands:
The vilest sinners must confess,
Tho' they abuse his just commands.

5. Should we not love and praise that God,
On whom the hosts of heav'n attend,
Yet condescends to our abode,
And visits us like as a friend.

HYMN CCCIV—C. M.

For the same.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,

I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beam creates my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4. And whilst upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5. To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me.

7. If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Williston's selection.

HYMN CCCXV.—E. M.

For the same.

LET us join to praise our Maker,
Let us worship him our King;
And with angels be partaker,
And glad songs of praises sing.
See the wonders he has wrought!
His grace exceeds ev'ry thought.

2. Praise the Father who esteem'd us,
Who is ever kind and good;
Praise the Son who hath redeem'd us,
By the shedding of his blood:
By his blessed Spirit's aid,
Heirs of heaven we are made.

3. Let us join with ev'ry nation,
And with all who praise the Lord;
Thank the Lord for our salvation,
And the knowledge of his word:
For the word of life and peace,
That of joy and happiness.

4. Praise the Lord for ev'ry blessing,
Which we constantly receive:
Grace and love is never missing;
Let us praise him while we live:
Worthless creatures as we are,
Yet the objects of his care.

5. Numberless are all his graces,
More than we can ever know;
Should we join to sing his praises,
Here with all on earth below:

All would fail to speak his worth,
Or to set his praises forth.
6. Praises be to God for ever,
Praise him all ye hosts above!
Grace and mercy faileth never:
With our God, the God of love.
Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
Be to God for evermore.

HYMN CCCXVI.—P. M. E.
For the same.

COME let us praise our God!
Like as the angels do:
And shew his love abroad
To all on earth below.
Our joyful songs to God we raise,
And humbly join to sing his praise.
2. The mercies of our Lord
Are endless great and good;
To us they e'er afford,
Salvation, life and food.
His promises are ever sure,
And will endure for evermore.
3. God shews his love and grace,
And makes his counsels known;
To save the fallen race,
He sent his only Son;
Who bled and died upon the tree,
To ransom us and set us free.
4. His spirit from above,
For Jesu's sake is giv'n!

Who fills our hearts with love,
And fits our souls for heav'n!
His blessed gifts are then applied,
And we shall then be sanctified.

5. What more should God bestow
To all the human race,
While they live here below,
Than to enjoy his grace;
Such grace as can cause man to be
Happy to all eternity.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—CCCXVII.

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth acknowledge thee,

The Father, of an infinite Majesty ;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son ;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come, to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name, ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us ; as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

HYMN CCCXVIII.—S. M.

For the same.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,;
And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6. There we shall see his face
And never, never sin

There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

9. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

10. Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
W'ere marching through *Immanuel's* ground
To fairer worlds on high.

[*Watts.*

CIVIL OFFICERS AS MAGISTRATES, &c.

HYMN CCCXIX.—L. M.

SINCE God has thus ordain'd it so,
That civil magistrates should be
To rule and govern men below,
As in his sacred word we see.

2. Since such like office I do bear
To execute those civil laws,

May I be wise, just and sincere
To judge aright in ev'ry cause.
3. The Lord, grant me an upright heart,
And with his blessed spirit guide:
To act the just impartial part,
In all what e'er I must decide.
4. From none but thee my God indeed,
Such precious gifts I can obtain,
Nor gain the knowledge that I need
To judge between my fellow-men.
5. For this I pray and humbly ask
My God endow me with thy grace!
And qualify me for the task,
To do my office in my place.

FOR A MEETING OF A SYNOD OR CONvention of Clergy.

HYMN CCCXX.—C. M.

COME Holy Spirit condescend!
Thy presence let us feel;
Do thou thyself, O Lord attend!
Thy will in us reveal.
2. Important is the cause for which:
We are assembled now;
Thy light and blessed word can teach
That which we ought to do.
3. To build the Church of Christ our Lord,
The kingdom of his grace;
To spread the knowledge of his word,
In ev'ry land and place.

4. O be our counsellor and guide !
May all that we conclude,
And ev'ry case that we decide,
Prove truly wise and good.
5. We should be truly wise indeed,
Endow'd with heav'nly bliss,
Or we may never hope to speed
In such a work as this.
6. Therefore we join in humble pray'r,
That we may understand
To build the Saviour's kingdom here :
The cause we have in hand.

HYMN CCCXXI.—C. M.

For the close of a Synod.

LET thanks and praises be to God,
For what we have enjoy'd,
His blessings were on us bestow'd,
Whilst we were thus employ'd.
2. In couns'ling on the needful plan,
To build his church below,
And shew the will of God to man,
As faithful teachers do.
3. We praise the Lord who gave us grace,
To call on him for aid ;
His presence rested on this place,
For which we humbly pray'd.
4. We trust we labour'd not in vain,
In all that we have done,
'Twas to instruct our fellow-men,
And make the Saviour known.

5. Lord, we thy servants now depart,
Each one to take his charge ;
With the desires on our heart,
Thy kingdom to enlarge.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE IMPRISONED.

HYMN CCCXXII.—L. M.

LORD, how distressed is my mind
To be within these walls confin'd ;
What griefs and sorrows do I feel !
In this, my dark and loathsome cell.
2. While looking through this iron grate,
With horrors I do meditate
On what my fate may be at last,
When my confinement here is past.
3. I have despis'd thy holy laws,
Until it prov'd to be the cause
Of these, my troubles and distress :
Of shame, reproaches and disgrace.
4. And while I feel this just rebuke,
Enable me to bear the stroke,
And what my punishments may be :
As my offences bring on me.
5. O may this, my imprisonment,
Cause me sincerely to repent ;
May thy afflicting rod and smart,
Work godly sorrow in my heart.
6. For these the crimes that I have done,
My suff'rings here cannot atone ;
Not any thing but Jesu's blood
Can gain for me the grace of God.

7. A change of heart and living faith,
Fits me, for either life or death;
By this I may be well prepar'd
To live or die, and meet my Lord.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE TO BE EXECUTED.

HYMN CCCXXIII—C. M.

THY grace dear Saviour let me feel
And know my sins forgiv'n;
O stamp me with thy Spirit's seal!
To fit my soul for heav'n.

2. My pardon sealed with thy blood,
Will set my soul at rest;
To know that I am born of God,
Would make me truly blest.

3. Grant me a true and living faith,
In this, my fatal hour,
When I must feel the stroke of death
With all its weight and pow'r.

4. O may my trust in thee not fail,
But ever firmly stand;
That passing through the gloomy vale,
I reach the happy land.

5. And when this present life is o'er,
Then take me to thy home,
Where I shall be distress'd no more
And death can never come.

6. May angels bear my soul away,
To where my Saviour reigns,
Where neither death nor Satan may
Afflict my soul again.

MILITARY HYMNS.

HYMN CCCXXIV.—C. M.

An Officer or Soldier leaving his home.

I'M call'd to camp to leave my home,
My friends and neighbours too :
And there await my fate and doom,
As many others do.

2. I march into the martial field,
And there to risk my life !
Where men their bloody weapons wield
For battle, war and strife.

3. They, who to me are near and dear,
They weep, they grieve and mourn,
They live in dread and doubt and fear
That I might ne'er return.

4. Should this not fill a human breast ?
And bear upon the mind ;
I cannot help but feel distress'd,
For those I leave behind.

5. But so it is, I must submit,
What e'er my lot may be :
To bear the trials I must meet ;
My Jesus strengthen me !

6. The sad effects of war I feel,
For sin my just reward ;
Yet if it be my Maker's will,
My life may still be spar'd.

7. Lord, be with all of mine I pray,
And all of my concern !
And make us wise from day to day,
Thy righteous will to learn.

HYMN CCCXXV.—L. M.

For an Officer in camp.

THOU sov'reign, great almighty God!
From none but thee my Lord alone,
My soul can be with grace endow'd,
To know thy will that should be done.

2. May I with reverence and fear!
As I am by thy precepts taught,
Perform the office I do bear,
Be true and faithful as I ought.

3. Give me to know and understand
The charge committed to my trust;
And when I have to give command:
May they be none but what are just.

4. My duty I shall best fulfil,
And best defend my country's cause:
When first I shall have learnt thy will,
And live according to thy laws.

5. As faithful heroes were of old,
Such as the Lord himself had chose':
Submissive, humble, stout and bold,
Who banish'd great and mighty foes.

6 Like such as they, pray let me be!
Possess'd with such a godly mind;
A faithful servant unto thee,
And to thy blessed will resign'd.

7. O make me wise to keep in view!
Thy holy will and righteous ways,
And in my office strive to do,
All to thy honour and thy praise.

HYMN CCCXXVI.—C. M.

For a Soldier in camp.

BE thou my safeguard, O my God!
My refuge, tow'r and shield;
The tents of war are my abode,
Set in this martial field.

2. Am I protected by the Lord,
Amidst the loud alarm;
And wreathings of the bloody sword,
My life is kept from harm.

3. Should thousands drop on ev'ry side,
And strangle in their gore;
Yet thou my God canst still provide,
That I may be secure.

4. Make thine almighty arm my trust,
Let me on thee depend,
Whilst I'm in duty bound and must
My country's cause defend.

5. Make me resign'd unto my fate,
And patiently to bear,
With all the trials, I may meet,
And hardships of a war.

6 For Jesu's sake my sins forgive:
Cause me thy love to know;
Teach me a christian life to live,
As christian soldiers do.

7. I trust unto thy providence,
Thy promises I plead;
My life is safe in thy defence,
In ev'ry time of need.

8. And should it be my lot and fate,
Here to resign my breath ;
May I be in that happy state :
To die with living faith.

HYMN CCCXXVII.—C. M.

Thanksgiving for a safe return from camp.

PRAISE be unto my gracious Lord !
Who heard my humble mourn,
Whose providence was my safeguard,
And caus'd my safe return.

2. Beset with dangers all around,
And threats of overthrow ;
But still a way for me was found,
That brought me safely through.

3. Whilst numbers of my fellow-men
Were hasten'd to the tomb,
And never will return again
To their respective home.

4. This proves the cause of great distress,
To those they left behind :
Their main support for temp'ral bliss,
No more on earth they find.

5. What better, Lord, am I than they !
Why was it not my case ?
To die abroad and stay away,
From this my home and place.

6. I was preserved by thy care,
But O ! I know not why ?
For I am vile as others are,
Like they, deserve to die.

7. My God, how thankful should I be,
For all thy hand has wrought ;
Great are thy mercies unto me,
But I deserve them not.
8. Therefore I praise thee so much more,
All praise to thee I give !
I will engage my utmost pow'r,
And thank thee while I live.

FOR SEAFARING PERSONS.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.—L M.

LORD, I commit myself to thee !
And all I am unto thy care,
In towns or cities, land or sea !
Thou canst preserve me ev'ry where.
2 My life is ev'ry where secure,
While I remain in thy bless'd hands ;
Not death nor all of Satan's pow'r,
Can change thy great and just commands.
3. Since now it prov'd to be my lot,
Thus on the troubled seas to sail ;
And on the swelling waves to float,
Tossed and drove, with wind and gale.
4. When waves like mighty mountains roll,
When driven by a dreadful storm ;
Their furies thou canst soon control,
And guard and keep my life from harm.
5. What e'er thy providence decrees,
My Lord, I will with patience wait :
To deal with me just as thou please,
Will prove to me the best of fate.

6. Should here my body find its grave,
If so my Lord, thou see it best ;
I pray my precious soul to save
And take her to thy place of rest.
7. But shouldst thou Lord deliver me,
And please to land me safe on shore ;
My hearty thanks and praise shall be :
To thee my God, for evermore !

HYMN CCCXXIX.—C. M.

For the same.

LORD ! for the just thou dost provide ;
Thou art their sure defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
2. Tho' they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home ;
Yet thou, their God, art there.
3. Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please ;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas !
4. When waves on waves to heav'n uprear'd
Defy'd the pilot's art ;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart ;
5. To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r
To snatch me from the grave !
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save !

6. Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still!
7. For this, my life in ev'ry state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

JOURNEYING HYMNS.

HYMN CCCXXX.—L. M.

I Travel into distant lands,
There to discharge my trust and call;
Commit myself into thy hands,
To thee, my God, who governs all.
2. All my concerns to thee is known,
And what my occupations are,
May all in thy bless'd Name be done
With caution, love and holy fear.
3. Be with me Lord, from day to day,
Defend and guard my life from harm:
Grant grace and wisdom that I may
My duty and my call perform.
4. Take charge of all I leave behind,
And let thy grace with them reside,
As thou art gracious, good and kind,
For all their wants and needs provide.
5. Dangers compass me all around,
Where e'er I go in ev'ry place;

No place of safety here is found,
Whilst I am here to run my race.
6. Whilst I remain on earth below,
My life is but a pilgrimage:
I have to wander to and fro,
This world affords no certain stage.
7. But I shall find a constant home,
Where I shall be for ever blest,
When Christ my blessed Lord shall come,
And take me home with him to rest.

HYMN *CCCXXXI.—C. M.*
In time of being in a strange place.

I Sojourn as a stranger here,
My calling to attend;
My Jesus, be thou ever near!
My guard, my shield and friend.
2. A stranger here in distant land,
Of no friends here I know;
Yet led by thy unerring hand
I shall pass safely through.
3. If thou my Lord, art still with me!
My journey will be blest;
The more I place my trust in thee,
The more I feel at rest.
4. Thou Lord, dost see in ev'ry place,
In ev'ry place thou art!
In ev'ry land they find thy grace,
Who seek thee with their heart.
5. Thy providence point out their way,
Wherein they e'er shall speed;

They find thy hand from day to day,
As they may want or need.

6. Dear Lord, my case to thee is known,
And what is for my good;
Teach me the way of sin to shun:
At home or when abroad.

HYMN CCCXXXII.—C. M.

Thanksgiving after Journeying.

THANK God, my journey now is o'er,
My travels now is past,
And safely I arriv'd once more,
To see my home at last.

2. What praises to my God is due,
What tribute can I pay
To God, who safely brought me through?
Whilst I have been away.

3. Supported by God's heav'nly grace,
And kept from danger free:
I was conducted to the place,
Where I had need to be.

4. I thank my Lord, for the success,
His hand on me bestow'd;
My office I discharg'd in peace,
For which I praise my God.

5. Thus through his mercy I was spar'd,
My Journey safe to end:
All praises be to thee my Lord,
Who art my constant friend.

INVITING.

HYMN *CCCXXXIII.—L. M.*

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

[*Watts.*

HYMN CCCXXXIV.—C. M

For the same.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,

For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2. All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3. He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come.
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5. Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6. Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

HYMN CCCXXXV.—P. M. E.

For the same.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2. Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee, &c.

3. Ye, who have sold for nought,
The heritage above ;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of Jubilee, &c.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee, &c.

5. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace :
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee, &c.

[*Williston's selection.*

HYMN CCCXXXVI.—L. M.

For the same.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind ;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all ,

Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5. His love is mighty to compel:
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's redeeming pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.

6. See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace!

7. This is the time; no more delay!
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who dy'd for all!

[*Williston's selection.*

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GOSPEL TIMES,
HYMN CCCXXXVII.—S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who brings salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!

"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long.
But died without the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

[Watts.

IN TIME OF STORM.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.—C. M.

GREAT God defend us in this storm,
What blasts and thunder roar!
Since thou canst keep my life from harm
In this tremendous hour.

2. Alarming thus to view the skies,
Such gloomy aspects wear;
The fearful lightning darts and flies,
And dazzles all the air.

3. Dear Lord this casts my spirits down,
When thus it is the case:
To hear such threats and see such frowns,
In this alarmed place.
4. Much more my soul should feel afraid,
Yea, I should quite despair;
Was not my hopes on Jesus stay'd,
Who guards me ev'ry where.
5. When Satan with his storms prevail,
And tries his art and power;
Let not my trust in Jesus fail,
Nor give up evermore!

HYMN CCCXXXIX.—L. M.

After the Storm is over.

THE Lord be prais'd the storm is past!
That fearful and alarming blast:
That cloud of horror, black as night,
Is fled, and we enjoy the light.
2. A welcome change, for just before
We heard the fearful thunder roar;
Despair beset us all around,
To hear and feel that awful sound.
3. The Lord was pleas'd to hear our cry,
And let his judgments pass us by;
He look'd on us in our distress,
And caus'd our dreads and fears to cease.
4. We join to sing our Saviour's praise!
Who has preserv'd us all our days:
In ev'ry dark and trying hour,
He guards against the tempter's pow'r.

IN TIME OF CONTINUAL DROUGHT.

HYMN CCCXL.—C. M.

LORD, look on this, our panting earth !
Behold our dying grain :
Our land oppress'd with cruel dearth,
And groans for want of rain.

2. Our land is like the barren sands,
Beneath the burning sky !
And all her products with'ring stands,
And ev'ry plant must die.

3. All living creatures feel distress'd,
And all their comfort fails ;
The whole of nature is oppress'd,
Because thy wrath prevails.

4. Thy judgments Lord ! are very just,
If thou shouldst never grant
A single rain to lay the dust,
That could revive a plant.

5. Our minds are fill'd with dread and fear,
And conscious of our guilt ;
The curses we deserve to bear,
They will, and must be felt.

6. O, we should feel a heavy hand !
A thing we never knew ;
Should drought continue in our land,
Till famine would ensue.

7. With us it soon may be the case
As elsewhere it hath been ;
Our wretched land in ev'ry place
Is fill'd and stain'd with sin.

8. Have mercy Lord, we humbly pray !
Send us a gracious rain.
O turn thy fearful threats away !
Revive our hopes again.

HYMN CCCXLI.—C. M.

Thanksgiving after a Drought.

SHOULD we not thank and praise our God?
Who heard our humble cry,
Who has withdrawn his chast'ning rod,
And laid his threat'nings by.

2. The blessed rain the Lord hath sent,
Reviv'd our scorching earth,
And put an end to our complaint:
And fears of fatal dearth.

3. Due praise to God let us return,
For the refreshing rain.
We who like as our earth did mourn,
Are now reviv'd again.

4. Eternal praise to God we give,
In whose bless'd hands we are;
Who still provides for us to live,
Unworthy as we are.

5. Had heav'n the rain from us withheld,
What would our case have been ?
A curse had rested on our fields:
Our just reward for sin.

6. Thanks be to God, it was his will
In mercy us to spare,
And we enjoy his blessings still,
Unworthy as we are.

ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.

HYMN CCCXLII.—L. M.

THE great command Jehovah gave,
No other Gods but only me
Shall ye my chosen People have,
Your only trust in me shall be.

2. No graven image shall ye make,
Nor to such helpless creatures bow;
Nor them for your salvation take,
As the blind savage nations do.

3. Ye shall not take my Name in vain,
I am your just and holy Lord;
Unpunish'd ye cannot remain
Who thus profane my sacred word.

4. Remember well the Sabbath-day,
It is the day I have ordain'd
For men to spend in such a way:
That saving knowledge may be gain'd.

5. Honour thy parents with delight,
And help and succour them always;
For that is lawful just and right:
Thou shalt be blest with length of days.

6. Thy fellow-man thou shalt not kill,
For Satan was a murd'rer first;
All murd'rers do the Devil's will,
And like the devils shall be curs'd.

7. Thou shalt not steal nor yet defraud
Thy fellow-men of what they claim,
'Tis breaking of the law of God,
And brings on man both guilt and shame.

8. Adultery that horrid act!
Commit thou not that shameful deed;
They who are guilty of such fact,
Their ways unto destruction lead.
9. False evidence thou sha t not bear,
For that could cost thy neighbour's life,
In ev'ry cause the truth declare,
To settle all debates and strife.
10. Thy neighbour's wife, nor what he hath
Thou shalt not covet, seek or crave;
But trust the Lord for life and death,
And be content with what you have.
11. Great God to thee I humbly pray:
Fill us with holy fear and awe;
Make us afraid to disobey
Or break thy just and holy law.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

HYMN CCCXLIII.—P. M. E.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and king adore;
Mortals give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
2. Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
4. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
5. Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home ;
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice !

[*Williston's selection.*

HYMN CCCLXIV.—C. M.

For the same.

COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

[Watts.

BIRTHDAY.

HYMN CCCXLV.—P. M. E.

GOD of my life to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.
2. A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.
3. Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live!
To thee my ev'ry breath,
In thanks and praises give:

Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.
4. My soul and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours,
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.
5. I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiv'n:
I wait thy righteous will to prove,
All sanctify'd by perfect love.
6. Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

[*Williston's selection.*

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.
HYMN CCCXLVI.—L. M.

FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!
2. How great their work, how vast their charge
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;

Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
3. Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
4. Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
5. Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.
6. Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

[*Common Prayer Book.*

CRADLE HYMN.

HYMN CCCXLVII.—C. M.

MY child lie still to rest and sleep,
God's angels are with thee;
Who to thy bed and cradle keep,
Your safeguard they will be.
2. God is your Father, good and kind,
Your life and breath he gave;
Jesus who was of humble mind,
Died for your soul to save.
3. Yes, Jesus was an infant too,
When born in Bethlehem;

The Shepherd's they were glad to view
That infant when he came.

4. He in a stall and manger lay,
Where cow's and oxen fed;
He rested on the rugged hay,
Not on a downy bed.

5 Thankful should be such babes indeed,
Who on this earth have got;
Such beds and cradles as they need,
But Jesus had them not.

6. He was a truly lovely child,
Delightful to behold!
His countenance were meek and mild,
More choice than finest gold.

7. He came to make all infants blest,
To learn them all his way's;
Dear child lie still, and sleep and rest
Till thou canst sing his praise,

END OF THE HYMNS.

PSALMS OF DAVID,

BY

DR. WATTS,

AND OTHER AUTHORS.

PSALM I.—C. M.

The way and end of the Righteous and the Wicked.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:
2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
3 [He like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
4 Green as the leaf and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruit of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before a storm.
6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,

When *Christ* the judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM II.—C. M.
Christ's Death and Resurrection.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead!
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.
4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost *heathen* lands;
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel that withstands."
5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.
6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM III.—C. M.
A Morning Psalm.

MY God how many are my fears?
How fast my foes increase?

Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.
The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven,
And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.
But thou, my glory, and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread.
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.
[I cry'd, and from the holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear
call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.
He shed shoft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood:
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.
Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM IV.—C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray!
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.
3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V.—C. M.
For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
2 Up to the heav'ns where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
5 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.
6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray ;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy:
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM VI.—C. M.

Complaint in Sickness.

IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief:
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand afford relief?

5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans;
And saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word,
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VII.—C. M.

God's Care of his People, and Punishments of Persecutors.

MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee my God:
Rise and my helpless life defend,
From those that seek my blood.
2 With insolence and fury they,
My soul to pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.
3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.
4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.
5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.
6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?
7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.
8 Tho' leagu'd in guile their malice spread,
A snare before my way:
Their mischiefs on their impious head,
His vengeance shall repay.
9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the LORD.

PSALM VIII.—C. M.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification.

O Lord, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.
3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?
4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?
5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own,
His Godhead and his pow'r.
6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,
Bring tribute to his hand.
7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.
8 Let him with majesty be crown'd,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And his eternal honours found,
From all things that have breath.
9 *Jesus*, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM IX.—C. M.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou has ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells in *Zion's* Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

PART II.—C. M.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

6 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood;
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God
7 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In *Zion's* gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
8 His foes shall fall with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

Thus by thy judgment, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known :
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
In snares that were their own.
0 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
1 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
2 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor ;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
13 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess, that thou art GOD,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X.—C. M.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved.

WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress ?
2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws ?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight their righteous cause ?
3 They cast thy judgments from their sight
And then insult the poor :
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.
4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand
Attend our humble cry ;

No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.
5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side ?
6 But thou for ever art our Lord ;
And pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.
7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear ;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.
8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just ;
And mighty sinners shall confess,
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM XI.—L. M.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

MY refuge is the God of love ;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly ?
2 If government be once destroy'd,
(This firm foundation of our peace)
And violence makes justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below :
To him all mortal things are known ;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.
4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear ?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Sulphurous flames of wasting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry breath.
6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII.—C. M.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground!
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word:
"*Are not our lips our own*," they cry,
"*And who shall be our Lord?*"
4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.
5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxen cold:
6 Is not thy chariot hastening on!
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?
7 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
"And make the oppressors flee;

" I shall appear to their surprise,
" And set my servants free."
3 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure :
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM XIII.—C. M.

Complaint under the Temptation of the Devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away ?
2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.
3 See how the Prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;
He spreads a mist around mine eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey !
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.
6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Whence all my comforts spring :
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM XIV.—C. M.

By Nature all men are Sinners.

FOOLS, in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."
2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.
5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet:
Nor know the paths of peace.
6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground.

PART II.—C. M.

The Folly of Persecutors.

7 ARE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?
8 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.
9 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,

That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God, confound their pride.
10 O that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV.—C. M

Character of a Saint.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace.
2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.
3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM XVI.—L. M.

Confession of our Poverty; and, Saints the best Company.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,

But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine :
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PART II.—L. M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

5 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god !
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
6 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon :
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
7 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right ;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night,
8 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PART III.—L. M.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

9 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop ;

Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
10 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
11 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to the throne above the sky.
12 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVII.—L. M.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword the hand is thine.
2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII.—L. M.

Deliverance from Despair.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd to despair.
4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
And prov'd his saving grace divine.
5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful, and bright as lightning, shone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.
6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath :
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]
7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage,
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still
In all the wars the proud can wage.
8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;

And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PART II.—L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

9 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
10 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaim'd my wand'ring heart.
11 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
12 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more.
13 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
14 And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too:
The just and pure, shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PART III.—L. M.

Rejoice in God.

15 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord
Or where's a refuge like our God?
16 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;

And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
17 He lives and blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives.
The dark designs of hell are vain :
While heav'nly peace my Father gives.
18 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
19 To *David* and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints, in *Christ* their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XIX.—S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

BEHOLD the lofty sky,
Declares its maker God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known :
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
  His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
  And his rewards are great.
7 Not honey to the taste
  Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
  So much allures the sight.
8 While of thy works I sing,
  Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
  In my Redeemer's name.

PART II.—S. M.

God' word most excellent.

9 BEHOLD the morning sun
  Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
  And life and light convey.
10 But where the gospel comes,
  It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
  And gives the blind their sight.
11 How perfect is thy word !
  And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
  And men securely trust.
12 My gracious God, how plain
  Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
  But find the path to heav'n !
13 I heard thy word with love,
  And I would fain obey :
Send thy good spirit from above
  To guide me lest I stray.
14 O who can ever find
  The errors of his ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
  I would not dare transgress.

15 Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
16 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XX.—L. M.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry !
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends,
When bucklers fail and brazen walls ;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when *Zion* calls.
3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts :
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of *Israel's* God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our natives spread their flags abroad.
5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast :
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame ;
Or quit the field with coward flight.]
7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,

Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI.—C. M.

National Blessings acknowledged.

IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.
2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.
3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy pow'r to save ;
For life we prav'd ; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.
4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.
5 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely ;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy fame ;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

PSALM XXII.—C. M.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford ?
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groan as well,
And pity our complaints.
3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found:
And I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn:
In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
Neglected and forlorn.
5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast
My hope is in the Lord.
6 Why will my father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?
7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompass'd fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.
8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart
9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The son he loves so well?
10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;

Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope
And rise at thy command.

PART II.—C. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

13 "*NOW from the roaring lion's rage,*
"*O Lord, protect thy Son,*
"*Nor leave thy darling to engage*
"*The powers of hell alone.*"

14 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears,
God heard him in the dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

15 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

16 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

17 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

18 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXIII.—C. M.

God our Shepherd.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word o thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIV.—L. M.

Saints Dwell in Heaven.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of *Jacob's* face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight
And dwell in everlasting light.
5 Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh;
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour's way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
7 Rais'd from the dead in awful state,
He opens heav'n's eternal gate,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV.—S M.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well
That I may 'scape the snare.
3 From beams of dawning light
Till ev'ning shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PART II.—S. M.

Divine Instruction.

7 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
8 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
9 The dealings of his pow'r
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
And love to do his will.
10 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PART III.—S. M.

Distress of Soul.

11 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promis'd grace
And rest upon his word.
12 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;

When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare?
13 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?
14 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
15 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow now begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins
16 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
17 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
18 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of *Isra'l* it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.—L. M.

Self-examination.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart:
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies:
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of *Christ* is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM XXVII.—C. M.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests
And see thy beauty still:
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PART II.—C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

6 SOON as I heard my father say,
"*Ye children, seek my grace,*"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"*I'll seek my Father's face.*"
7 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
8 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
9 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
10 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXVIII.—L. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries:
My fervent pray'r in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 When suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill,
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still,
With impious hypocrites away.

3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,

Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.
4 But, ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.
5 Let ev'ry saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour, God:
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heav'nly food.

PSALM XXIX.—L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Thro' ev'ry ocean, ev'ry land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The thund'rer, reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX.—L. M.

Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed.

I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy comm nd diseases fly :
Wno but a God can speak and save
From the dark borde.s of the grave ?
2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and trace
The wond'rous records of his grace.
3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days :
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PART II.—L. M.

Health, Sickness and Recovery.

4 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night :
Fondly I said within my heart,
"*Pleasure and peace, shall ne'er depart.*"
5 But I forgot thine a m was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
6 I cried aloud to thee my God
" What canst thou profit by my blood ?
" Deep in the dust can I declare
" Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?
7 " Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
" And bring me from among the dead :"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
8 My groans and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;

I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
9 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI.—C. M.

Deliverance from Death.

TO thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.
2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
3 "*My time is in thy hand,* I cry'd,
"*Though I draw near the dust*:"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
4 Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.
5 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
"*I must despair and die,*
"*I am cut off before thine eyes*;
But thou hast heard my cry.
6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
How sweet thy smiling face,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promis'd grace.
7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PART II.—C. M.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

8 My heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heav'nly trust;
Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
Mine honour from the dust
9 "My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."
10 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I become
Forgotten and unknown.
11 Slander and fear on ev'ry side,
Seiz'd and beset me round,
I to thy throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.
12 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!
13 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
14 Within thy secret presence Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM XXXII.—C. M.

Free Pardon and Sincere Obedience.

HOW blest the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood
Hath made his garments clean!

2 And blest beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
While from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere :
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.
4 While I my inward guilt supprest,
No quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXIII.—C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !
2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim :
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.
3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heav'nly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heav'ns pervade.
4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep ;

Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep
5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
6 He scorns the angry nation's rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PART II.—C. M.

Creatures vain; and God All-sufficient.

7 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
8 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
9 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave:
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can his bold rider save.
10 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
11 God is their fear, and God their trust:
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.
12 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice;
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIV.—L. M.

God's care of his Saints.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let ev'ry heart exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heav'nly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercies from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.
5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of all real good.

PART II.—L. M.

Religious Education.

7 CHILDREN, in years or knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
8 If you desire length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

9 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
10 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.
11 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM XXXV.—C. M.

Love to Enemies.

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
That holy *David* shows;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes
2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.
3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.
4 They groan'd, and curst him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.
5 O, glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.
6 He, the true *David*, *Isra'l's* king,
Blest and belov'd of God,

To save us rebels dead in sin
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI.—L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hand,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of *Adam* in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVII.—C. M.

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PART II.—C. M.

Charity to the Poor.

11 WHY doth the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.
12 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
13 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
14 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
15 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the spirit and the word
His feet shall never slide.
16 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PART III.—C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

17 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
18 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

19 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home,
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
20 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.
21 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
22 And lo he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.
23 But mark the man of righteousness.
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII.—C. M.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief.

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.
2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrows and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.
3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sinks my comforts down;

And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
5 Lord, I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.
6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.
7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.
[8 My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasures and their pride,
Whene'er their wiles prevail.
9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.
10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste,
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX.—C. M.

Watchfulness over the Tongue.

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."
2 Whene'er constrain'd awhile to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

PART II.—C. M.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

5 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

6 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

7 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

8 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

9 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

10 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PART III.—C. M.

Sick-Bed Devotion.

11 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
12 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.
13 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
14 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
15 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear!
16 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL.—C. M.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,

And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
5 How many are thy thoughts of love;
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PART II.—C. M.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

7 THUS saith the Lord, "your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-off'rings o'er,
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."
8 Then spake the Saviour "Lo I'm here
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare
"Thy servant shall fulfil.
9 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine eyes are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."
10 And see the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

11 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

12 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

13 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

14 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM XLI.—L. M.

Charity to the Poor.

BLEST is the man, whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord hath mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth
With sacred blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII.—C. M.

Desertion and Hope.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.
2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"*And where's your God at last?*"
4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
6 Hope in the Lord whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PART II.—L. M.

Melancholy Thoughts reproved.

7 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
8 Huge troubles with tumult'ous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremend'ous o'er my head.

9 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
10 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "my God, my heav'nly rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"
11 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief;
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
12 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

PSALM XLIII.—C. M.

Safety in Divine Protection.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.
2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?
3 O send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.
4 Then to thy altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise.
And my triumphant songs shall praise
The God that rules the skies.
5 Sink not my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair;

For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM XLIV.—C. M.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told,
The wonders of their days.
2 They saw the beaut'ous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.
3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.
5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n.
6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.
7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.
8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhor'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries:
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?
10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.
11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God:
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV.—L. M.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
3 Dress thee in arms most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.
4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.
6 God, thine own God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred spirit bless'd
His first born Son above the rest.

PART II.—L. M.
Christ and his Church.

7 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
8 At his right hand our eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.
9 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
10 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
11 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a Prince in glory reign.
12 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM XLVI.—L. M.
The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,

Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love and joy still gliding thro'
And wat'ring our divine abode.
5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6 *Zion* enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r.

PART II.—L. M.

God fights for his Church.

7 LET *Zion* in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
8 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob's* God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made.
9 From sea to sea, through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
10 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.

11 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
I reign exalted o'er the lands,
I will be known and fear'd abroad,
But still my throne in *Zion* stands."

12 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

PSALM XLVII.—C. M

Christ ascending and reigning.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In *Isra'l* stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There *Abraham's* God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields & swords
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII.—S. M.

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand?
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
3 In *Zion* God is known
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heav'nly grace?
4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.
5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flocks have been.
7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

PART II.—S. M.

The Beauty of the Church.

8 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

9 With joy thy people stand
On *Zion's* chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
10 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well.
11 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
12 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
13 The God we worship now
Will guide us 'till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX.—L. M.

The rich Sinner's Death, and Saint's Resurrection.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have!
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!
2 They can't redeem an hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.
3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb;

The saints shall in the morning rise,
And hear th' oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L.—C. M.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

WHEN *Christ* to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars and rites, and forms are vain
Without the fire of love.

3 And what have hypocrites to do
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control;
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider ye, that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM LI —L. M.

A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found !
3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
He e on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear ?
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6 Yet save a trembli g sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PART II.—L. M.

Original and actual sin confessed.

7 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
8 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
The law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

9 [Great God create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
10 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
11 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hysop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
12 *Jesus*, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.
13 While guilt disturbs & breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice;
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PART III.—L. M.

The Backslider Restored.

14 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
15 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
16 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
17 Though I have griev'd thy spirit Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,

And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
18 A broken heart my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice
19 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
20 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
21 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song :
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LII.—C. M.

The Disappointment of the Wicked.

WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise ?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.
2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face ;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.
3 But like a cultur'd olive grow,
Drest in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.
4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word.
Shall find salvation sure

PSALM LIII.—C. M.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

ARE all the foes of *Zion* fools
Who thus destroys her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?
2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise,
To do his children harm.
3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
4 Oh for a word from *Zion's* King,
Her captives to restore!
The joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And *Isr'el* weep no more.

PSALM LIV.—C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
2 For slaught'ring foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud and vain,
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy pow'r rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.
4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through ev'ry land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM LV.—C. M.

Support for the Afflicted and tempted Soul.

O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
What inward pains my heart-strings wound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
4 Oh were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.
7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.
9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LVI.—C. M.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood.

O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischiefs all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
5 Shall they 'scape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!
6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.
7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;

Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord.
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, *How faithful is thy word!*
How righteous all thy ways!
10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
Oh set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII.—L. M.

Praise for Protection; Grace and Truth.

MY God in whom are all the springs,
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell
4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endles years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII.—C. M.

Warning to Magistrates.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be :
Or must not innocence appeal
To heav'n from your decree ?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice sway'd ;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
To violence betray'd.
3 To virtue strangers, from the womb
Their infant steps went wrong;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employ'd their lisping tongue.
4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear :
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
As adders they remain ;
From whom the skilful charmer's voice
Can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
And timely break their pow'r ;
Disarm these growling lions' jaws,
E'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their insolence, at height,
Like ebbing tides be spent ;
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,
When they their bow have bent.
8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime;
Like hasty births, become
Unworthy to behold the sun,
And dead within the womb.
9 E'er thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
Tempest'ous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
To their eternal doom.

10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
Their crimes with vengeance meet ;
And saints in persecutor's blood
Shall dip their harmless feet.
11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
Just men rewards obtain ;
And own a God, whose justice will
The guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.—S. M.

Prayer for national Deliverance.

FROM foes, that round us rise,
O God of heav'n, defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.
2 Behold, from distant shores,
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And thro' thy cities roam.
3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their sacred plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.
4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race,
To riot in their reign ?
5 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove ;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.
6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom ;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Thro' distant lands to roam.
7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

PSALM LX.—C. M.

Looking to God in the Distress of War.

LORD thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn ;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand ?
And mercy ne'er return ?
2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty tow'rs decay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.
3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.
4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.
5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite,
Against thy lifted rod.
6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM LXI.—S. M.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII.—L. M.

No Trust in the Creatures.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;"
He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII.—C. M.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PART II.—C. M.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

7 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

8 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My sole arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

9 My spirit labours up thy hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road ;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

10 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings ;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

11 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain ;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

12 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIV.—L. M.

GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without and guard within,
From treach'rous foes and deadly sin ;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy pow'r display,
And scatter far thy foes away ;
While list'ning nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice ;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM LXV—C. M.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.
3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.
4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness,
Fulfil thy kind design.
5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PART II.—C. M.

The Providence of God in Air, Earth and Sea.

7 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
8 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

9 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth and air are thine:
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.
10 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
11 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PART III.—C. M.

The Blessings of the Spring.

12 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
13 The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
14 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring:
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.
15 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows dress'd in beauteous pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
16 The barren clods refresh'd with rain
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
17 The various months thy goodness crowns
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI.—C. M.

Governing Power and Goodness.

SING, all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that form'd the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways?
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isr'el pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PART II.—C. M.

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

9 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
10 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known:
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done
11 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought the heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
12 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
13 But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.—C. M.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
2 [Amidst our realm exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.]
3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.
5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.
6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase:
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.
7 God, the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII.—L. M.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.
2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]
3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high:
Sing to his name ye sons of grace;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.
4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;

But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PART II.—L. M.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

9 LORD when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

10 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glor'ous when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

11 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

12 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PART III.—L. M.

Praise for Temporal Blessing.

13 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heav'nly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies
And loads our days with rich supplies.
14 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
15 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong,
16 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
17 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
18 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX.—L. M.

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord,
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,

And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we had done.
4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PART II.—L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

6 'TWAS for our sake eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
While shame defil'd his sacred face.
7 The Jews his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
8 "[My Father's house," said he, "was made
"A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
9 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt and mourn'd them as his own.]
10 [His friends forsook, his follow'rs fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

11 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
12 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son:
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM LXX.—C. M.

Protection against Personal Enemies.

IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.
2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.
3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.
4 O thou my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM LXXI.—C. M.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r
With all these limbs of mine;

And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
When'er thy servant dies.
5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PART II.—C. M.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

6 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise.
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
7 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
8 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.
9 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
10 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

11 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.
12 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PART III.—C. M.

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song,

13 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.
14 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart ?
15 Let me thy pow'r and truth proc
Before the rising age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
16 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !
17 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds ;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.
18 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief ;
But when thy hand hath prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.
19 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save ;

At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
20 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These wither'd limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII.—L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows, newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace, like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PART II.—L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

7 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

8 [Behold the nations with their kings;
There Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

9 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord
And savage tribes attend his word.]

10 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

11 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

12 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

13 [Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

14 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring;
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeats the loud amen.]

PSALM LXXIII.—C. M.

Afflicted Saints happy, & Prosperous Sinners cursed.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.
2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
" How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!
3 With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.
4 In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain;
For I am chast'ned all the day,
The night renews my pain."
5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
" Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love."
6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe;
'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
7 There as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place
Beside a fiery pit.
8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.
9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!

Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.
10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown :
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PART II.—C. M.

God and our Portion here and hereafter.

11 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
12 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' life's bewilder'd race ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
13 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
14 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.
15 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
16 But to draw near to thee, my God
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIV.—C. M.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

WILL God for ever cast us off !
His wrath for ever smoke

Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock ?
2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood ;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls ;
See what a wild and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
4 Where once thy churches pray'd & sang
Thy foes profanely rage ;
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.
5 How are the seats of worship broke ?
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.
6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest ;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The temple and the priest.
7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn ;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn ;
Nor know the times of our relief
The hour of thy return.
9 How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme ?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame ?
10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd ?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand ?

11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.
13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?
14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?
16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.
17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV.—L. M.

Praise to God for the return of Peace.

TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wond'rous works demand our praise.
2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;

And sore opprest by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sov'reign of the skies.
3 'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the rem'nant of thy race.
4 Thy hand that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.
5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM LXXVI.—C. M.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.

IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.
3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's king that stop'd the breath
Of captains and their bands :
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.
6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariots fell :
Who knows the terrors of thy rod !
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.
8 When God in his own sov'reign ways
Comes down to save the oppress,
The wrath of men shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
9 [Vows to the Lord and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown ;
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.
10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM LXXVII.—C. M.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.
2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief ;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
3 Still I complain'd and still opprest,
My heart began to break ;

My God, thy wrath forbade me rest,
And kept mine eyes awake.
4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.
6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind;
His face appear no more?
7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.
9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PART II.—C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient providence.

11 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod!
(May thy own children say)
The great, the wise, the dreadful God;
How holy is his way!"

12 I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heav'n above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

13 He saw the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest ;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

14 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes ;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation whom he chose.

15 From slavish chains he sets them free
They follow where he calls ;
He bade them venture thro' the sea,
And made the waves their walls.

16 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

17 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

18 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke ;
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

19 Thine arrows thro' the sky were hurl'd,
How glorious is the Lord !
Surprise and tremb'ling seiz'd the world,
And all his saints ador'd.

20 He gave them water from the rock ;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII.—C. M.
Providence of God recorded.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
2 He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' ev'ry rising race.
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PART II.—C. M.
Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.

5 OH what a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race !
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
6 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise.
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.
7 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand :
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land.
8 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

9 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.
10 He from the rock their thirst suppli'd ;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
11 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand ;
" Can he with bread our host supply,
Amidst this barren land ?"
12 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame :
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PART III.—C. M.

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance

13 WHEN Isra'l sinn'd the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their hearts with dread ;
Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
And sent them heav'nly bread.
14 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known ;
He gave the mid-night clouds command
To pour provision down.
15 The manna like a morning show'r
Lay thick around their feet ;
The food of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels meat.
16 But they in murm'ring language said,
" Is manna all our feast ?
We loath this light, this airy bread ;
We must have flesh to taste."
17 " Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
The Lord in wrath repli'd,

And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up on ev'ry side.
18 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
19 When some were slain the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.
20 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
'Till by his gracious hand
The nations he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PART IV.—L. M.

Backsliding and Forgiveness.

21 GREAT God, how oft did Isra'l prove
By turns thine anger, and thy love?
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.
22 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought;
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
23 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
24 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.
25 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

26 Yet could his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
27 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abrah'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXIX.—L. M.

For the Distress of War.

BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n in death remain;
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 The insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted pow'r,
And where the promise of his grace."

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sov'reign pow'r reprieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who by thy grace despise,
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And ev'ry future age shall tell,
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

PSALM LXXX.—L. M.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes thy chosen sheep :
Safe thro' the desert and the deep :
2 Thy church is in the desert Lord,
Shine from on high, and light afford ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.
3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray ?
And wait in vain thy kind return ?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.
5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?
6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit ;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
7 Why is her beauty thus defac'd,
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
8 Return, almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.
9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too ;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a nobler Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree:
11 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With pow'r and grace above the rest.
12 Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.—S. M.

The Warning of God to his People.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Isra'l hear his voice.
2 "From idols false and vain,
Preserve my rites divine;
I am the Lord who broke thy chain
Of slav'ry and of sin.
3 Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Isra'l will rebel;
4 I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dang'rous road,
'Tis their own chosen way.
5 Yet oh! that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.
6 While I destroy their foes,
I'll richly feed my flock,

And they shall taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.—L. M.

God the Supreme Governor.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heav'n as Judge surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.
2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause!
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?
3 They know not Lord, nor will they know:
Dark are the way in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain
For they shall fall and die like men.
4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.—S. M.

A complaint against Persecutors.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of Justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep!
2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy hidden ones,
Their counsels they employ,
And malice with her watchful eye
Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come let us join, they cry,
To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor mem'ry shall be found."
5 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.
6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.
7 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV.—P. M. E.

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode my heart aspires
With warm desires to see my God.
2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks her nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among thy saints.
3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vail of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears ;
O glorious seat when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet !
5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door than shine in courts.
6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts our hands are fill'd ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow on Jacob's race
Peculiar grace and glory too.
7 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.—L. M.

Waiting for an answer to Prayer.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom :
So God forgave when Isra'l sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.
2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;

Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PART II.—L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

5 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
6 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.
7 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
8 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI.—C. M.

A general Song of Praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offrings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And all my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.—L. M.

The Church the Birth place of the Saints.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are in Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

PSALM LXXXVIII.—L. M.

Loss of Friends, and Absence of Divine Grace.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry,

Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear ;
To my distress incline thine ear.
2 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade ;
Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead :
3 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have ;
Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.
4 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicted me with restless pain ;
Me all thy mountain waves have press'd,
Too weak, alas, to bear the least.
5 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past hopes of liberty.
6 My eyes from weeping never cease :
They waste, but still my griefs increase ;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
7 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison wouldst not bring ?
8 Shall the mute grave thy love confess ?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness ?
Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain
Where darkness and oblivion reign ?
9 To thee O Lord, I cry forlorn ;
My pray'r prevents the early morn ;
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look ?
10 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown
Thy terrors past distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

11 Thy wrath hast burst upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my soul with dread ;
Environ'd as with waves combined,
And for a general deluge join'd.
12 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Remov'd from sight, and out of call ;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.—L. M.

The Covenant made with Christ.

FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth forever stand
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he swore and said
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ;
In thee shall dying sinners live ;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
Thy children shall be ever blest ;
Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 There's none of all my sons above
So much my image or my love ;
Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 David, my servant, whom I chose,
To guard my flock, to crush my foes ;
And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour and her King :
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM XC.—C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn'd to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carri'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PART II.—C. M.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.

10 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
11 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons have lost
Their immortality:
12 Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
13 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
14 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road]
15 Almighty God reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone:
Oh! let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
16 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PART III.—C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

17 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face;

18 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
  Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears,
  So make our joys increase.
19 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
  Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
  And own thy love was great.
20 Then shall we shine before thy throne
  In all thy beauty Lord:
And the poor service we have done
  Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XCI.—L. M.

Safety in Public Diseases and Danger.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
  Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;
I that am form'd of feeble dust
Make thine almighty arm my trust."
3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep the from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.
5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.
6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,

Isra'l is safe : the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Isra'l's God be there.
7 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons. his careful eye
Past all the doors of Jacob by.
9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PART II.—C. M.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victor and Deliverance.

11 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come make the Lord, your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.
12 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.
13 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
14 Their hand shall bear you lest you fall
And dash against the stones ;

Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
15 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat :
He that hath bruis'd the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
16 " Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them, saith the Lord :
I'll bear their joyful souls above,
Destruction and the sword.
17 My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be nigh ;
My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
18 Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honour them in heav'n ;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII.—L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word,
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die :
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PART II.—L. M.

The Church is the Garden of God.

8 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
9 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influ'nce from above:
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.
10 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
11 Laden with fruits of age they show,
The Lord is holy just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII.—L. M.

The Eternal and the Sovereign God.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!
3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.—C. M.

Saints Chastised, and Sinners destroyed.

O God! to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.
2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the vain be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?
3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r:
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providence, thy sacred book
Shall make them know their God.
5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.
6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;

He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PART II.—C. M.

God our Support and Comfort.

7 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.
8 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.
9 Alas! my sliding feet! I cri'd,
Thy promise bore me up;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.
10 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
11 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
12 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV.—L. M.

Canaan lost through Unbelief.

COME let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sov'reign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word,
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Isra'l knew.
4 Isra'l, that saw his works of grace
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.
5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
Forget my pow'r, abuse my love;
Since they despis'd my rest, I swear,
Their feet shall never enter there."
6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM XCVI.—C. M.

Christ's first and second Coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;

Let cities shine in bright array.
And fields in cheerful green.
4 The joyous earth, the bending skies
His glorious train display ;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
6 His voice shall raise the slumb'ring dead,
And bid the world draw near ;
But how will guilty nations dread,
To see their judge appear !

PSALM XCVII.—L. M.

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment

HE reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their voice.
2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround ;
Justice is their eternal ground.
3 In robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire,
4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PART II.—L. M.

Christ's Incarnation.

5 THE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;

An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
6 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.
7 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

PART III.—L. M.

Grace and Glory.

8 THE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
9 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
10 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
11 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.—C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad;
And makes the nations blest.

2 To Abrah'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his num'rous race ;
The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.
3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.

PART II.—C. M.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

4 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
5 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
6 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
7 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX.—8. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
2 Jesus the Saviour reigns ;
Let earth adore its Lord ;

Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PART II.—S. M.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

5 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
6 When Isra'l was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.
7 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.
8 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C.—L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.—L. M.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

MERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword;
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
4 No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life:
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;

Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.
7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be supprest.

PSALM CII.—C. M.

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dri'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.
5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.
6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast:
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.
10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners, doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PART II.—C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

13 LET Zion, and her sons rejoice ;
Behold the promis'd hour :
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
14 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes :
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
15 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
16 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes :

He hears the dying prisoner's groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
17 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, " that praying breath
" Was ever spent in vain."
18 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record ;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PART III.—L. M.

Man's Morality, and Christ's Eternity.

19 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us and cut short our days.
20 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?
21 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
" Our Father and our Saviour live ;
Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age."
22 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade ;
And all be chang'd at his command.
23 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
Thy church for ever must abide.
24 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII.—S. M.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

OH bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
2 O bless the Lord my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness;
And without praises die.
3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.
6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

PART II.—S. M.

Abounding Compassion of God.

7 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
8 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our crimes,

9 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
10 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
11 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
12 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.
13 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
14 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PART III.—S. M.

God's Universal Dominion.

15 THE Lord the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
16 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
17 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,

And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
18 While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.—L. M.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.
2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread ;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand :
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains
7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheers the valleys as they go ;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.
9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs :
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure
11 What noble fruit the vines produce !
The olive yields a pleasing juice ;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.
12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread ;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.
13 Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
14 To craggy hills, ascends the goat ;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell ;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God ;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beasts to covert flies.
17 Then man to daily labour goes :
The night was made for his repose ;

Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief,
18 How strange thy works! How great thy skill!
While ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.
19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.
20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And fearless sports amid the tides.
21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
3 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.
24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ
Till it expire in endless joy.
28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buri'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV.—C. M.

God's Conduct to Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
3 He swore to Abrah'm and his seed,
And made the blessings sure,
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the Almighty voice)
And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heav'nly joys.
5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band.
6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd:
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.]
7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
Shall soon avenge the wrong!

The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."
8 When Pharoah dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod,
9 He call'd for darkness : darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.
10 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread ;
And frogs in baleful armies rise
About the mónarch's bed.
11 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces
The tenfold vengeance flew ;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
12 Then by an angel's mid night stroke
The flow'r of Egypt died ;
The strength of ev'ry house he broke,
Their glory and their pride.
13 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed
And left the hated ground ;
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.
14 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
15 They thirst ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
16 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace !
So Christ our rock maintains our life
And aids our wand'ring race.

17 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
18 *Then let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the church in fear:
Isra'l must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI.—L. M.

Praise to God.

TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppl'ant of thy grace.
4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumph with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PART II.—S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned.

5 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Isra'l prove
Thy constancy of grace!
6 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;

But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
7 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
8 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
9 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
10 Let Isra'l bless the Lord,
Who love their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen to all the praise.

PSALM CVII —L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Isra'l, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round;
A wild and solitary ground!
4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode;
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cri'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their wand'ring march around
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PART II.—L. M.

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

9 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same:
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
10 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord:
11 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rance shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
12 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.
13 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners thro';

Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

14 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PART III.—L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

15 VAIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment:
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

16 The drunkard feels his vitals waste;
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
'Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near to dust.

17 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads opprest
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

18 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath
And saves them from approaching death.

19 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.

20 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offering prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PART IV.—L. M.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck.

21 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.
22 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind!
'Till God command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
23 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!
24 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
25 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er
And hail with joy their native shore.
26 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PART V.—C. M.

The Mariner's Psalm.

27 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.
28 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves!

The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
29 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again ;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
30 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath ;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
31 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
32 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storms allay'd :
Now to their eyes the port appears :
There let their vows be paid.
33 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
34 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wond'rous love record.

PART VI.—L. M.

Colonies Planted.

35 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
36 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies ;
And harvests in the desert rise.

37 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
38 They sow the fields, and trees they plant
Whose yearly fruits supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
39 Thus they are blest: but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
40 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpiti'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
41 Yet if the humbled nation mourns
Again his dreadful hand he turns:
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
42 The righteous with a joyful sense
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more,
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
43 How few with pious care record
These wond'rous dealings of the Lord
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM CVIII.—C. M.

A Song of Praise.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing;
Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
2 Among the people of his care,
And thro' the nations round;

Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.
4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM CIX.—C. M.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders, false and vain
They compass'd him around.
3 Their mis'ries his compassion move;
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.
5 Lord shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes;
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.
6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX.—C. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord ascend thy throne
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.
2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning-dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.
3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be.
When Aaron is no more.
4 Melchisedech, that wond'rous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man who Abrah'm blest
Was but a type of thee."
5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI.—C. M.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.
2 How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
How wise the eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill!
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PART II.—C. M.

The Perfections of God.

7 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

8 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word.
He makes his promise good.

9 His Son the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

10 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII.—C. M.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
5 His works of piety and of love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXIII.—L. M.

God sovereign and gracious.

YE servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.
2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
His throne of Glory stands on high;
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light,

4 Behold his love; he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor!
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.
6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.
7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done,
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs:
If nature fails, the promise bears.)

PSALM CXIV.—L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Isra'l, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own,
Their king and Judah was his throne.
2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap!
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels?
5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire and know the approaching God,

The King of Isra'l: see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV —L. M.

The true God our Refuge.

NOT to our ourselves who are but dust
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
2 Display to earth thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"
3 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood:
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.
5 [With eyes and ears, they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
7 O Isra'l, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest!
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXVI.—C. M.

Recovery from Sickness.

I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And piti'd ev'ry groan,
Long as I live when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
2 I lov'd the Lord · he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex my wakeful head.
4 "My God, I cri'd, thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
Thy pow'r is all my trust."
5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dri'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PART II.—C. M.

Thanks for private Deliverances.

7 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?

My feet shall visit thine abode,
  My songs address thy throne.
8 Among the saints that fill thine house,
  My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
  My soul in anguish made.
9 How much is mercy thy delight,
  Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight?
  How precious is their blood?
10 How happy all thy servants are!
  How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
  Lo'd, I devote to thee.
11 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
  Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
  And bound me with thy love.
12 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
  And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saint, who hear me now,
  If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII —L. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
  Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

PSALM CXVIII.—S. M.

An Hosannah for the Lord's Day.

SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son?
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosannah to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXIX.—C. M.

ALEPH.

HOW bless'd are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!
2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!
3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!
6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?

By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.
11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declar'd
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules, which thou prescrib'st,
All due respect shall find.
16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern

The wondrous works which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
19 Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.
22 But far from me, do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.
23 Though princes oft, in council met,
Against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe
My constant business make.
24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
And thou inclin'st thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,

The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.
28 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
34 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st;
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
"His faithful promise break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy just decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
From age to age my time to come
In their observance spend.
45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk ;
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands ;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control ;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting soul.
51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
And all my hopes deride ;
Yet from thy law not all their scoffs
Could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
With deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
Have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees
My cheerful anthems made ;
Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds
I like a pilgrim stray'd.

55 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night :
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art ;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.
58 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore ;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.
59 With due reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought ;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wand'ring steps I brought.
60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolv'd, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.
61 Though num'rous troops of sinful men
To rob me have combin'd,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
Have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise
To sing thy solemn praise ;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.
63 To such as fear thy holy name
Myself I closely join ;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.
67 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My foot-steps went astray:
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
My spotless fame to stain;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,
Thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made.
77 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd,
To ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
Employ my harmless thought.
79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
My cause, and those alone
Who have, by strict and pious search,
Thy sacred precepts known.
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;

Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promis'd aid afford!
83 My skin like shrivel'd parchment shows
That long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
Thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure
Of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On them who me oppress?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
That have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just laws oppose.
86 With sacred truth's eternal laws
All thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause;
Thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With close designs against my life
They had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will,
My duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs sustain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,

As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the course by thee ordain'd
Ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambuish laid
My guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I
Thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravish'd thoughts all day.
98 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtile foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.
99 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take;

Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!
104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heav'nly skill am blest,
Through which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.
106 I swear, and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide
107 Since I with griefs am so opprest,
That I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou
My fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;

And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.
109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,
My soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
From thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
For me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
Nor from thy precepts stray'd.
111 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be exprest.
114 My hiding place, my refuge-tow'r,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedness,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,
That I repose in thee.
117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
And rescu'd from distress;

To thy decrees continually
My just respect address.
118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
Who from thy statutes stray'd;
Their vile deceit the just reward
Of their own falsehood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land
Thou dost like dross remove;
I therefore, with such justice charm'd,
Thy testimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread
Lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd:
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
To my oppressor's rage.
122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,
And so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
My guiltless soul oppress.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy servant, in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ;
When men with open violence
Thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold,
Compar'd with them, despise.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account,
In all respects, divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys
131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire;
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.
133 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
In bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were,
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd,
Succeeding times shall see.
139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
My soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
Thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by them despis'd,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
Thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.
143 Though trouble, anguish, doubts and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know,
And steadfastly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
Prevented, while I cri'd
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show:
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgment ever true.
150 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou shouldst withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes
Against my life combine;
But all too few to force my soul
Thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride.
Thy cov'nant they transgress'd.
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,
To endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cause
Conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone
To fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast
With heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be exprest.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.
165 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law ;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
And though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care
All thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd ;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.
168 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill ;
According to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd
And taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.
173 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.
174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws, afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I
Despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.—C. M.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours.

THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?
2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast,
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.
3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chose to dwell
In some wild lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!
4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!

I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI.—C. M.

Preservation by Day and Night.

TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
4 Isra'l rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.
5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXII.—C. M.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"*In Zion let us all appear*
"*And keep the solemn day.*"
2 I love the gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.
3 Up to her courts with joy unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.
4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!
6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXIII.—C. M.

Pleading with Submission.

O Thou whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.
2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke!
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.—C. M.

God gives Victory.

HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conqu'ring foes;

2 Their armies like a raging flood
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his blest abode,
And whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bear the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the heav'ns above;
He that supports their wond'rous frame
Can guard his church by love.

PSALM CXXV.—C M.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.
2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry saint surround.
3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod
4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ the Lord is gone.
5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his follow'rs too.

PSALM CXXVI.—L. M.

Surprising Deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.
2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so;

With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVII.—L. M.

The Blessings of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost,
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
2 What tho' we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Ca eful and spa ing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread :
3 'Tis a l in vain, till God hath blest,
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
On God, our sov'reign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.
4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

PSALM CXXVIII.—C. M.

Family Blessings.

O Happy man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe !
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.
2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come :
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.
5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX — C. M.

Persecutors Punished.

UP from my youth, may Isra'l say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impress'd ;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then lets his arrows fly.
5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky ;

Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their pro pects die.
7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.
8 So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives ;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves]

PSALM CXXX.—C. M.

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the deeps o long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
3 But there are pardons with my God,
For c imes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
4 [I wait for thy salvation. Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Isra'l trust,
Let Isra'l seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.
8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Isra'l shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXXI.—C. M.

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.
3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII.—C. M.

A Church established.

NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
And there th' assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.
3 We trace no more these toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad;

Where'er thy people meet for praise,
  There is a house for God.
4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
  And enter to thy rest:
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
  Thus to be own'd and blest.
5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
  Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
  Could no such grace afford.
6 Here mighty God, accept our vows,
  Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
  And fill thy poor with bread.
7 Here let the Son of David reign,
  Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
  With love and pow'r divine.
8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
  And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
  And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII.—C. M.

Brotherly Love.

LO! what an entertaining sight
  Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
  Of harmony and love!
2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
  Descend on ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
  Shades and bedews the whole.
3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
  On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
  And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIV.—C. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous grace.
2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV.—L. M.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Isra'l he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;

He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priest's exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PART II.—L. M.

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, *and Destruction of Enemies.*

6 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.
7 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
8 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
9 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Isra'l, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharoah's slave.
10 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXVI.—C. M.

God's wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, *and Salvation of his People.*

GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord;
His mercies still endure;

And be the King of kings ador'd ;
His truth is ever sure.
2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth and sea he fram'd alone :
How wide is his command!
3 The sun supplies the day with light :
How bright his coun elsshine!
The moon and stars adorn the night :
His works are all divine!
4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead :
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led :
How gracious is our God!
5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
His arm is great in might ;
And gave the tribes a passage thro' ;
His pow'r and grace unite.
6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd :
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground;
Eternal is his praise
7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
Victorious is his sword ;
While Isra'l took the promis'd land ;
And faithful is his word.]
8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;
He felt his pity move ;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!
9 He sent to save us from our woe ;
His goodness never fails ;
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;
And still his grace prevails.
10 Give thanks to God the heav'nly King;
His mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing ;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVII.—L. M.

The Babylonish Captivity.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung.
On willow trees that wither'd there.
3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
5 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out; "Her state-y walls deface,
"And with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
Of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Bless'd is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou laidst on us repay.
9 Thrice bless'd, who with just rage possest
And deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast
And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.—L. M.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels, shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.
3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
4 To GOD I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
5 The GOD of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.
6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX.—C. M.

God is every where.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on ev'ry side.
5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.
6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
8 If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

PART II.—C. M.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

11 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
12 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
13 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.
14 Heav'n, earth & sea, and fire and wind
Show me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
15 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PART III.—C. M.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

16 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.
17 My flesh with fear and wonder stands;
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
18 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

PSALM CXL.—C. M.

PROTECT us Lord, from fatal harm ;
Behold our rising woes ;
We trust alone thy pow'rful arm,
To scatter all our foes.
2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile ;
While rage and carnage swell their heart,
They wear a peaceful smile.
3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.
4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thy heav'nly truth extend,
And nations taste thy heav'nly grace,
And all delusion end.
5 With daily bread the poor supply,
The cause of justice plead ;
And be thy church exalted high,
With Christ the glorious head.

PSALM CXLI.—L. M.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Love

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
2 Watch o'er my lips, & guard them Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII.—C. M.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who, all my burden knows,
Beholds, the way I take.
3 On ev'ry side, I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.
4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an Almighty Friend.
6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.—L. M.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,

And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
2 Let judgment not against me pass:
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary pow'rs rejoice!
9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh
And lift my weary soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away,
10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,
The paths in which my feet should go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV.—C. M.

Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

FOR ever-blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.
3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hopes shall raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PART II.—C. M.

The Vanity of Man, and the Condescension of God.

4 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.
5 O what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

6 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
What terrors wait his awful frown!
How wond'rous is his love!

PART III.—L. M.

Grace above Riches.

7 HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.
8 Happy the land in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase;
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
9 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV.—C. M.

The Greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;

Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state
With public splendour shown.
6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PART II.—C. M.
The Goodness of God.

7 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
8 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And ev'ry want supplies.
9 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
10 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
11 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

PART III.—C. M.
Mercy to Sufferers.

12 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
13 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
14 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
15 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
16 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
17 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]
18 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI.—L. M.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Isra'l's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
7 He loves the saints, he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVII.—L. M.

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
4 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:

He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb;
All are too mean delights for him.
8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PART II.—L. M.

Summer and Winter.

9 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
10 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.
11 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
12 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.

13 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow.
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.
14 Thro' all our realm his laws are shown;
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.—P.M.E.

Universal Praise.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim, to sing his praise.
2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare, ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, from changes free;
His firm decree stands ever fast.
4 Let earth her tribute pay,
Praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales;
Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,
And winds that, where he bids them, blow.
5 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;

By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd ;
By ev'ry beast, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.
6 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim :
In this design, let youths with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.
7 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise :
Earth's utmost ends his power obey ;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.
8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh :
O therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.—C. M.

Praise God, all his Saints.

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new ;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.
2 The jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing ;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King
3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just ;
Whom sinners treat with scorn ;
The meek that lies despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their king,
Ev'n on a dying bed ;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword ;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.
7 Then shall they rule with iron-rod
Nations that dar'd rebel ;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford :
Such honour for the saint remains :
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM CL.—C. M.
A Song of Praise.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

END OF THE PSALMS.

FATHER of ALL ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
2 Thou great First Cause, least understood ;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art God,
And that myself am blind :
3 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
4 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do :
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.
5 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid, when man receives—
T' enjoy, is to obey.
6 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :
7 Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
8 If I am right, oh ! teach my heart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart,
To find that better way.
9 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
10 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

11 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
Oh ! lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
12 This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not :
And let thy will be done
13 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise ! AMEN.

GLORIA PATRI....C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

P. M. E.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd ;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

FINIS.

AN

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

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